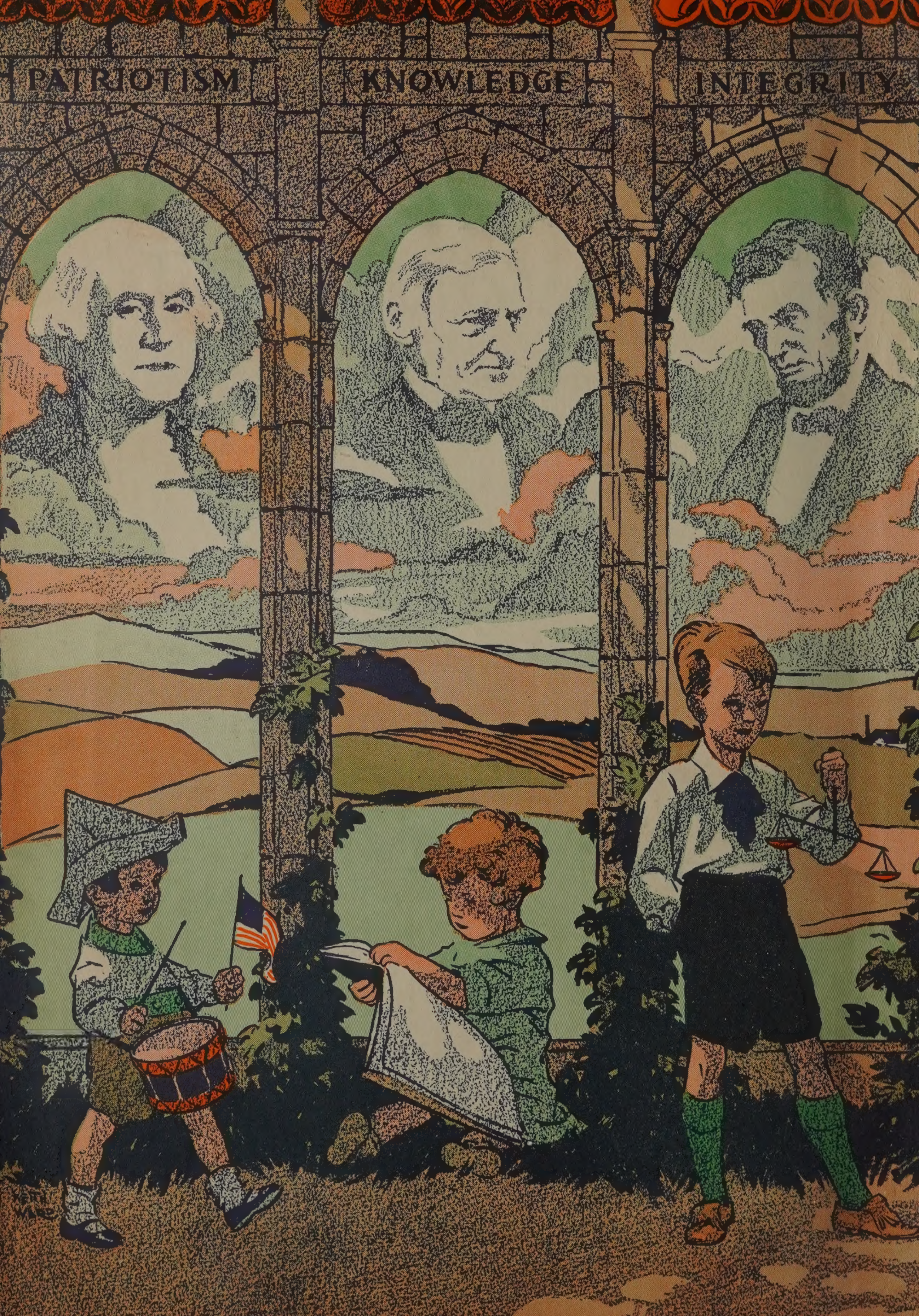
MY STORY BOOK

DONN P. CRANE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Elisabeth C. Black

MY STORY BOOK

of THE TEACHERS EXTENSIONS

EDITED BY
GEORGE W. DIEMER

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR
CLAUDE MERTON WISE

T. G. NICHOLS CO., INC.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

MY HOUSE

This book is my house;

¶ The door is open and I shall enter. I shall be happy here because my house has so many windows and my companions are men and women who love me

¶ Here I will find laughter, love romance, beauty and happiness.

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Editor's Foreword

In compiling the collection of literature included in My Story Book, the editors have endeavored to include only such selections as have a worthwhile appeal to children. Emphasis is placed both on *worthwhile* and on *appeal*. Any poem or story that does not have positive value has no place in a volume of children's literature; and, unless it makes an appeal to the child mind, it is useless in such a volume.

From the first standpoint, every selection included in My Story Book has been carefully selected. Among the values that have determined the choice of material are the following:

1. Informational or factual values, as illustrated by the nature stories or biographical sketches.
2. Character building, which includes nearly all of the selections in the book, although a few selections have been included in a separate division because of their very evident moral teachings.
3. Appreciation of nature, of character, of service, of the beautiful, and of literary form—both prose and poetry.
4. Pure enjoyment by the child in reading for himself or listening when the story or poem is read or told by another.

From the second standpoint, every story or poem has been chosen because of its appeal to children. In many cases, the stories are in the form actually told by successful teachers to their pupils; in other cases the original form has been preserved. Stories have been included that are suitable for, and will appeal to, each age child. An occasional story has been chosen largely for the teacher's use for telling purposes, as, for example, The Birth of the Popular Tale, which has been left almost entirely in the old, original version.

Only those selections have been included which are wholesome in tone and spirit. The horrible and the gruesome has, therefore, been omitted even from the old tales and fables.

An effort has been made to include a variety of stories and poems, so that, in the volume, will be found selections appropriate to almost any occasion or valuable in connection with any project or seasonal activity.

In fact, it is believed that the volume represents as complete a collection of worthwhile and usable literature for children as will be found in any book of equal size.

George W. Diemer.

Acknowledgments

My Story Book represents the combined efforts of many people who believe that "A thing of beauty is a joy forever; its loveliness increases." It is impossible for us to express our gratitude to those people who have made possible this beautiful volume.

We are deeply indebted to Miss Hildegard Blumenstiel, Art Editor of the Junior Home Magazine, for her untiring efforts in making My Story Book a masterpiece. The art work was produced under her capable supervision and direction. The following artists have made substantial contributions:

Donn P. Crane
Keith Ward
Hazel Frazee
Billie Parks
Don Nelson
Julia Hossander
Betty Blades
Dorothy Todd
Mrs. Nina Jordan
Harold Welch
Lenore Riggs
Josephine Dee
Dorothy Richardson
Ralph Lane

We owe a deep debt of gratitude to Professor Claude M. Wise, Head of the Department of Speech, Louisiana State University; Miss Armba Charlton, State Teachers College, Warrensburg, Missouri; Miss Lillie Louise Martin, Baylor University, Waco, Texas; Miss Fay Robertson, Kansas City, Missouri; Miss Ruth Fultz, Sedalia, Missouri; Miss Florence Bruto, Jefferson City, Missouri; Miss Mary Buchanan, Winslow, Arizona; Miss Alma Mack, Jefferson City, Missouri; Miss Margaret Browne, Port Arthur, Texas; Miss Celeste Collins, Waco, Texas; Miss Elaine Bassett, Waco, Texas; Prof. A. G. Pelikan, Art Director, Milwaukee, Wisconsin and Miss Jessie Lee Bailey, Morgantown, West Virginia.

* * *

The publisher and editors wish to express their thanks to all the publishing houses throughout the country which have so generously permitted the reprinting of copyrighted stories and poems. This material is acknowledged on the pages where it appears.

Thomas G. Nichols, Publisher.

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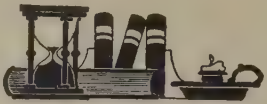

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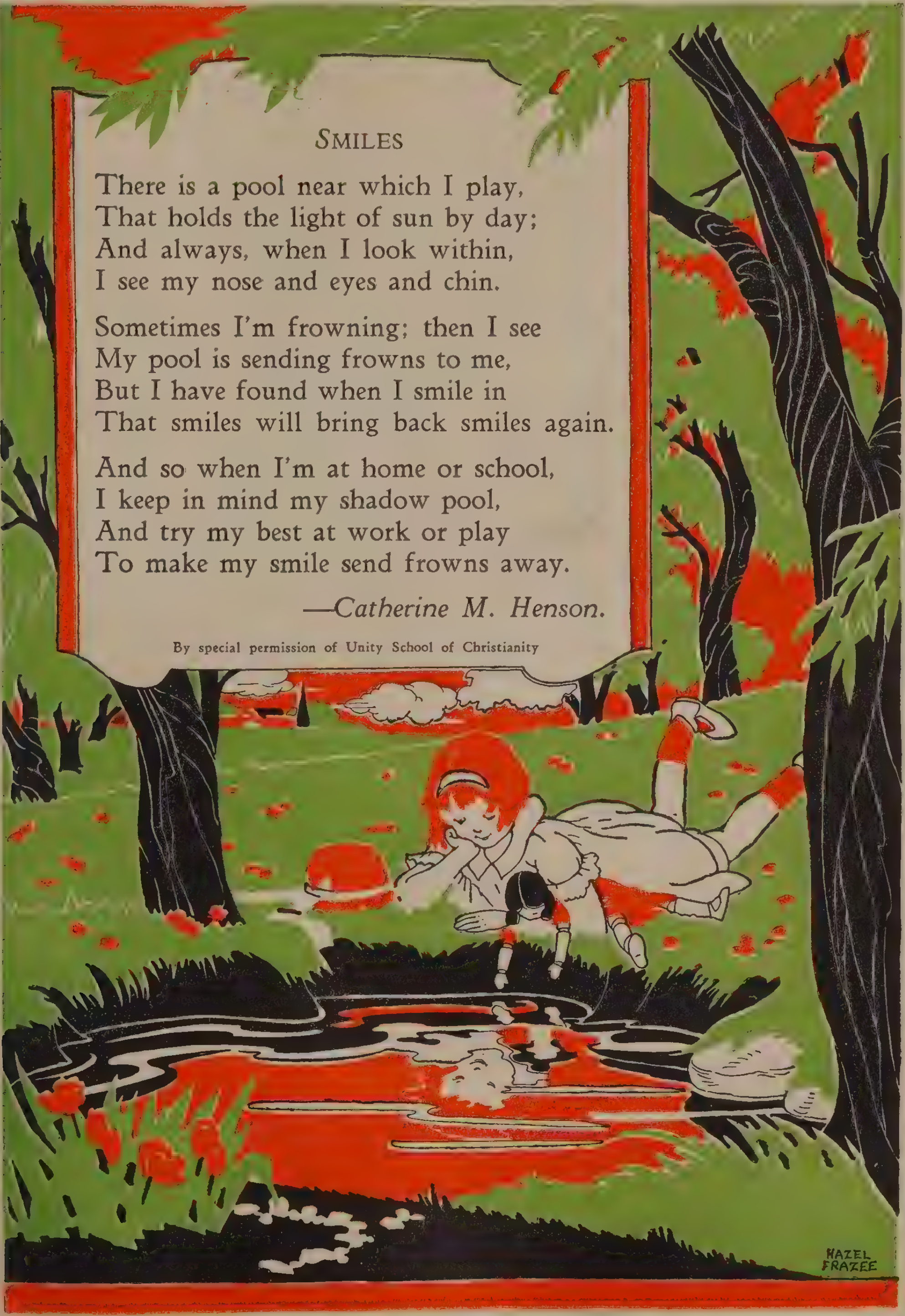


SMILES

There is a pool near which I play,
That holds the light of sun by day;
And always, when I look within,
I see my nose and eyes and chin.

Sometimes I'm frowning; then I see
My pool is sending frowns to me,
But I have found when I smile in
That smiles will bring back smiles again.

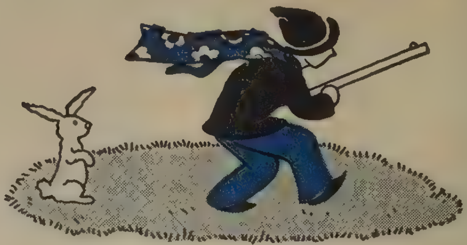
And so when I'm at home or school,
I keep in mind my shadow pool,
And try my best at work or play
To make my smile send frowns away.

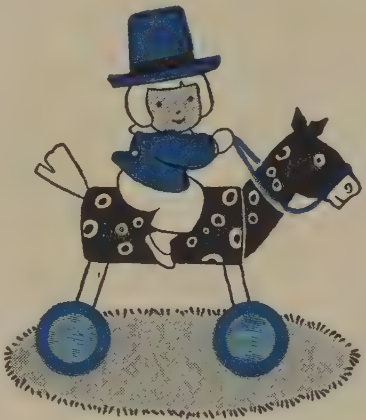
—*Catherine M. Henson.*

By special permission of Unity School of Christianity

BYE, BABY BUNTING

Bye, Baby Bunting
Father's gone a-hunting
To get a little rabbit's skin
To wrap his Baby Bunting in.





IN MARCH

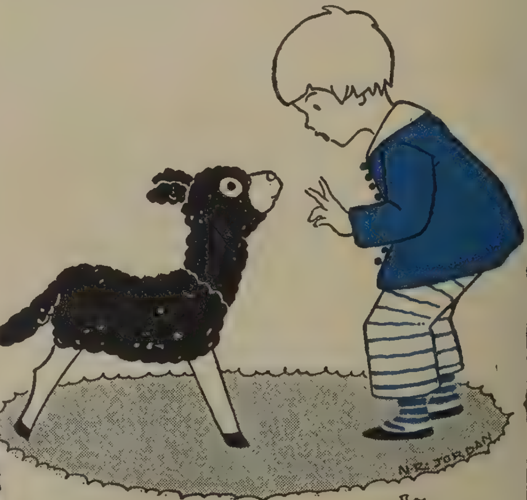
Daffy-down-dilly has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.

BANBURY CROSS

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
  To see what Tommy can buy;
A penny white loaf, a penny white cake,
  And a twopenny apple-pie.

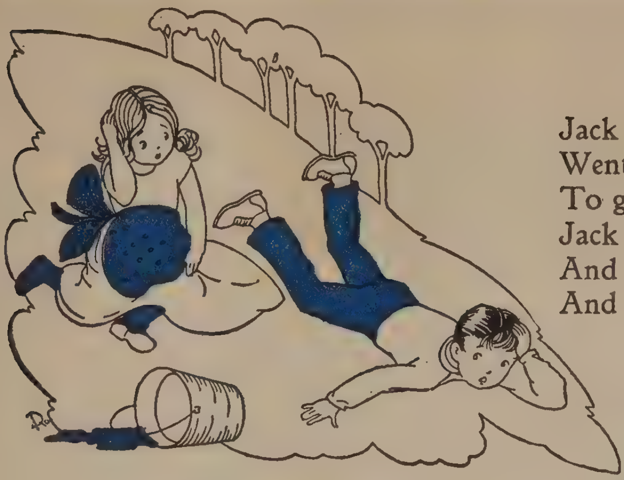
BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep,
  Have you any wool?
Yes, sir, yes, sir,
  Three bags full.
One for my Master,
  One for my Dame,
And one for the little boy
  Who lives in the lane.



BED-TIME

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown;
Rapping at the window, crying through the lock,
"Are the children in their beds? for now it's eight o'clock."

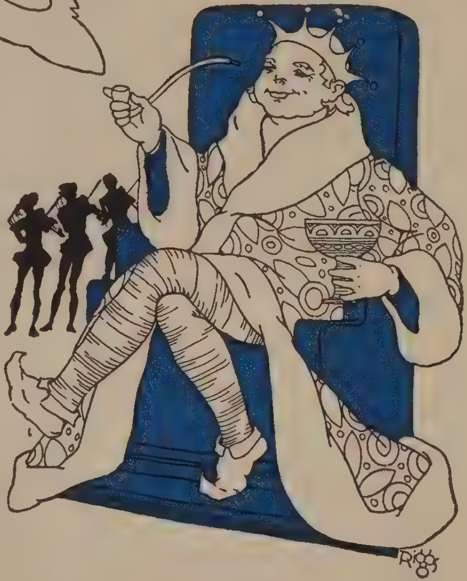


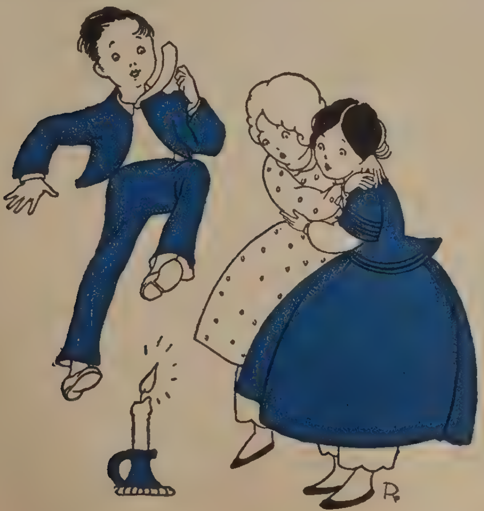
JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To get a pail of water.
Jack fell down
And broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.

OLD KING COLE

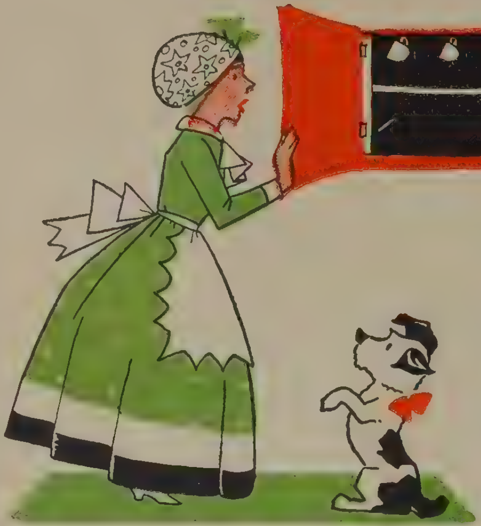
Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Oh, there's none so rare
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.





JACK BE NIMBLE

Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack jump over
The candlestick.

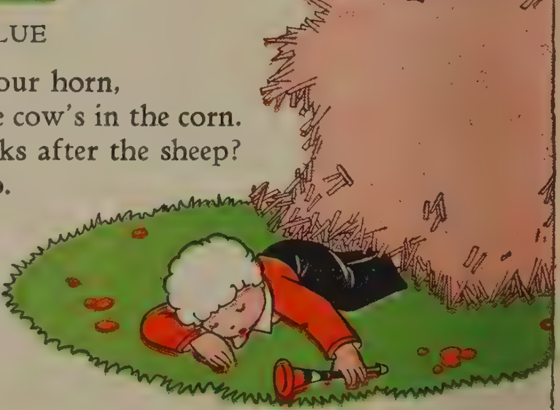


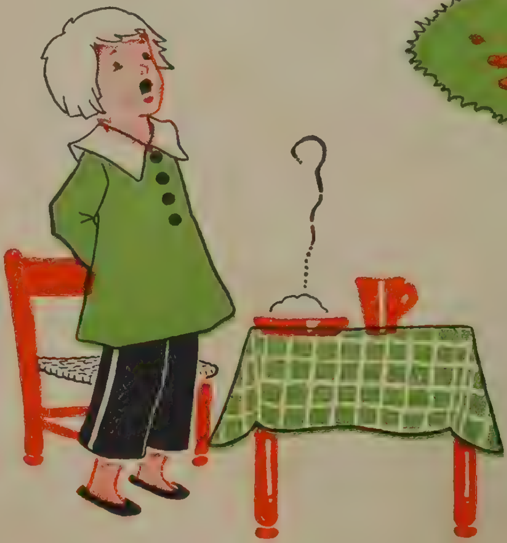
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone.
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
Under the haystack fast asleep.





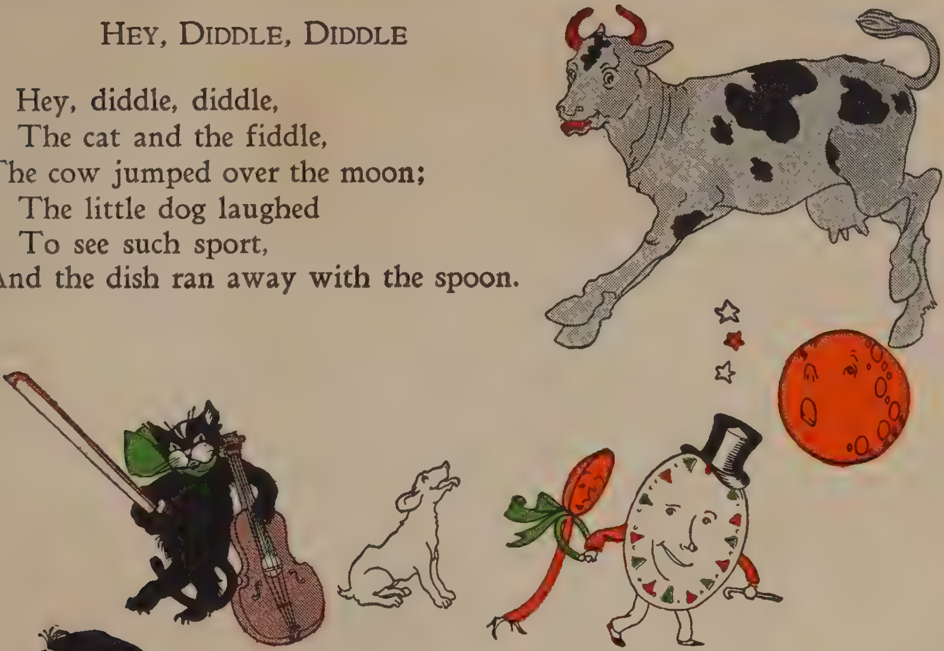
LITTLE TOM TUCKER

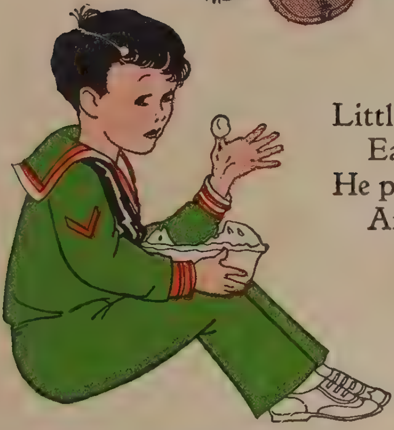
Little Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper.
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How will he be married
Without e'er a wife?

NINA·R·JORDAN·

HEY, DIDDLE, DIDDLE

Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.



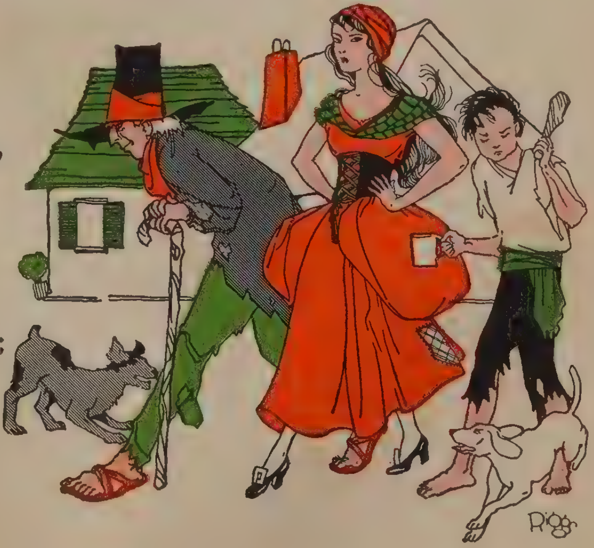


LITTLE JACK HORNER

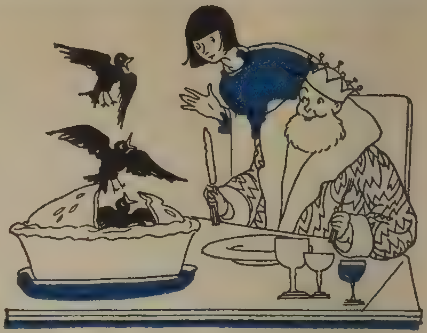
Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

BEGGARS

Hark, hark,
The dogs do bark,
Beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags,
Some in jags,
And some in velvet gown.

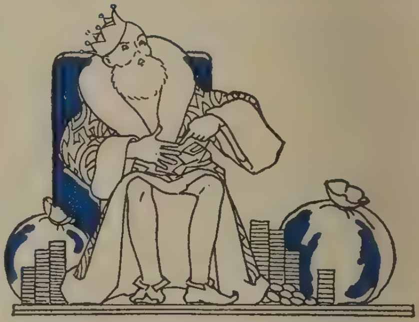


SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE



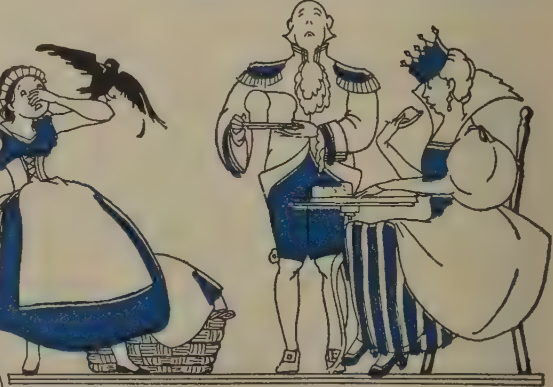
Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

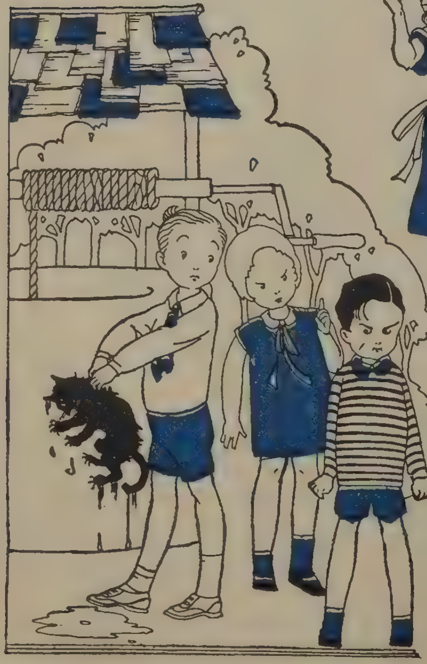
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing,
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before a king?



The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
Then came a little blackbird
And snapt off her nose.





PUSS IS IN THE WELL

Ding, dong, Bell, puss is in the well!
Who put her in? Little Tommy Quin:
Who pulled her out? Little Dicky Stout.
Then the town-crier put Tib by the fire
Oh, what a naughty boy was that
Who tried to drown poor pussycat
That never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in father's barn.

DIDDLE, DIDDLE, DUMPLING

Diddle, diddle, dumpling,
My son John
Went to bed with his stockings on;
One shoe off, one shoe on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling,
My son John.

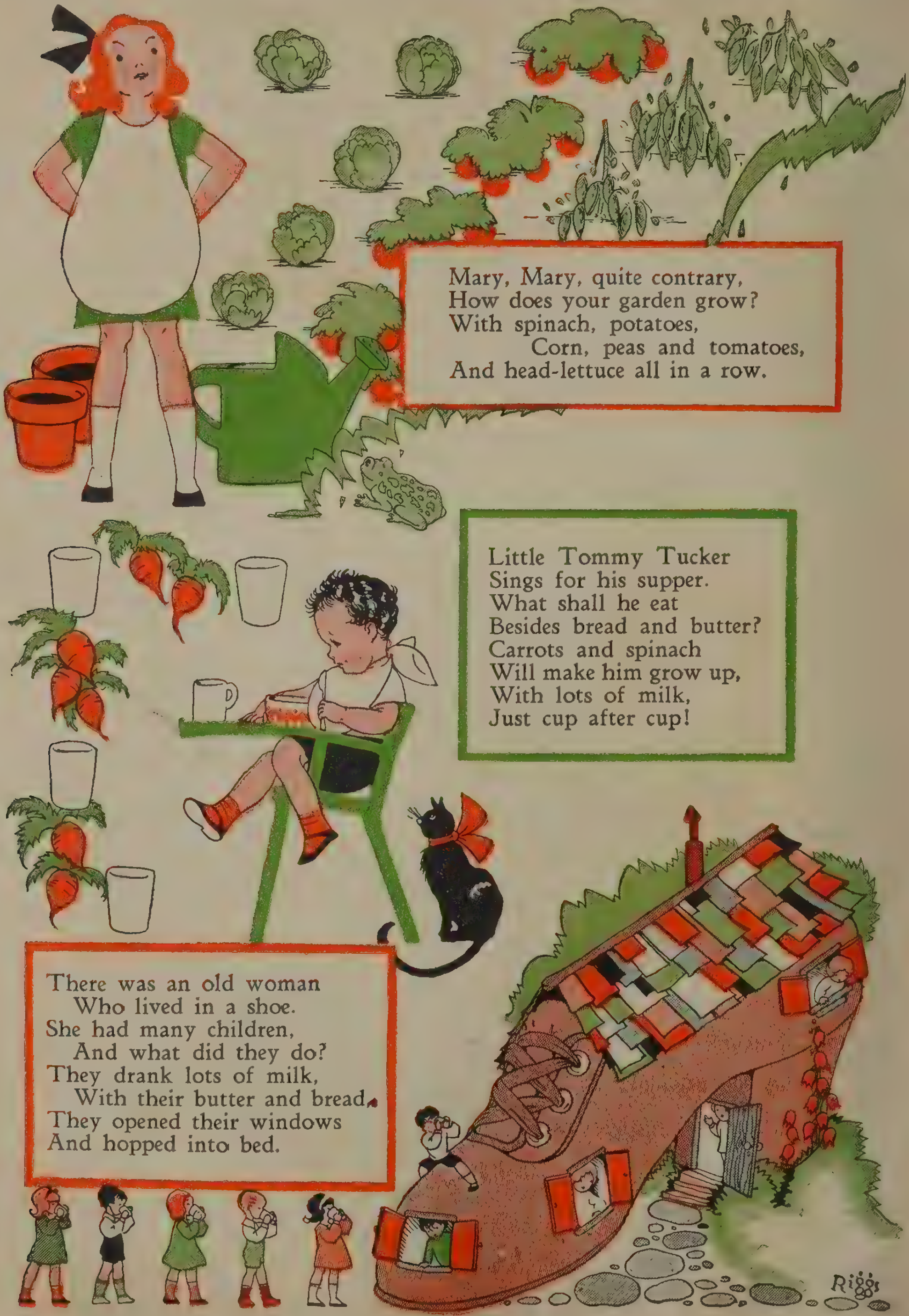
Curlylocks! Curlylocks!
  Would you grow tall?
You must play in the fresh air
  And sun with your ball;
You must go to bed early,
  And brush your teeth clean,
Eat plenty of vegetables,
  Oatmeal and cream.

—*Mildred Adams.*

LULLABY

  Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Flowers are closed and lambs are sleeping;
  Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Stars are up, the moon is peeping;
  Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
While the birds are silence keeping,
  Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Sleep, my baby, fall a-sleeping,
  Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

—*Christina Rossetti.*

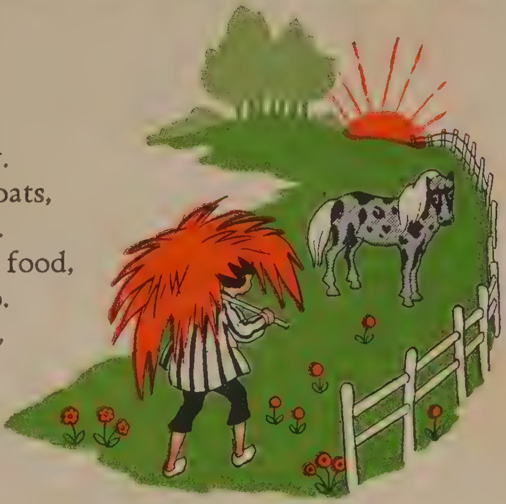


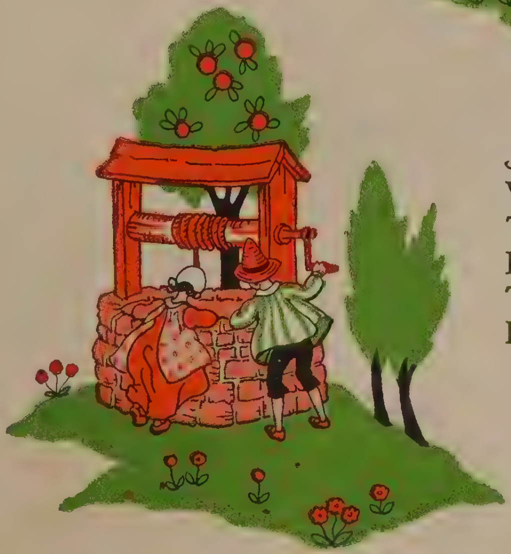
Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With spinach, potatoes,
Corn, peas and tomatoes,
And head-lettuce all in a row.

Little Tommy Tucker
Sings for his supper.
What shall he eat
Besides bread and butter?
Carrots and spinach
Will make him grow up,
With lots of milk,
Just cup after cup!

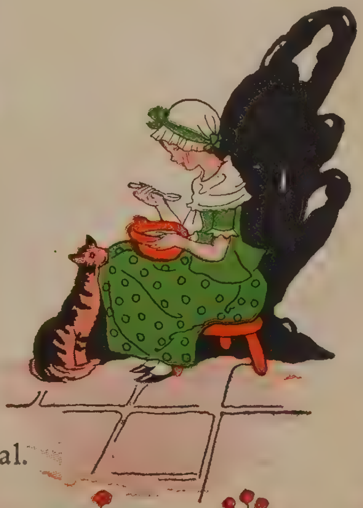
There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe.
She had many children,
And what did they do?
They drank lots of milk,
With their butter and bread,
They opened their windows
And hopped into bed.

I had a little pony,
  His name was Dapple-gray.
Each morning I did feed him oats,
  Each evening fed him hay.
Each morning I ate breakfast food,
  With cream and sugar, too.
Each evening I ate veg'tables,
  As any child should do.





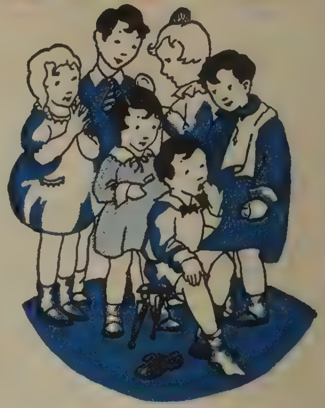
Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To get a pail of water!
For six glasses a day,
The doctors say,
For every son and daughter!

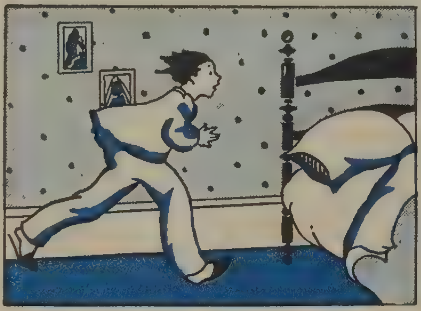


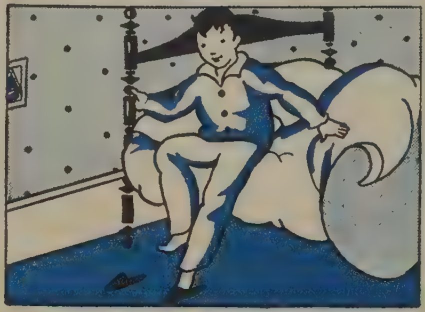
Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating her bowl of oatmeal.
No noise did she make,
As her food she did take,
Her manners have improved a great deal.

"To bed, to bed!" said Sleepy Head.
"Let's take a bath," said Clean.
"And brush our hair," said Debonair.
"And brush our teeth," said Teen.

"Open the windows for fresh air."
"Hang up our clothes," said Neat.
"And then we'll kneel to say a prayer
Before we sleep," said Sweet.

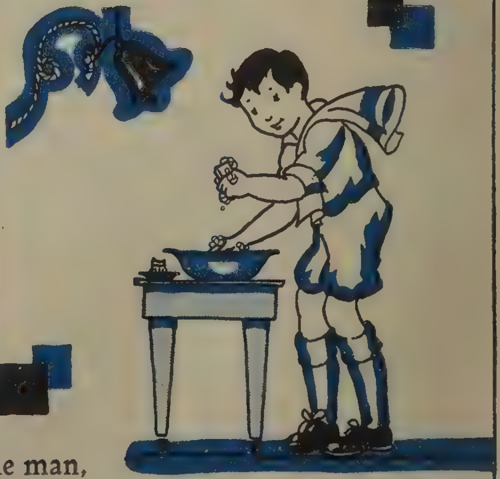






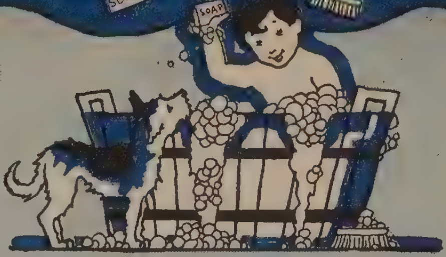
EARLY TO BED

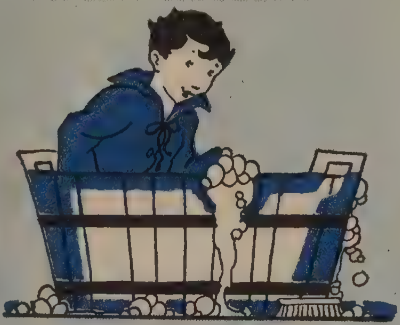
Early to bed
And early to rise
Makes a man healthy,
Wealthy, and wise.
—*Benjamin Franklin.*



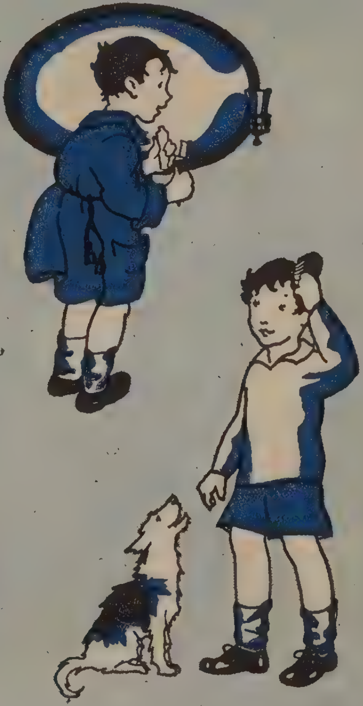
Patties clean, Patties clean, my little man,
Rub them and scrub them as fast as you can.
Soap them and soap them and dry them quite well,
For hark, you can hear the old dinner bell.

This is the way we take a bath,
Take a bath, take a bath,
This is the way we take a bath,
Early every morning.



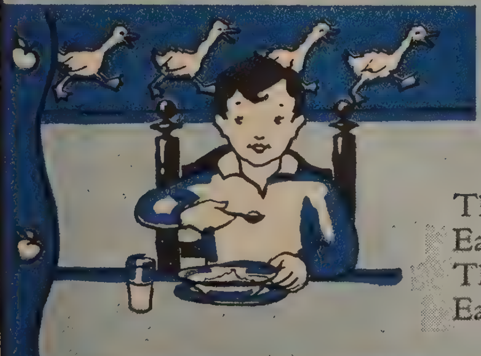


This is the way we wash the tub,
Wash the tub, wash the tub,
This is the way we wash the tub,
Early every morning.



This is the way we clean our teeth,
Clean our teeth, clean our teeth,
This is the way we clean our teeth,
Early every morning.

This is the way we brush our hair,
Brush our hair, brush our hair,
This is the way we brush our hair,
Early every morning.



This is the way we eat oatmeal,
Eat oatmeal, eat oatmeal,
This is the way we eat oatmeal,
Early every morning.

Lullaby

Sleep, my little dearest one,
I will guard thy sleep,
Safely little nearest one,
I will hold thee deep
In the great unfathomed sea,
Where sweet dreams are made for thee.

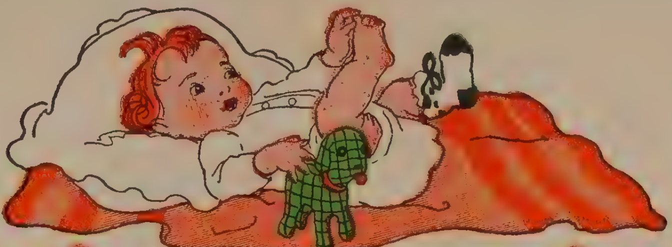
Rest, my little baby dear,
I will watch thy rest,
Thou shalt feel the waters near,
Only on my breast;
In the strong and tender tide,
Still my love shall be thy guide.

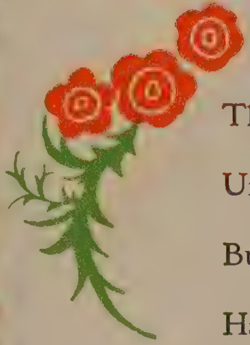
—*Dolly Radford.*

A Saying

He that spendeth much
And getteth nought,
He that oweth much
And hath nought,
He that looketh in his purse
And findeth nought,
He may be sorry
And say nought.

DOROTHY TODD





A BUNCH OF ROSES

The rosy mouth and rosy toe
Of little baby brother,
Until about a month ago,
Had never met each other;
But nowadays the neighbors sweet,
In every sort of weather,
Half way with rosy fingers meet,
To kiss and play together.

—*John Bannister Tabb,*

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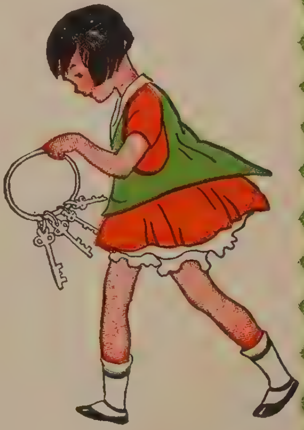
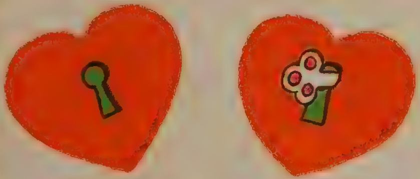


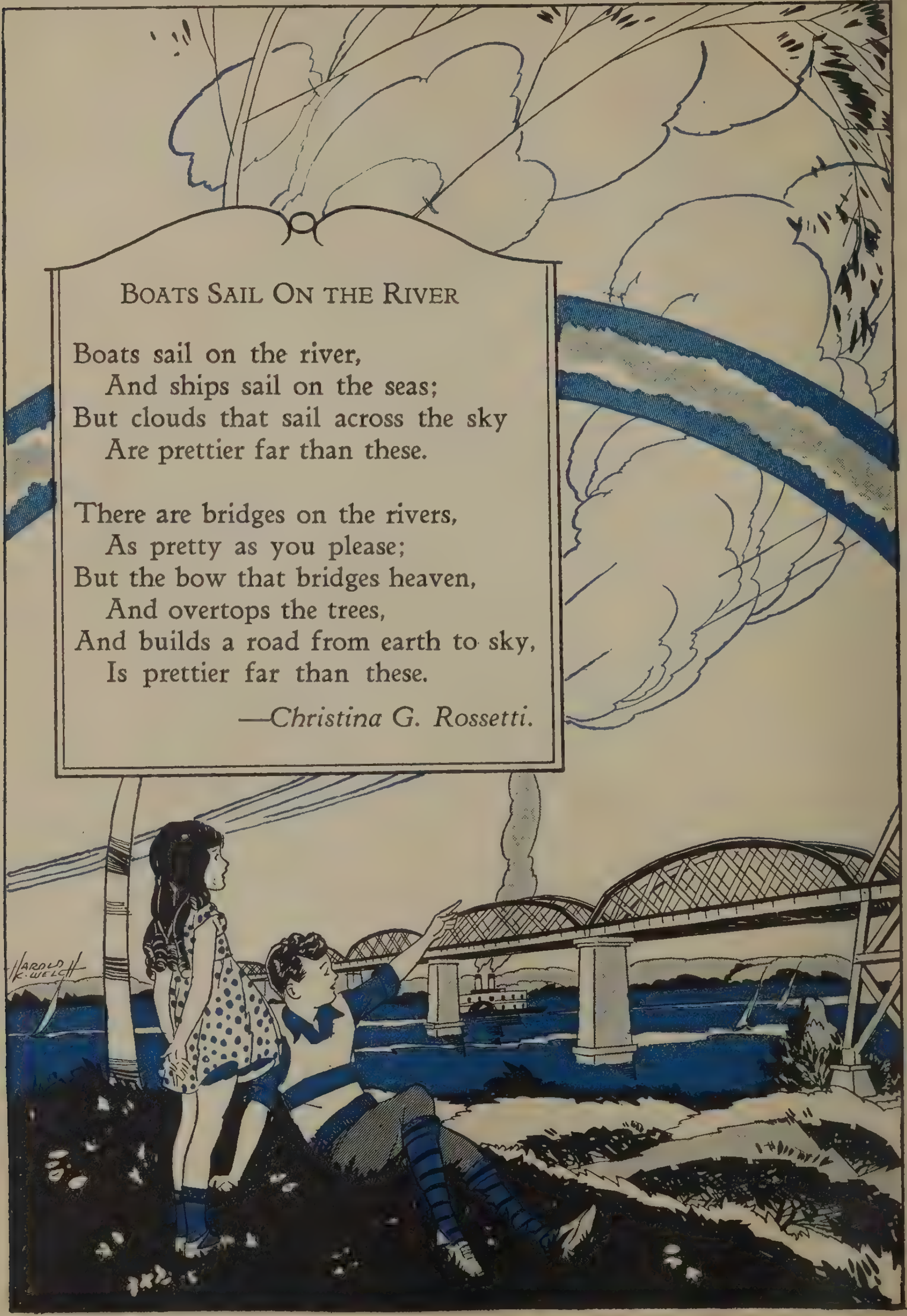


POLITENESS

Hearts, like doors, will ope with ease
To very, very little keys,
And don't forget that two of these,
Are "Thank you, Sir," and "If you please."

—*Old Saying.*

DOROTHY TODD



BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVER

Boats sail on the river,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

SONG OF THE FAIRIES

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-footed fairy, heigh ho! heigh ho!
He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings,
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho!
As the light-footed fairy, heigh ho! heigh ho!
His nectar he sips
From a primrose's lips,
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

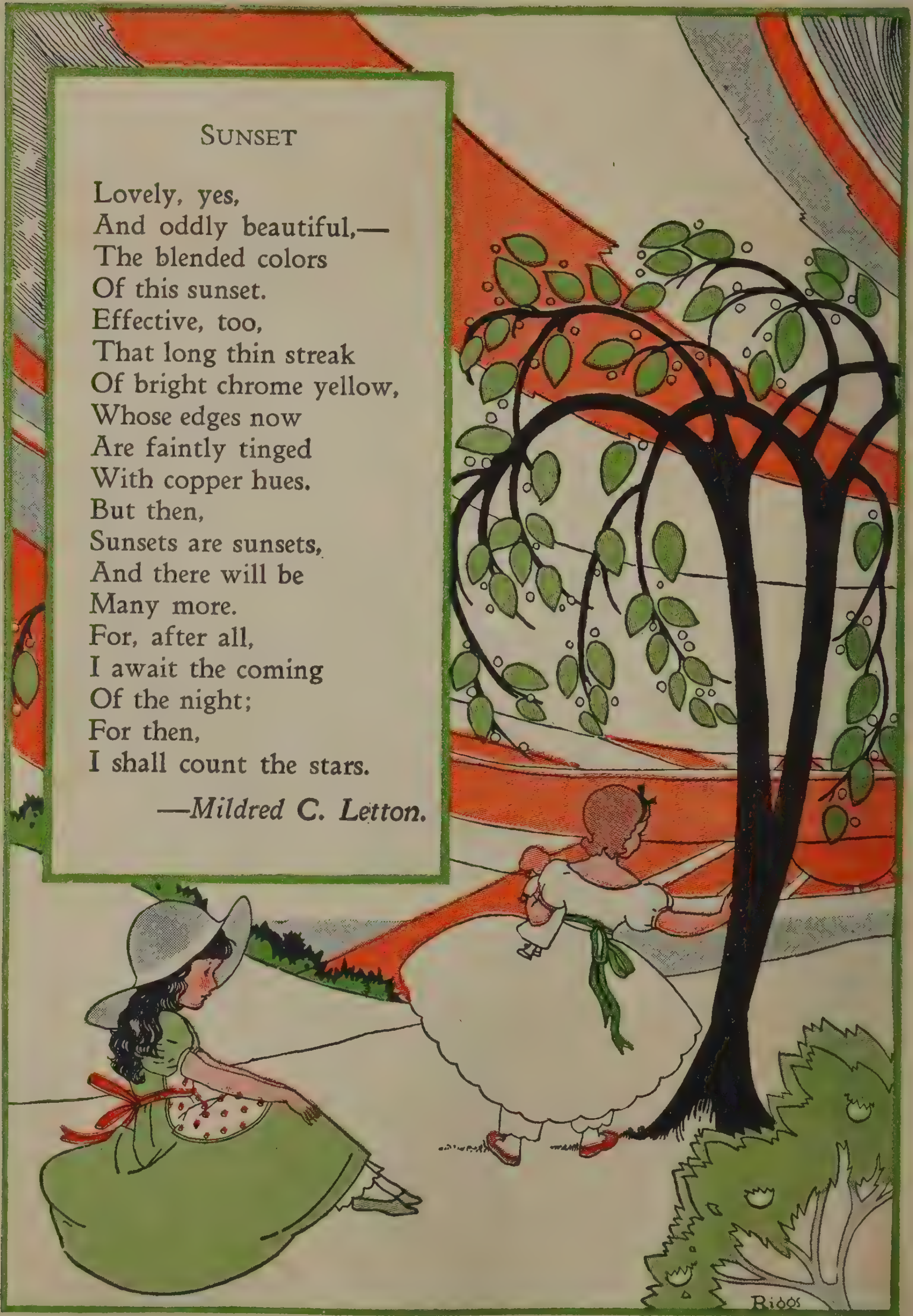
Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-hearted fairy, heigh ho, heigh ho!
His night is the noon
And his sun is the moon,
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

BILLIE PARKS

SUNSET

Lovely, yes,
And oddly beautiful,—
The blended colors
Of this sunset.
Effective, too,
That long thin streak
Of bright chrome yellow,
Whose edges now
Are faintly tinged
With copper hues.
But then,
Sunsets are sunsets,
And there will be
Many more.
For, after all,
I await the coming
Of the night;
For then,
I shall count the stars.

—*Mildred C. Letton.*



Mouse Hall
Riggs

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun has set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

THE CITY MOUSE LIVES IN A HOUSE

The city mouse lives in a house;
  The garden mouse lives in a bower,
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
  And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese;
  The garden mouse eats what he can;
We will not grudge him seeds and stalks,
  Poor little timid furry man.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

EVENING SONG

Soft wind singing what you love best;
Little Child, Good Child, go to sleep.
The tree-toads purr and the peepers peep;
Under the apple-tree grass grows deep;
  Little Child, Good Child, go to sleep!

Big star out in the orange west;
Orioles swung in their gypsy nest;
  Soft wind singing what you love best;
  Rest till the sun-rise; rest, Child, rest!

Swift dreams swarm in a silver flight—
Hand in hand with the sleepy Night
Lie down soft with your eyelids tight.
  Hush, Child, little Child! Hush—
    Goodnight.

—*Fannie Stearns Davis.*

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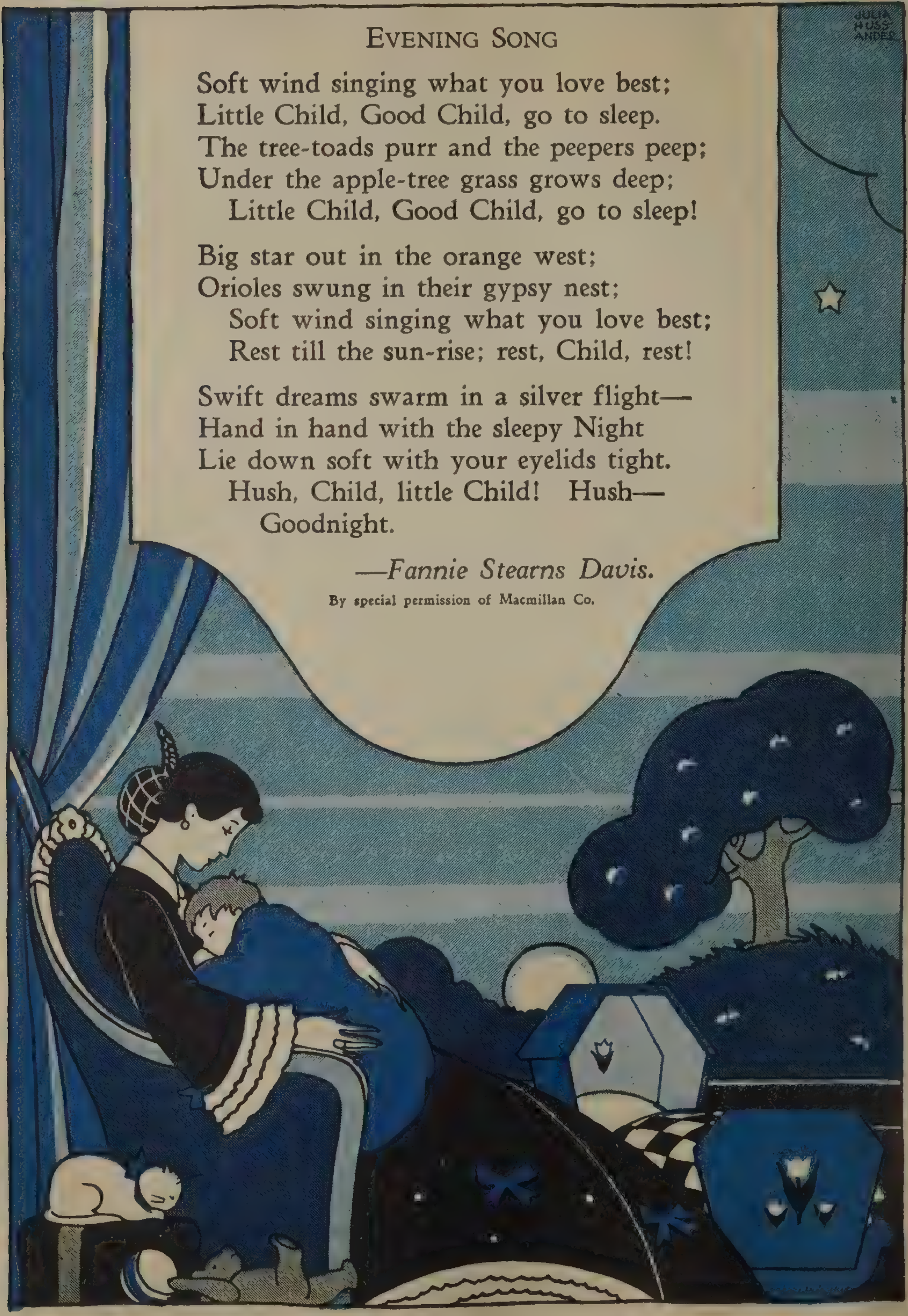
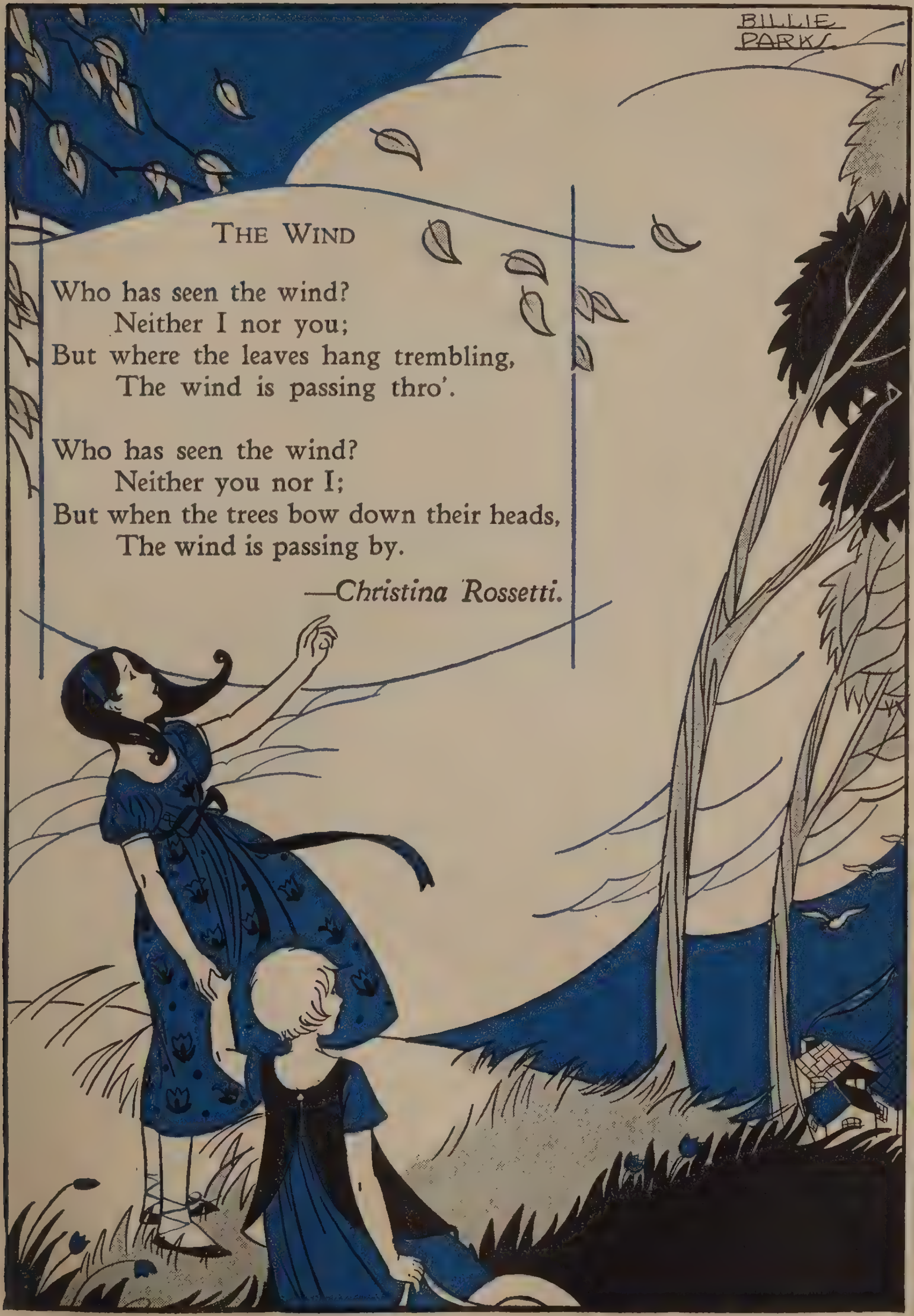


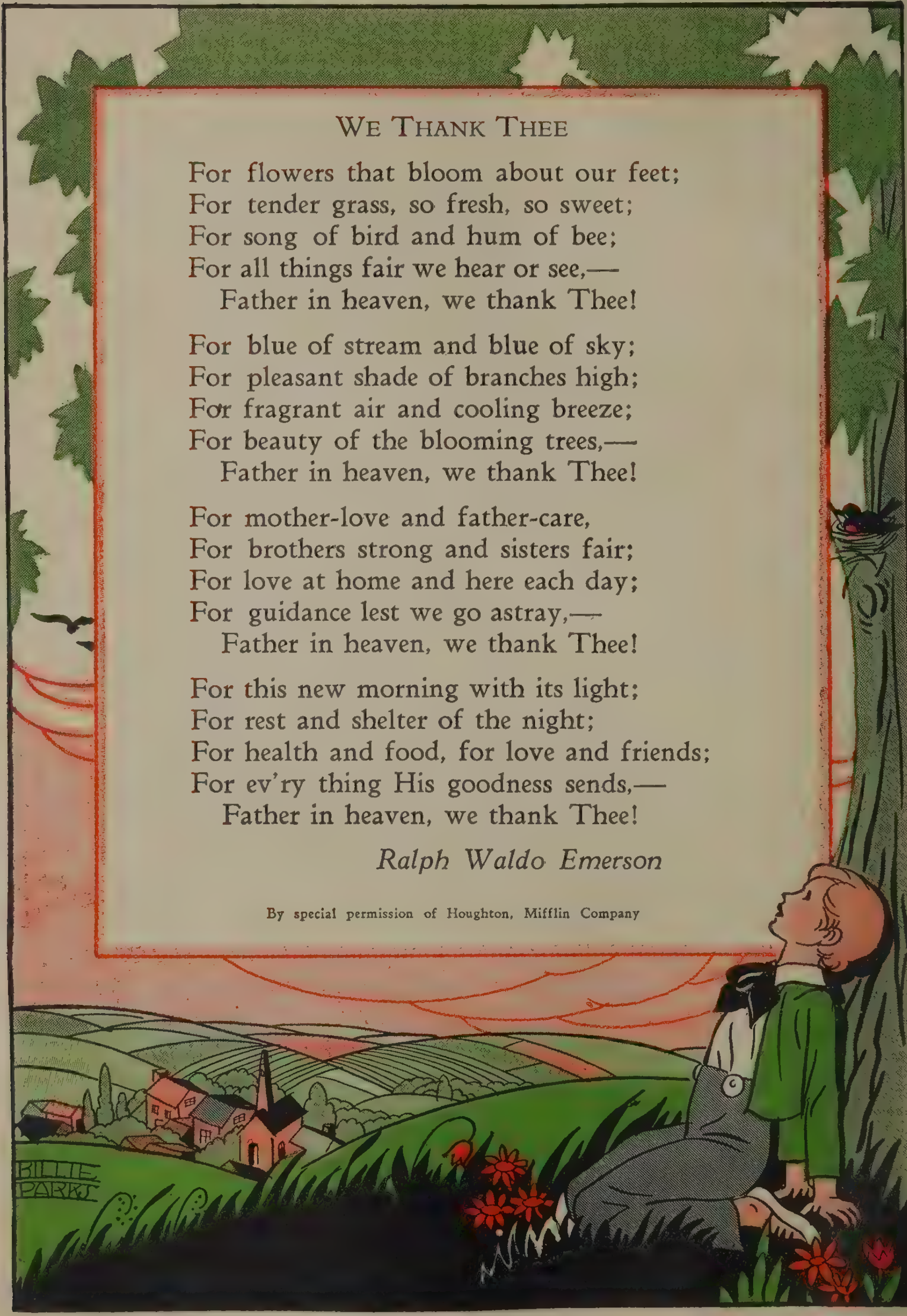


THE WIND

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But where the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing thro'.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

—*Christina Rossetti.*



WE THANK THEE

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see,—
  Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,—
  Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

For mother-love and father-care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair;
For love at home and here each day;
For guidance lest we go astray,—
  Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

For this new morning with its light;
For rest and shelter of the night;
For health and food, for love and friends;
For ev'ry thing His goodness sends,—
  Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

Ralph Waldo Emerson

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THE BLUEBIRD

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow, the skies may be dreary—
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! How the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying.

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer!
Summer is coming, and springtime is here!

"Little white snowdrops, I pray you arise;
Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes!
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold!
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear?
Summer is coming, and springtime is here!"

—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

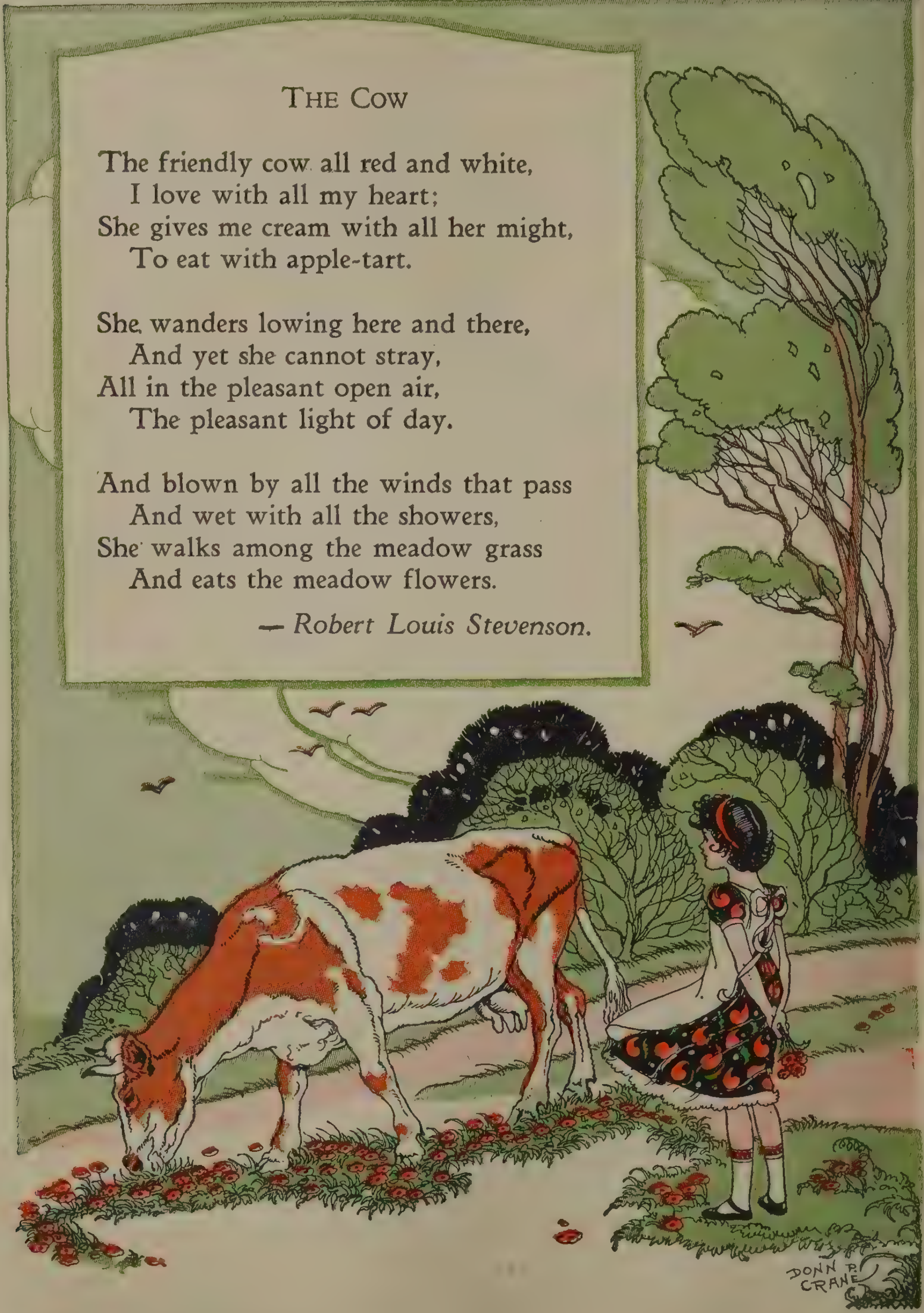
THE COW

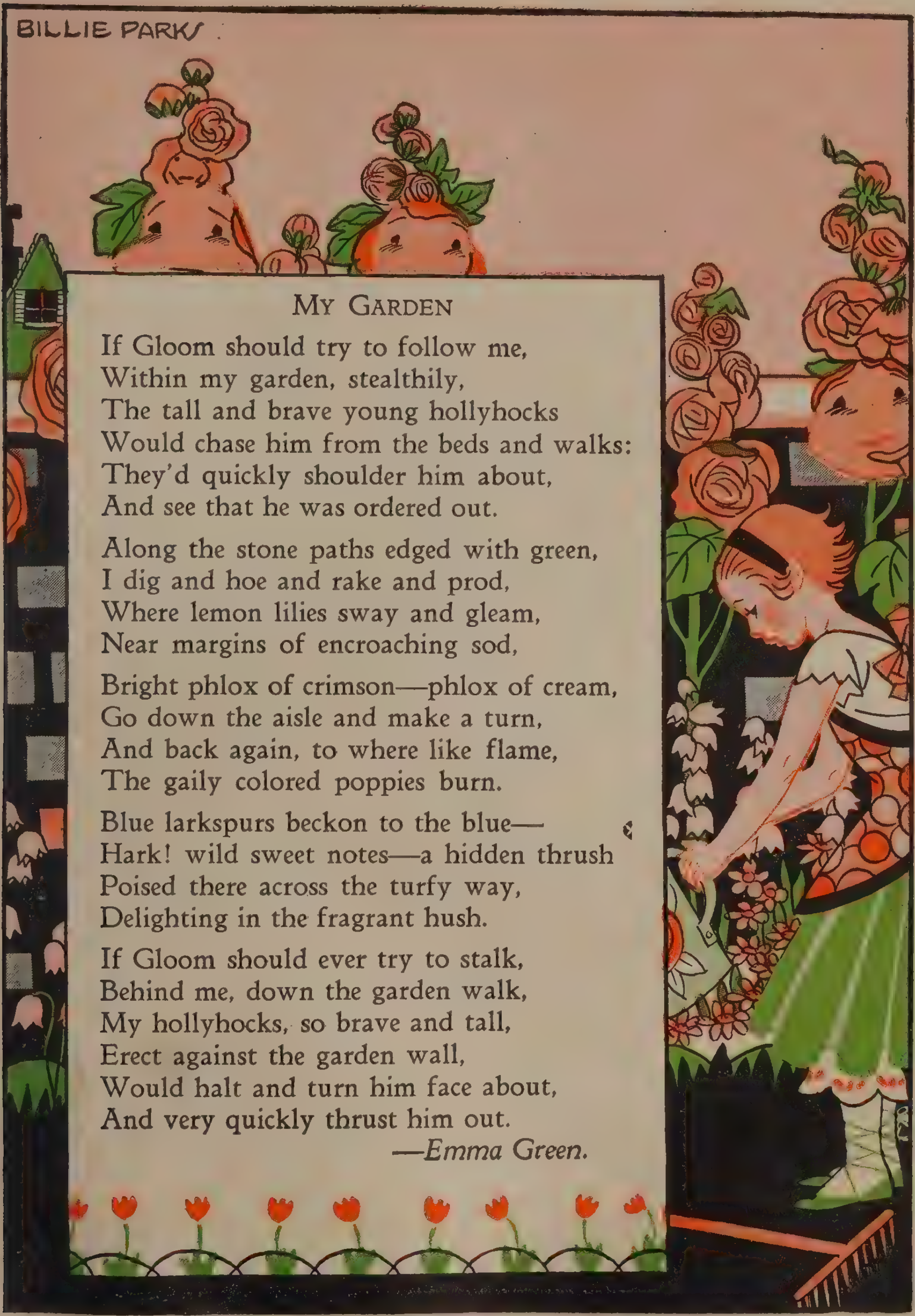
The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day.

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*





MY GARDEN

If Gloom should try to follow me,
Within my garden, stealthily,
The tall and brave young hollyhocks
Would chase him from the beds and walks:
They'd quickly shoulder him about,
And see that he was ordered out.

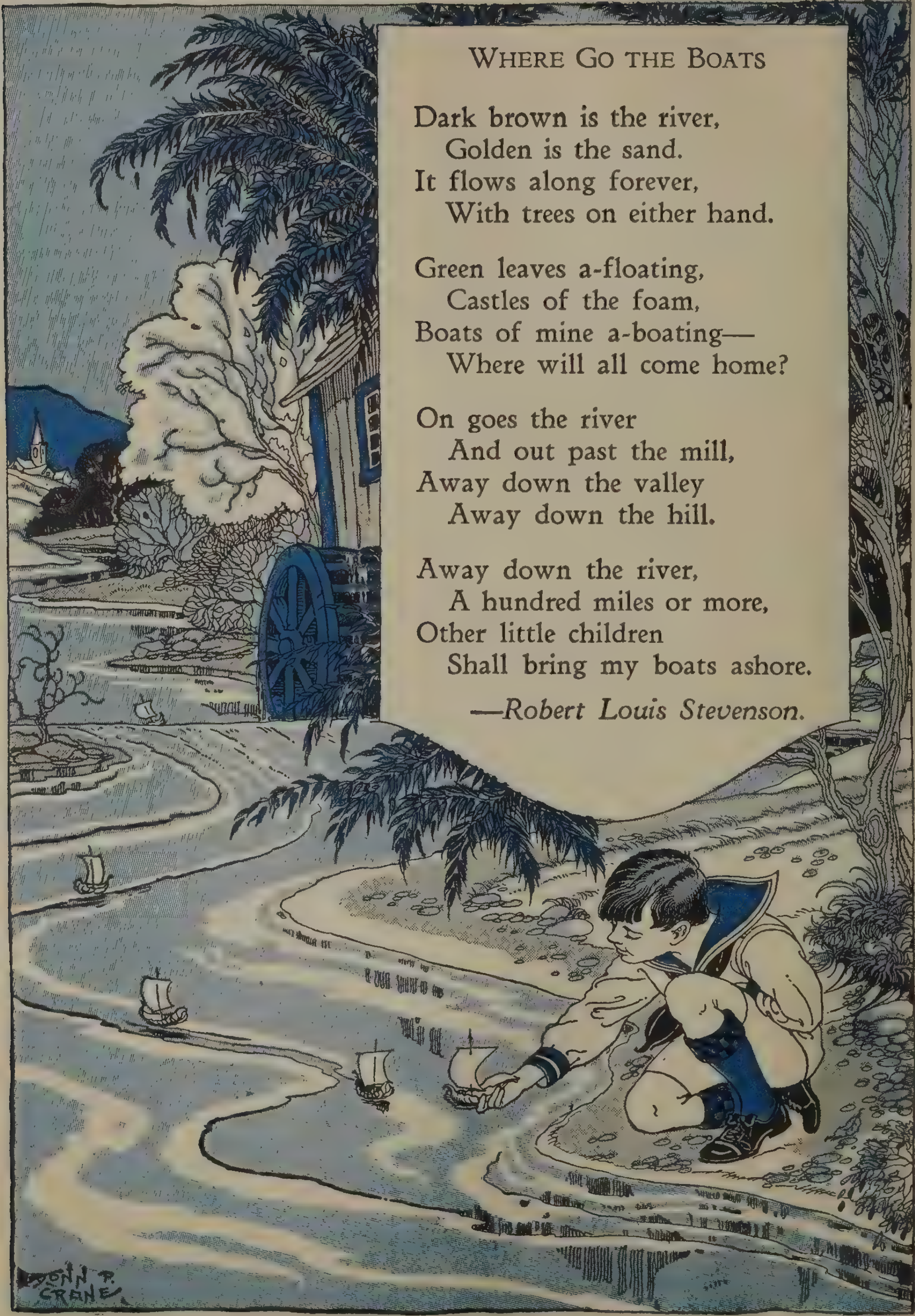
Along the stone paths edged with green,
I dig and hoe and rake and prod,
Where lemon lilies sway and gleam,
Near margins of encroaching sod,

Bright phlox of crimson—phlox of cream,
Go down the aisle and make a turn,
And back again, to where like flame,
The gaily colored poppies burn.

Blue larkspurs beckon to the blue—
Hark! wild sweet notes—a hidden thrush
Poised there across the turfy way,
Delighting in the fragrant hush.

If Gloom should ever try to stalk,
Behind me, down the garden walk,
My hollyhocks, so brave and tall,
Erect against the garden wall,
Would halt and turn him face about,
And very quickly thrust him out.

—*Emma Green.*



Where Go the Boats

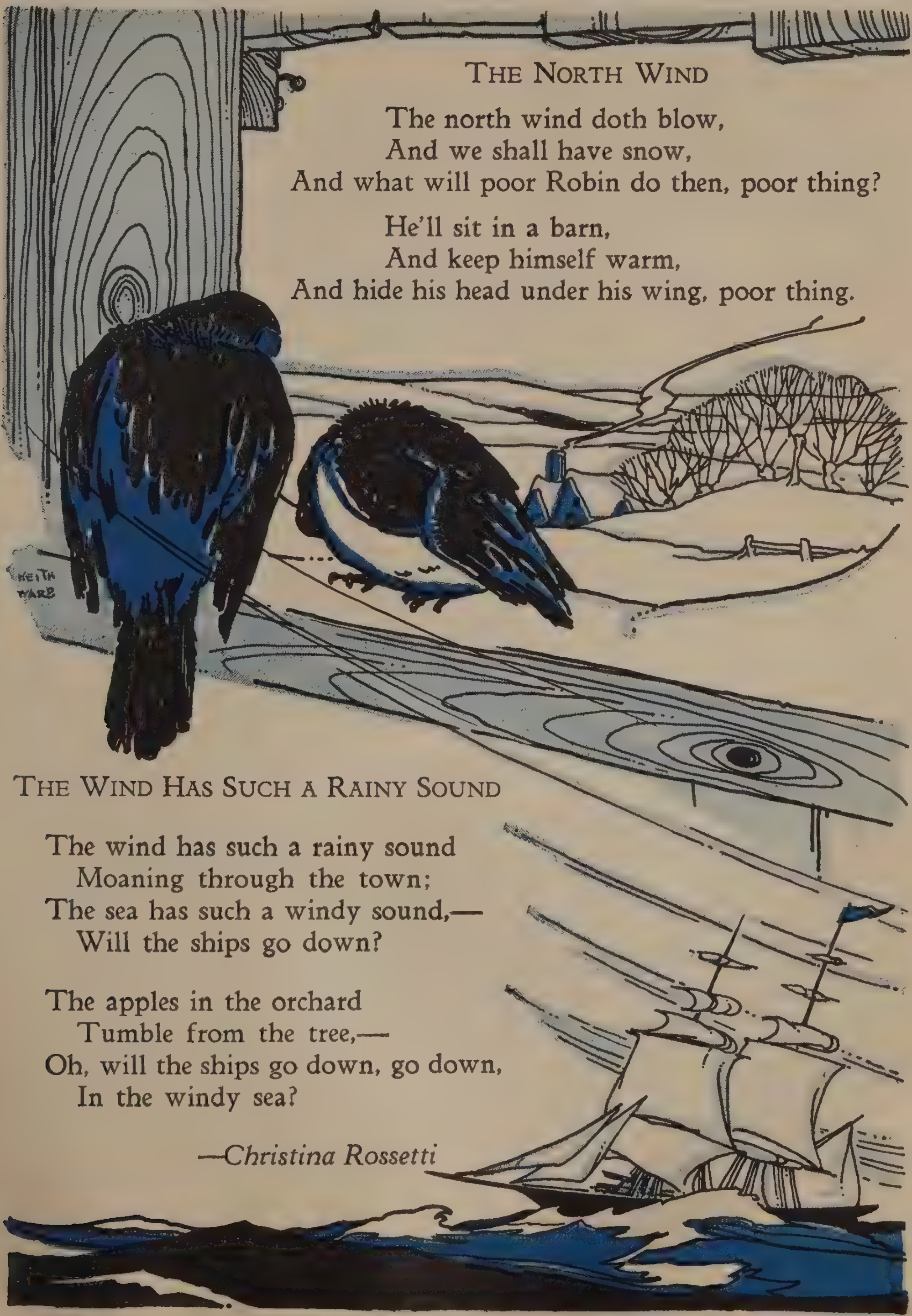
Dark brown is the river,
  Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever,
  With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
  Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
  Where will all come home?

On goes the river
  And out past the mill,
Away down the valley
  Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
  A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
  Shall bring my boats ashore.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.



THE NORTH WIND

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then, poor thing?

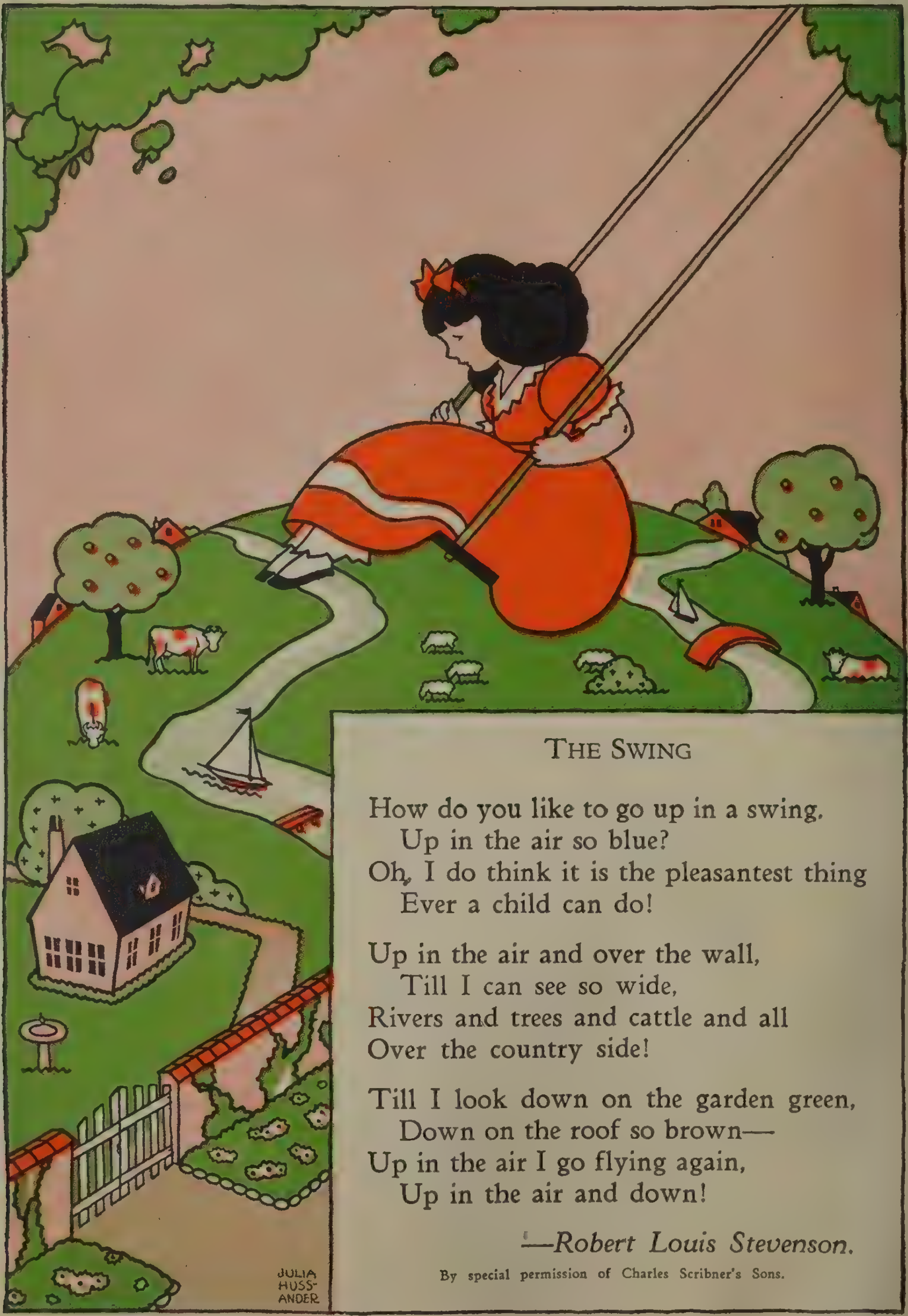
He'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing.

THE WIND HAS SUCH A RAINY SOUND

The wind has such a rainy sound
Moaning through the town;
The sea has such a windy sound,—
Will the ships go down?

The apples in the orchard
Tumble from the tree,—
Oh, will the ships go down, go down,
In the windy sea?

—Christina Rossetti



The Swing

How do you like to go up in a swing,
  Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it is the pleasantest thing
  Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
  Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the country side!

Till I look down on the garden green,
  Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
  Up in the air and down!

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

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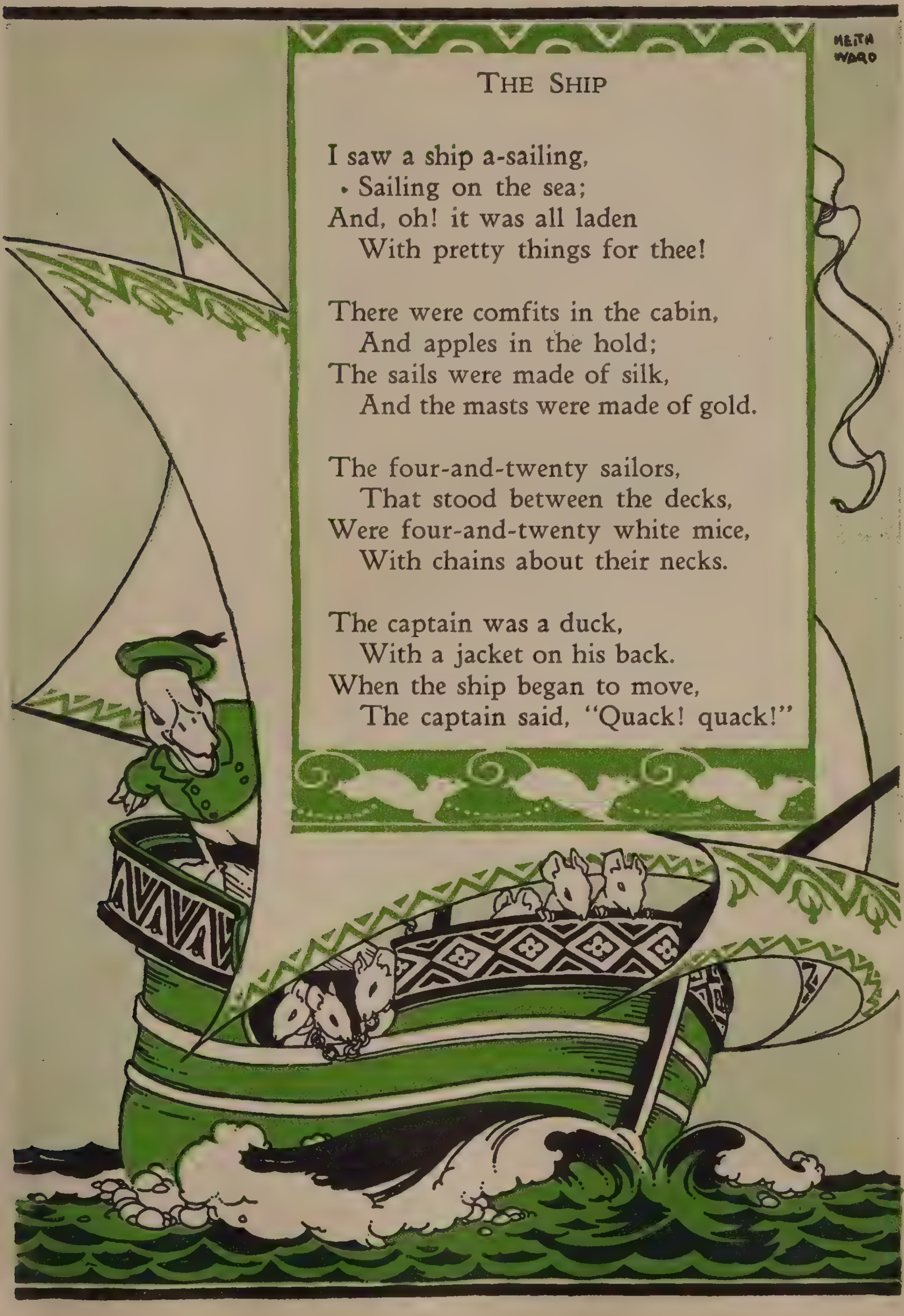


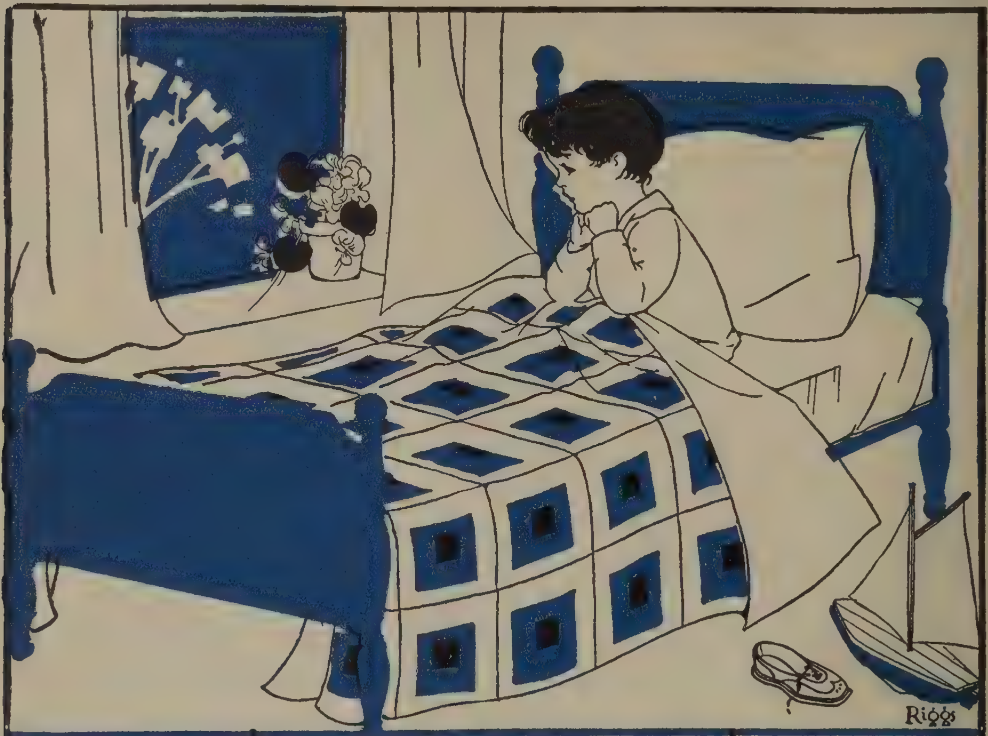
THE SHIP

I saw a ship a-sailing,
Sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors,
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a jacket on his back.
When the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"



BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet,
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

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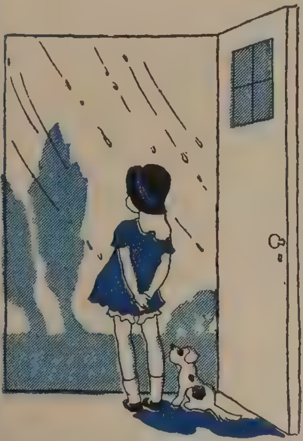
SUPPOSE

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke;
And say you're glad " 'Twas Dolly's
And not your head, that broke?"

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?



Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn a thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

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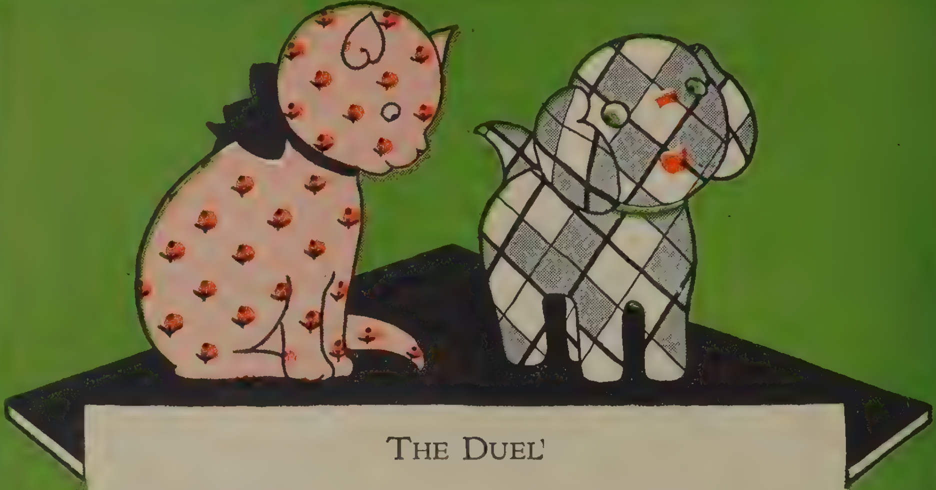
—*Phoebe Cary.*

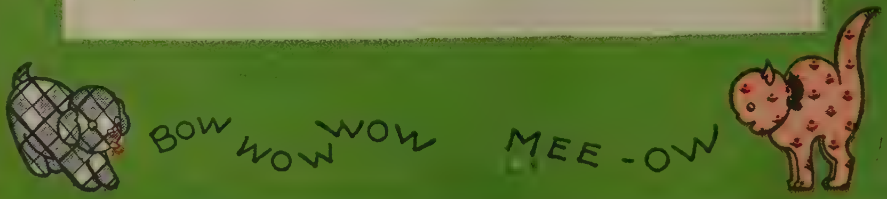
DOROTHY TODD

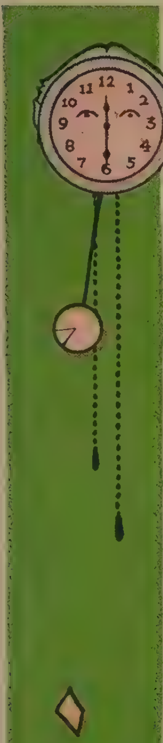


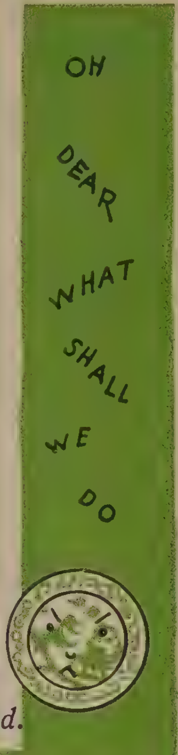
THE DUEL[1]

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
  The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate,
  Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
  (I wasn't there; I simply state
  What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
  While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
  Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
  (Now mind, I'm only telling you
  What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)







The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
  Employing every tooth and claw
  In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
  (Don't fancy I exaggerate—
  I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
  But the truth about the cat and pup
  Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think think of that!
  (The old Dutch clock it told me so,
  And that is how I came to know.)

—*Eugene Field.*

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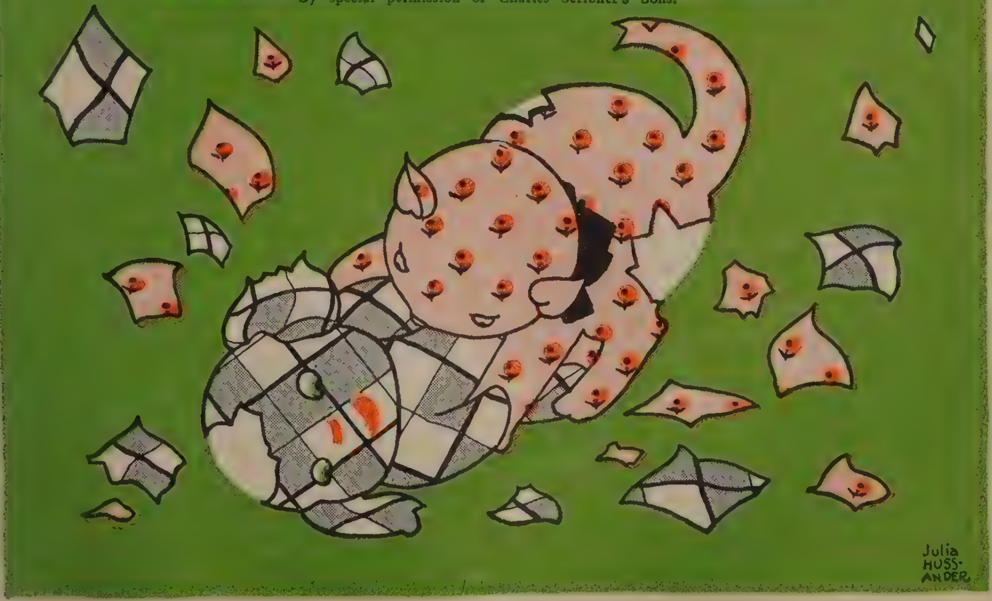
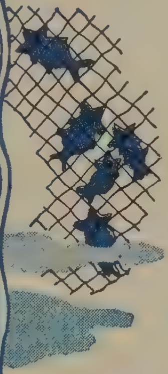
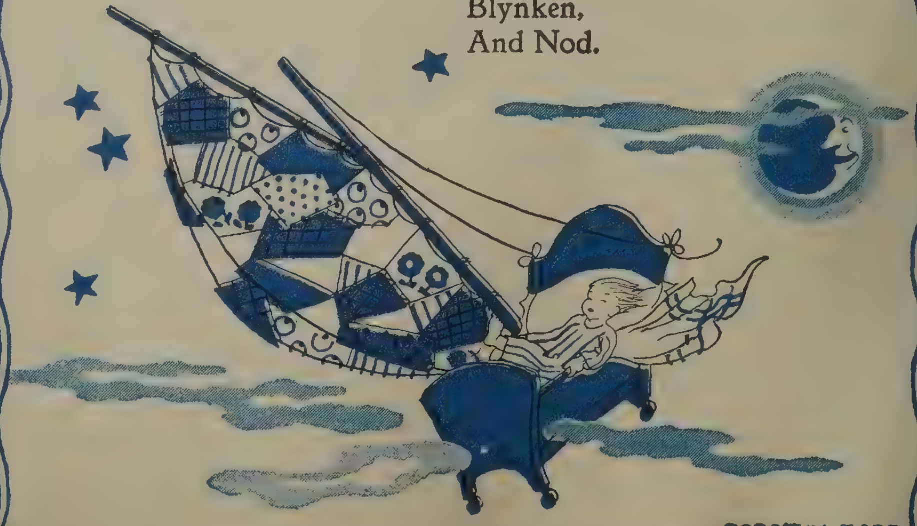


WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD

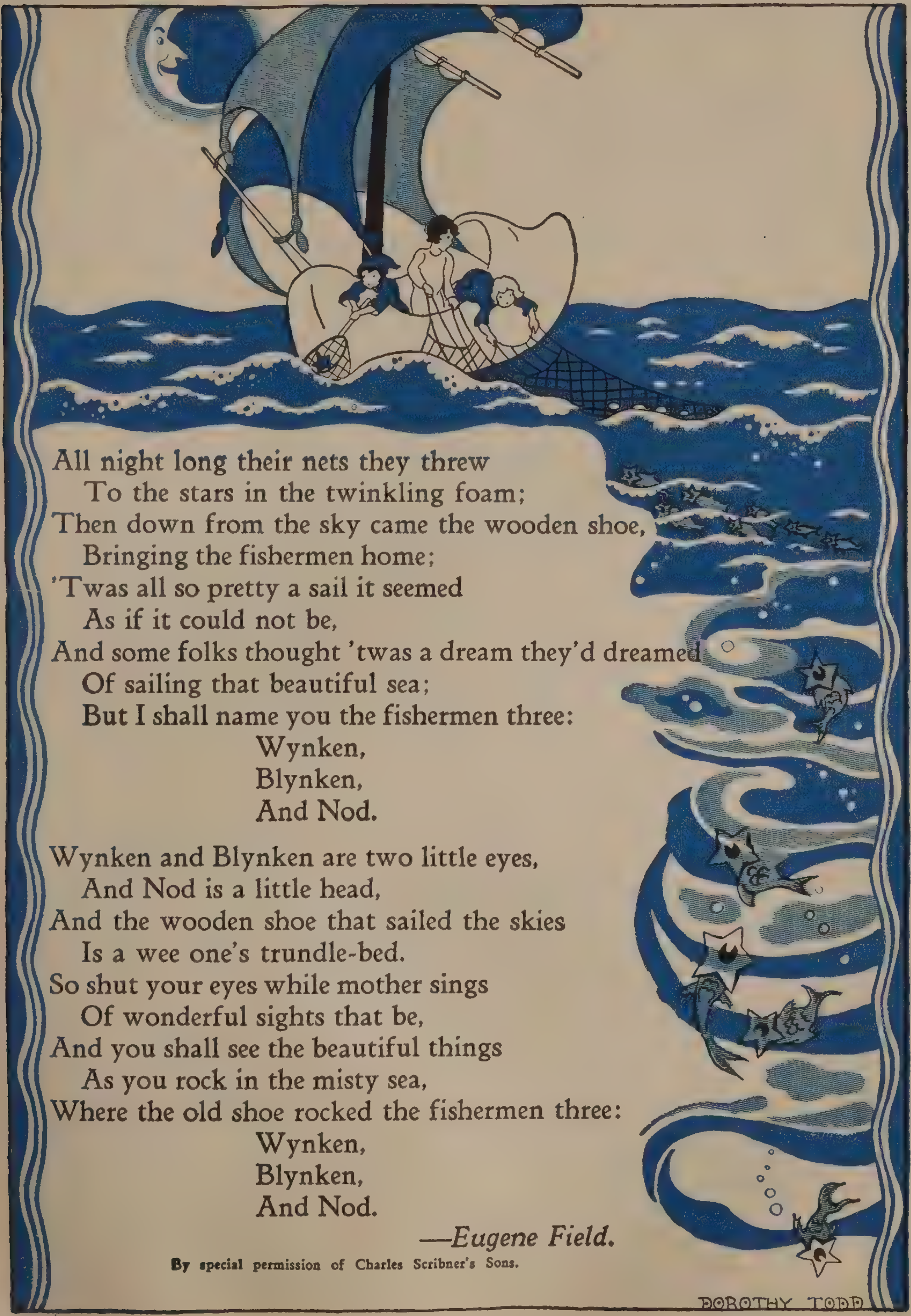


Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
   Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
   Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
   The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
   That live in this beautiful sea;
   Nets of silver and gold have we,"
            Said Wynken,
            Blynken,
            And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
   As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
   Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
   That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
   Never afeard are we;"
   So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
            Wynken,
            Blynken,
            And Nod.



DOROTHY TODD



All night long their nets they threw
  To the stars in the twinkling foam;
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
  Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
  As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
  Of sailing that beautiful sea;
  But I shall name you the fishermen three:
          Wynken,
          Blynken,
          And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
  And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
  Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
  Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
  As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
          Wynken,
          Blynken,
          And Nod.

—*Eugene Field.*

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LAND OF COUNTERPANE

When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bedclothes, through the hills.

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.
—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

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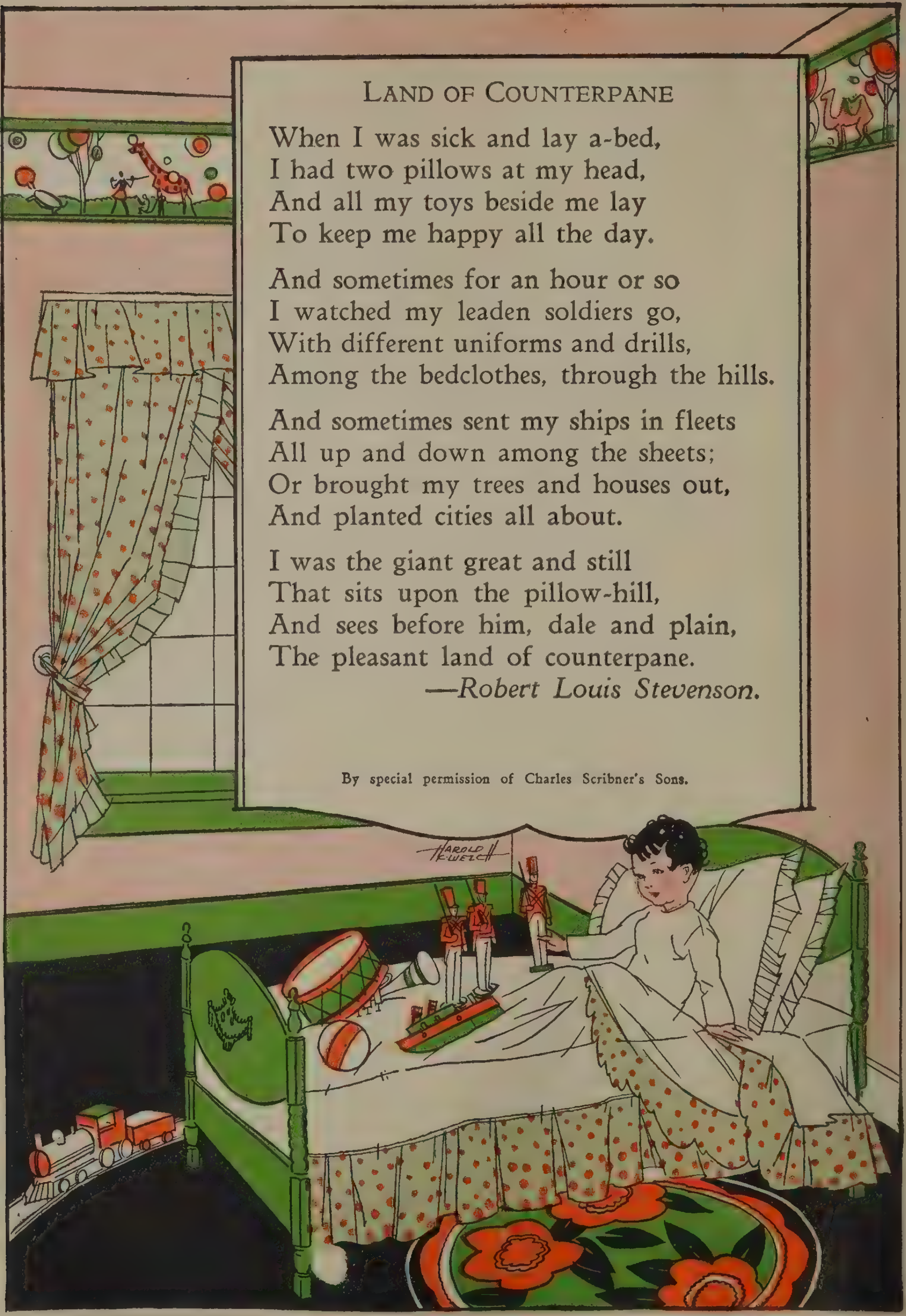

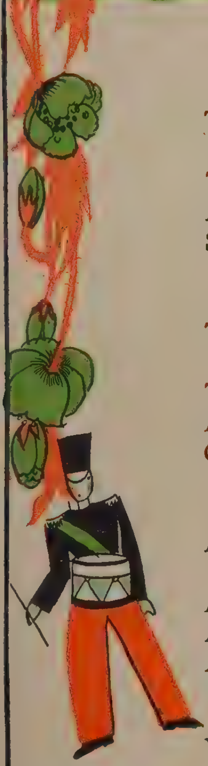

THE ROCK-A-BYE LADY

The Rock-a-Bye Lady from Hushaby Street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of pop guns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-Bye Lady from Hushaby Street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

—*Eugene Field.*

BILLIE
PARKS

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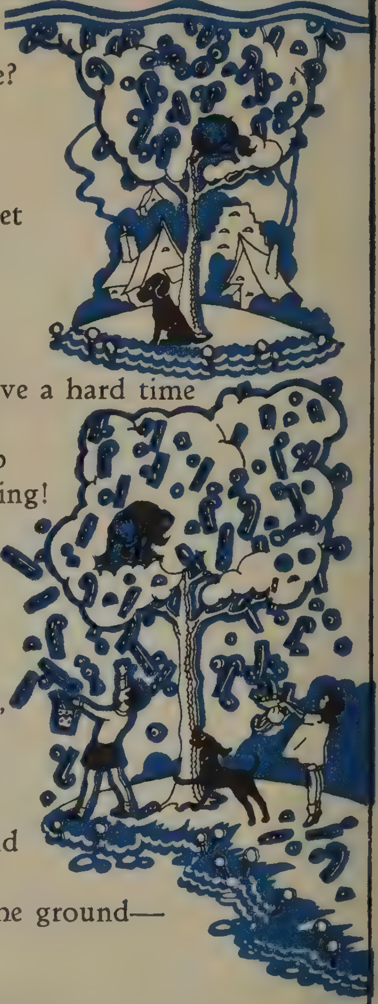
THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE



Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below—
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so.

You say but a word to that gingerbread dog,
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.
And that chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble of course to the ground—
Hurrah for the Chocolate Cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops and peppermint canes,
With stripings of scarlet and gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains
As much as your pockets can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white night cap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
In the gardens of Shut-Eye Town.

—*Eugene Field.*

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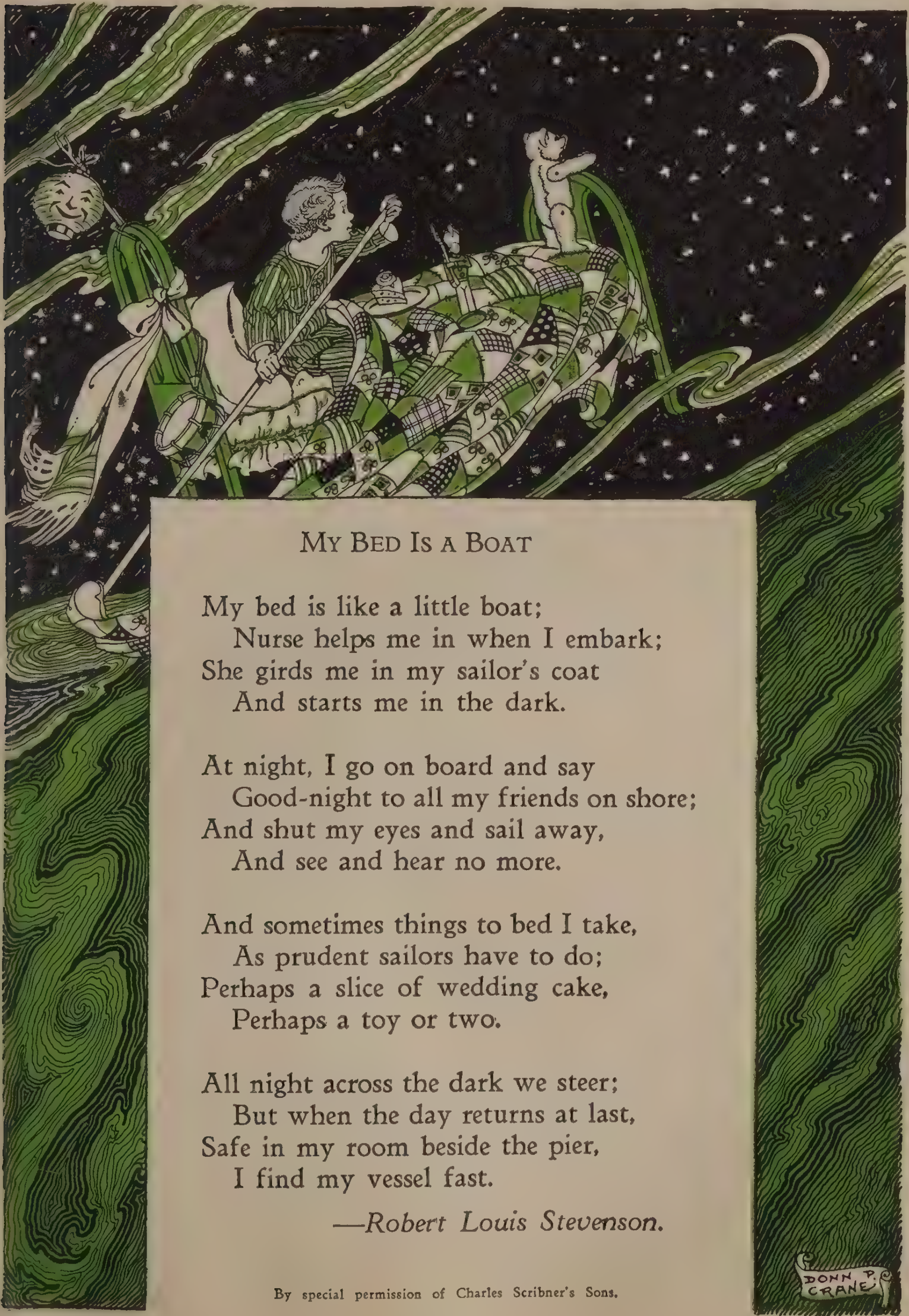

MY BED IS A BOAT

My bed is like a little boat;
  Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
  And starts me in the dark.

At night, I go on board and say
  Good-night to all my friends on shore;
And shut my eyes and sail away,
  And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
  As prudent sailors have to do;
Perhaps a slice of wedding cake,
  Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
  But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room beside the pier,
  I find my vessel fast.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

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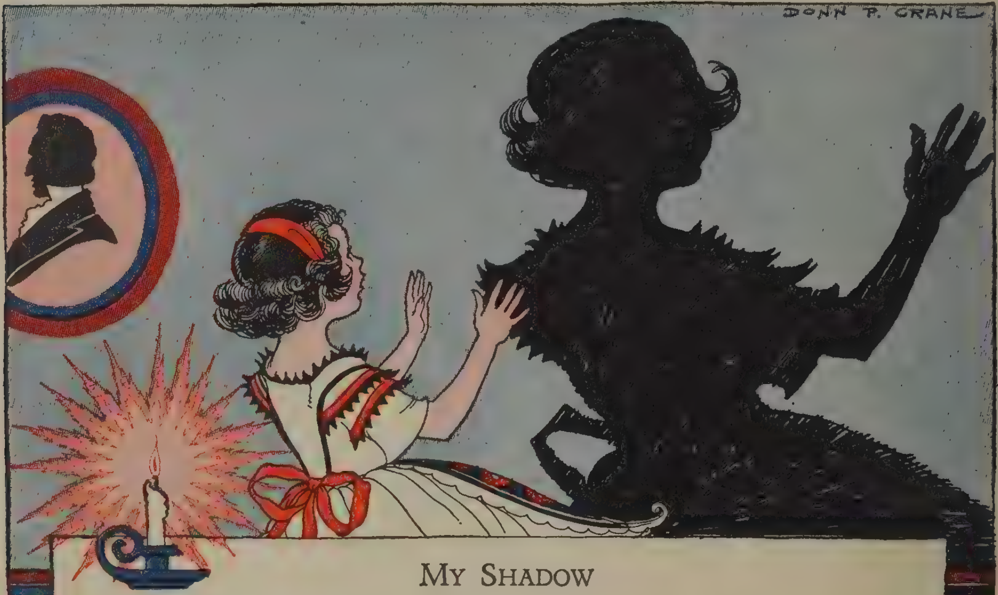

MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an errant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

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THE ARROW AND THE SONG

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

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THE LITTLE HOUSE

I have a house, a twisty little house,
  A house of my very, very own;
It's down in the wood, but you never, never could
  Find that house where I live all alone.

It's big enough, you see, for no one else but me,
  Only the Little People call,
It's funny how you folk never see my chimney's smoke,
  Never seem to find that house of mine at all.

—*Joyce Sambrook.*

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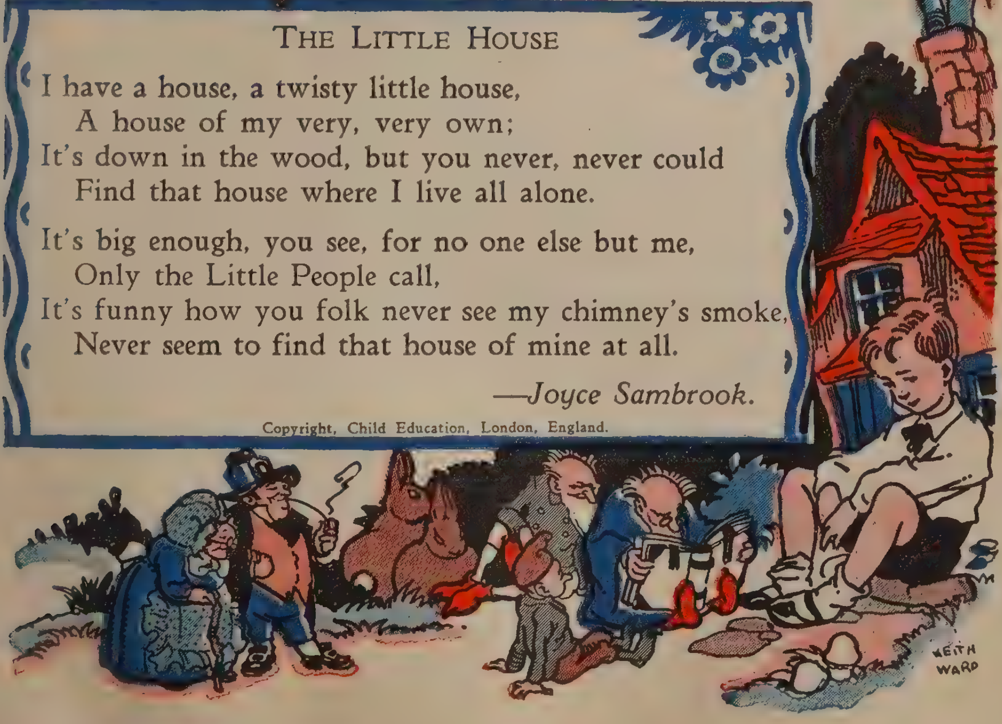


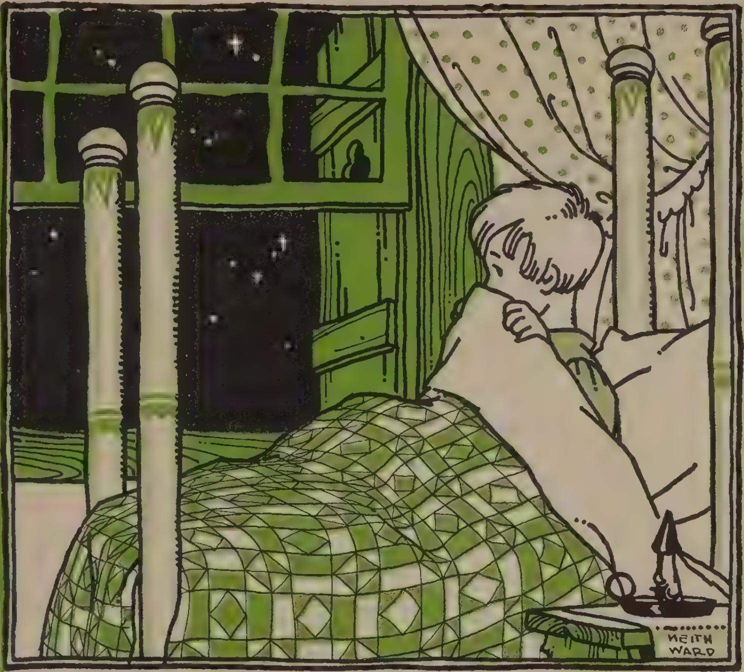
The Night Wind

Have you ever heard the wind go "Yoooo"?
'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear.
'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside
When folks should be asleep,
And many and many's the time I've cried
To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and the deep:
"Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wail the long hours through?"
And the night would say in its ghostly way:

"Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!"

My mother told me long ago
(When I was a little tad)
That when the wind went wailing so
Somebody had been bad;
And then, when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head,
I'd think of what my mother'd said,
And wonder what boy she meant!
And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way;

"Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!"



That this was true I must allow—
  You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
  I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
  Suppose you make the test;
Suppose, when you've been bad some day
  And up to bed are sent away
From mother and the rest—
  Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
And then you'll hear what's true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefullest tone;

"Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!"

—*Eugene Field.*

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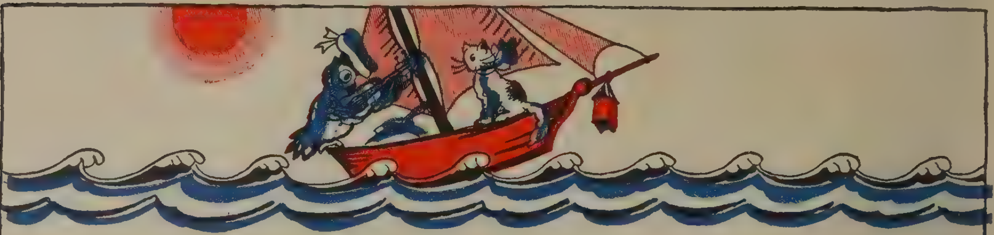
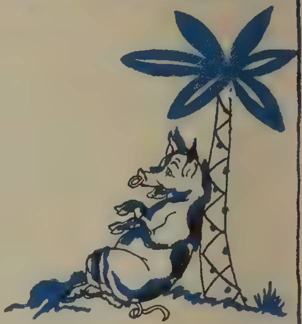


THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

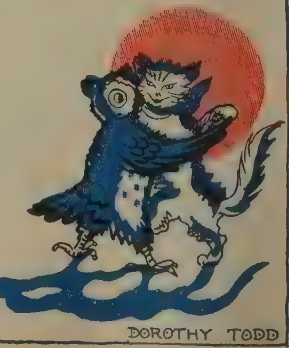
The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat.
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!
"What a beautiful Pussy you are,—
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

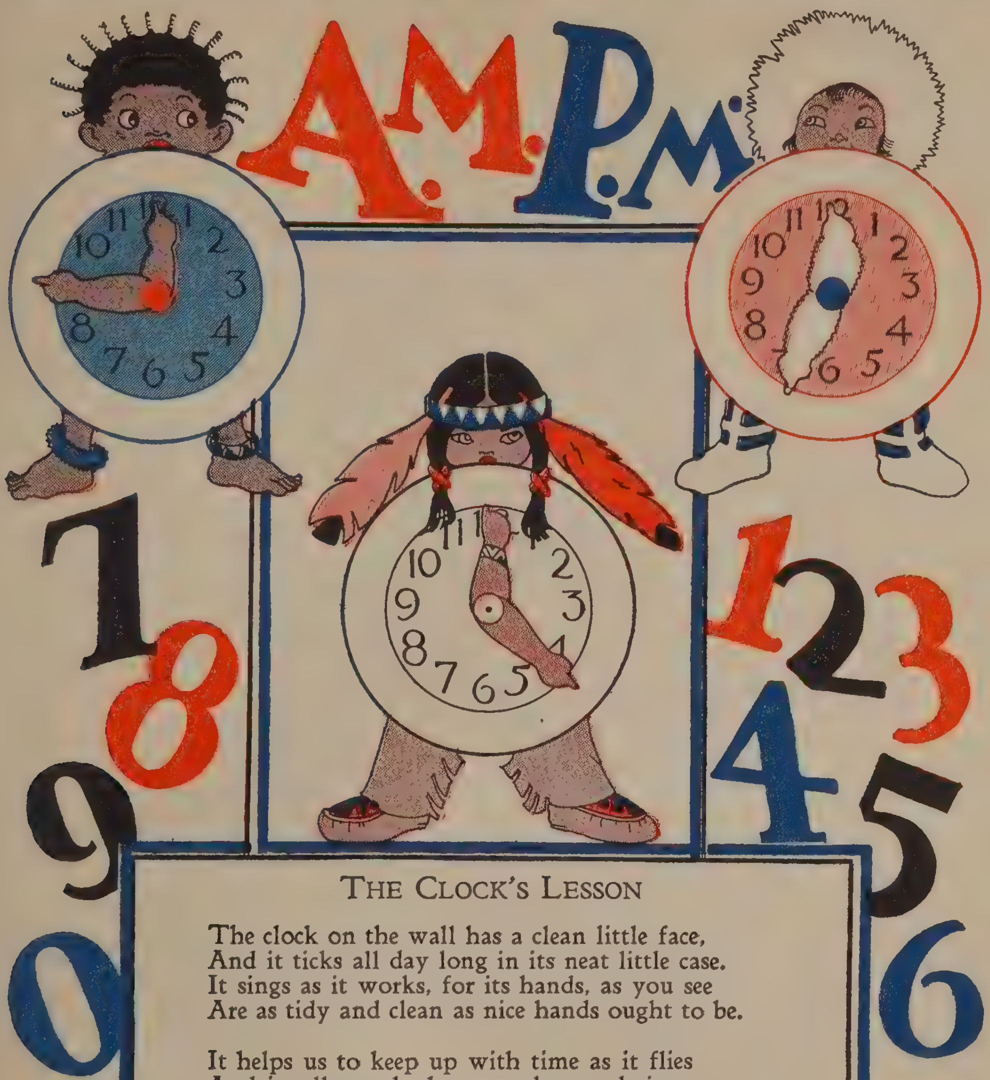


Pussy said to the Owl, "'You elegant fowl!
How wonderful sweet you sing!
O let us be married—too long have we tarried—
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose,—
His nose;
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon,—
The moon;
They danced by the light of the moon.

Edward Lear.



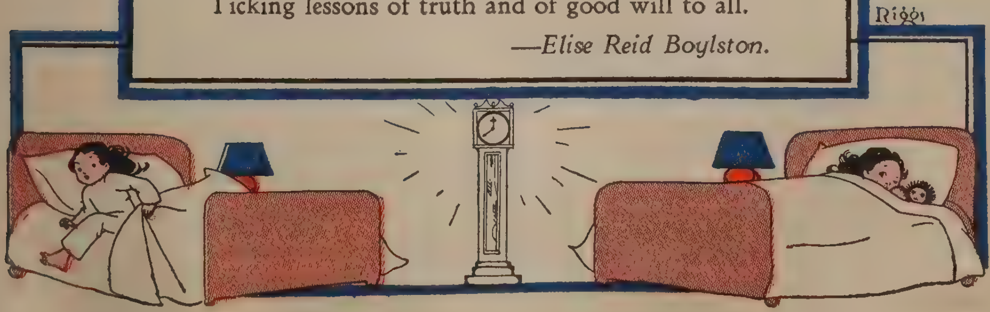


THE CLOCK'S LESSON

The clock on the wall has a clean little face,
And it ticks all day long in its neat little case.
It sings as it works, for its hands, as you see
Are as tidy and clean as nice hands ought to be.

It helps us to keep up with time as it flies
And it tells us the hour to sleep and rise;
It's a friend that we need, as it hangs on the wall,
Ticking lessons of truth and of good will to all.

—*Elise Reid Boylston.*



RAIN IN THE NIGHT

Raining, raining,
All night long;
Sometimes loud, sometimes soft,
Just like a song.

There'll be rivers in the gutters
And lakes along the street.
It will make our lazy kitty
Wash his little dirty feet.

The roses will wear diamonds
Like kings and queens at court;
But the pansies all get muddy
Because they are so short.

I'll sail my boat tomorrow
In wonderful new places,
But first I'll take my watering-pot
And wash the pansies' faces.

—*Amelia Josephine Burr.*

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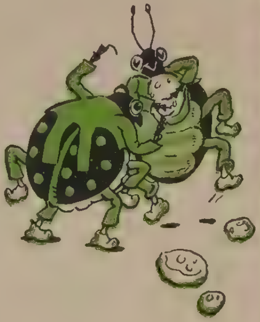
THREE LITTLE BUGS IN A BASKET



Three little bugs in a basket,
  And hardly room for two;
And one was yellow, and one was black,
  And one like me, or you;
The space was small, no doubt, for all;
  So what should the three bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,
  And the beds but two could hold;
And so they fell to quarreling—
  The white, and the black, and the gold.
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
  And one was out in the cold!

Three little bugs in a basket,
  And hardly crumbs for two;
And all were selfish in their hearts,
  The same as I or you;
So the strong ones said, "We will eat the bread,
And that's what we will do."

He that was left in the basket,
    Without a crumb to chew,
Or a thread to wrap himself withal,
    When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,
  And so the quarrel grew;

So there was war in the basket;
  Ah! pity 'tis, 'tis true!
But he that was frozen and starved, at last
  A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rugs from both the bugs,
  And killed and ate them, too!

Now, when bugs live in a basket,
  Though more than it well can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree—
  The white, and the black, and the gold—
And share what comes of the beds and crumbs,
And leave no bug in the cold!

—*Alice Cary*

DOROTHY TODD

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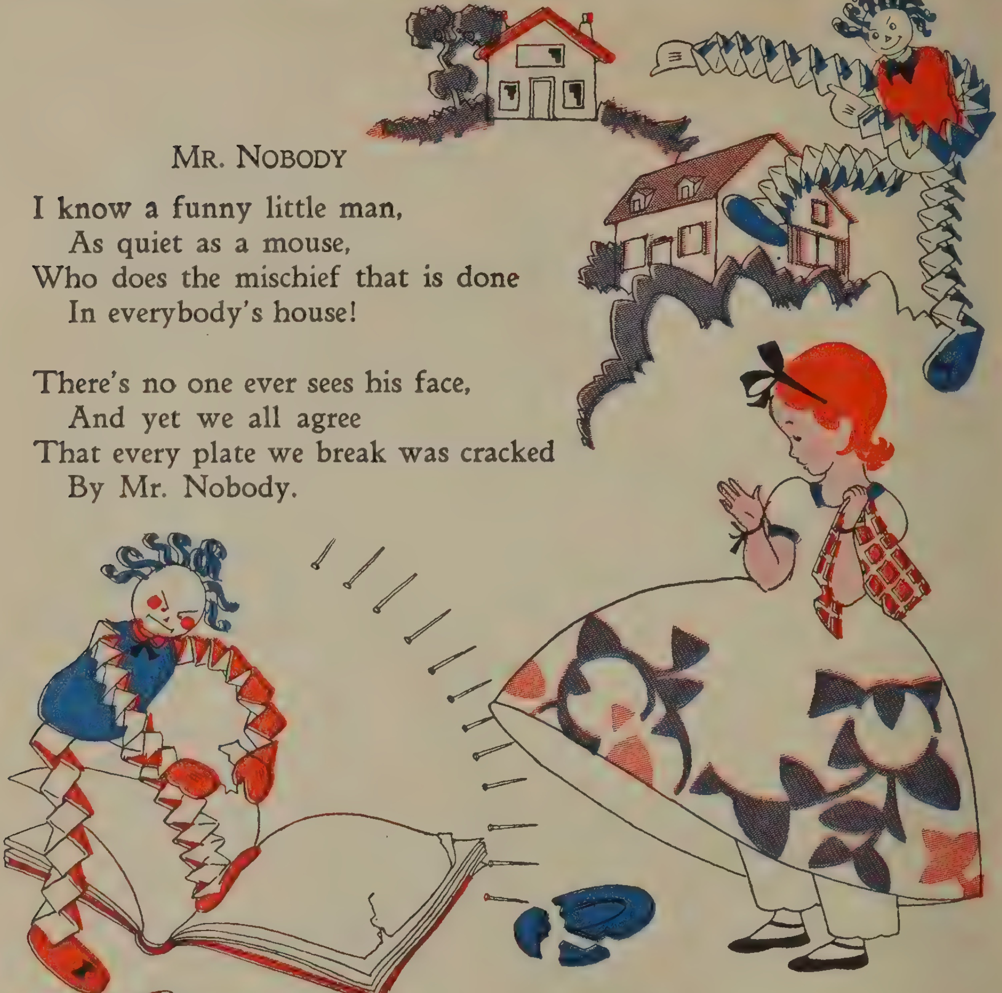
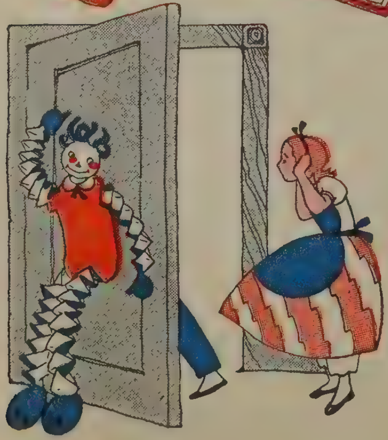
Mr. Nobody

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house!

There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.





'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar,
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar.

That squeaking door will always squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
  That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
  And all the carpets soil.

The finger marks upon the door
  By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
  To let the curtains fade.

The ink we never spill; the boots
  That lying round you see
Are not our boots; they all belong
  To Mr. Nobody.

—*Author Unknown.*

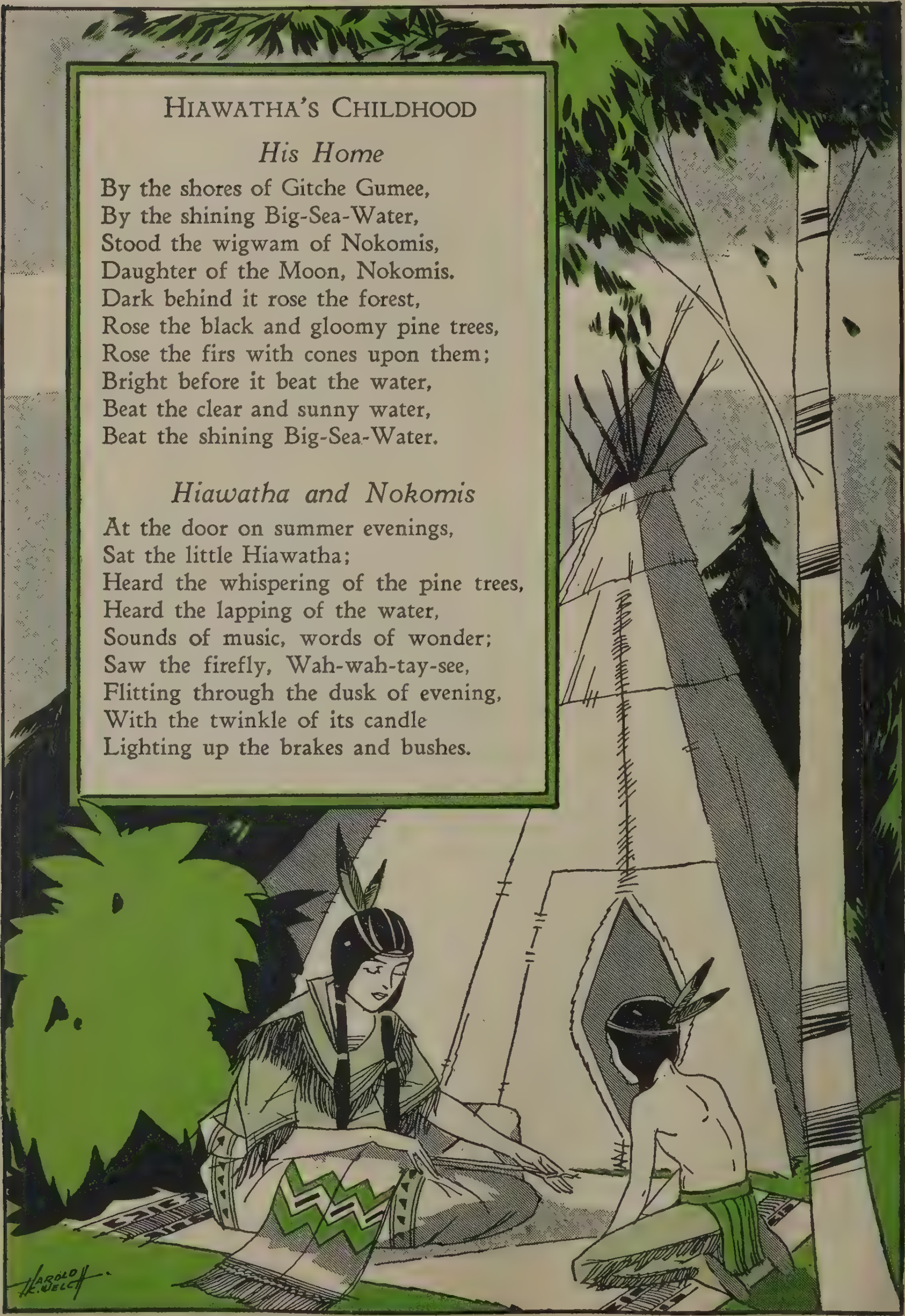
HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

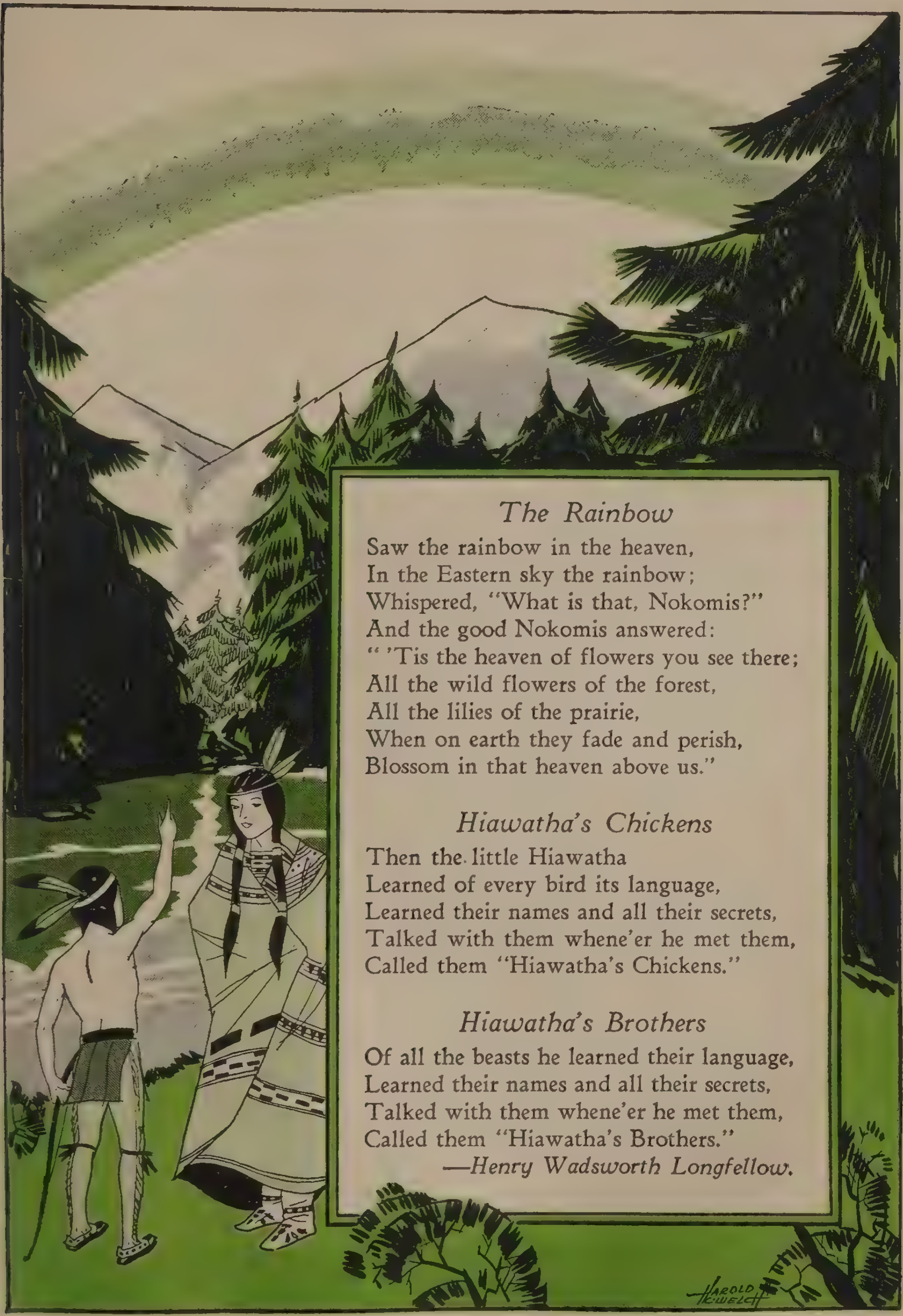
His Home

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

Hiawatha and Nokomis

At the door on summer evenings,
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
Saw the firefly, Wah-wah-tay-see,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes.





The Rainbow

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the Eastern sky the rainbow;
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
" 'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

Hiawatha's Chickens

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Hiawatha's Brothers

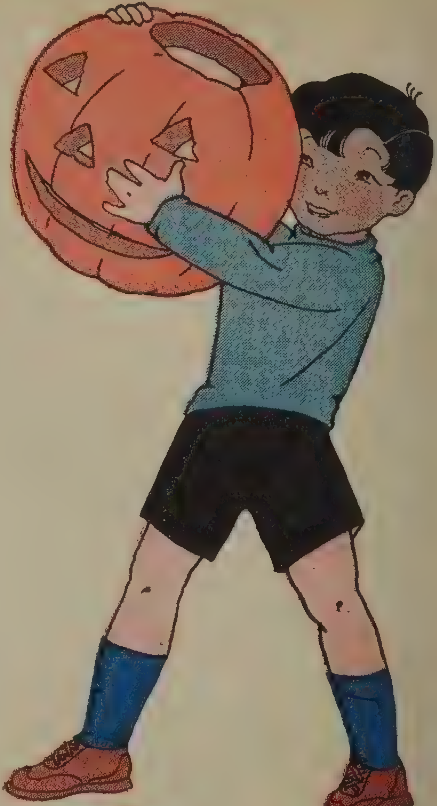
Of all the beasts he learned their language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

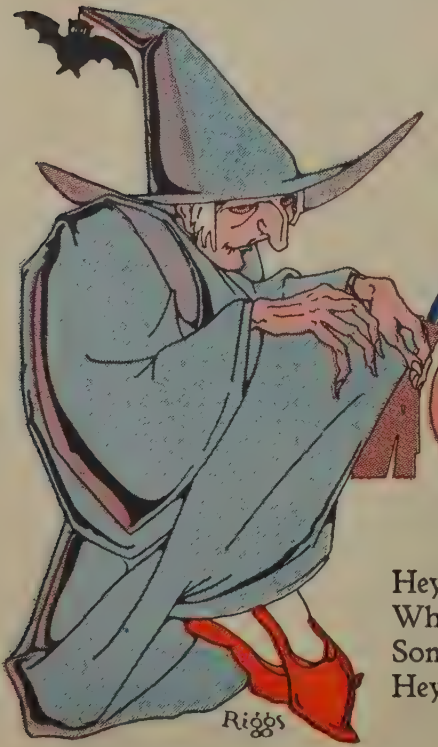
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

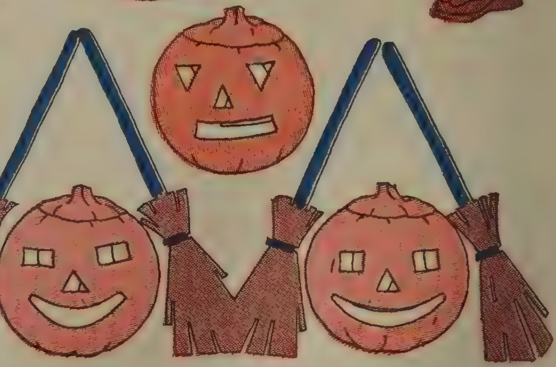
THE HALLOWEEN PUMPKIN

Oh, it was the finest pumpkin
That ever you have seen,
It grew in Tommy's garden
On the night of halloween.
He took his knife and cut the top,
Then scooped it with a spoon.
He made two eyes, a nose so round,
And a face just like the moon.
He put a candle in it,
Then, still as any mouse,
He crept up very slowly
To a window in his house.
There he put the Jack-O-Lantern,
And Tommy's mother cried,
"Look, I think there must be
Brownies hiding here inside."

—*Agnes Dunne.*







HALLOWE'EN

Heyhow for Hallowe'en,
When all the witches are to be seen,
Some in black and some in green,
Heyhow for Hallowe'en.

—*Scotch Folk Rhyme.*

WHY DO BELLS OF CHRISTMAS RING

Why do bells of Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?
Once a lovely shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay
Pillowed soft upon the hay;
And his mother sang and smiled:
"This is Christ, the holy Child!"
Therefore bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore little children sing.

—*Eugene Field.*

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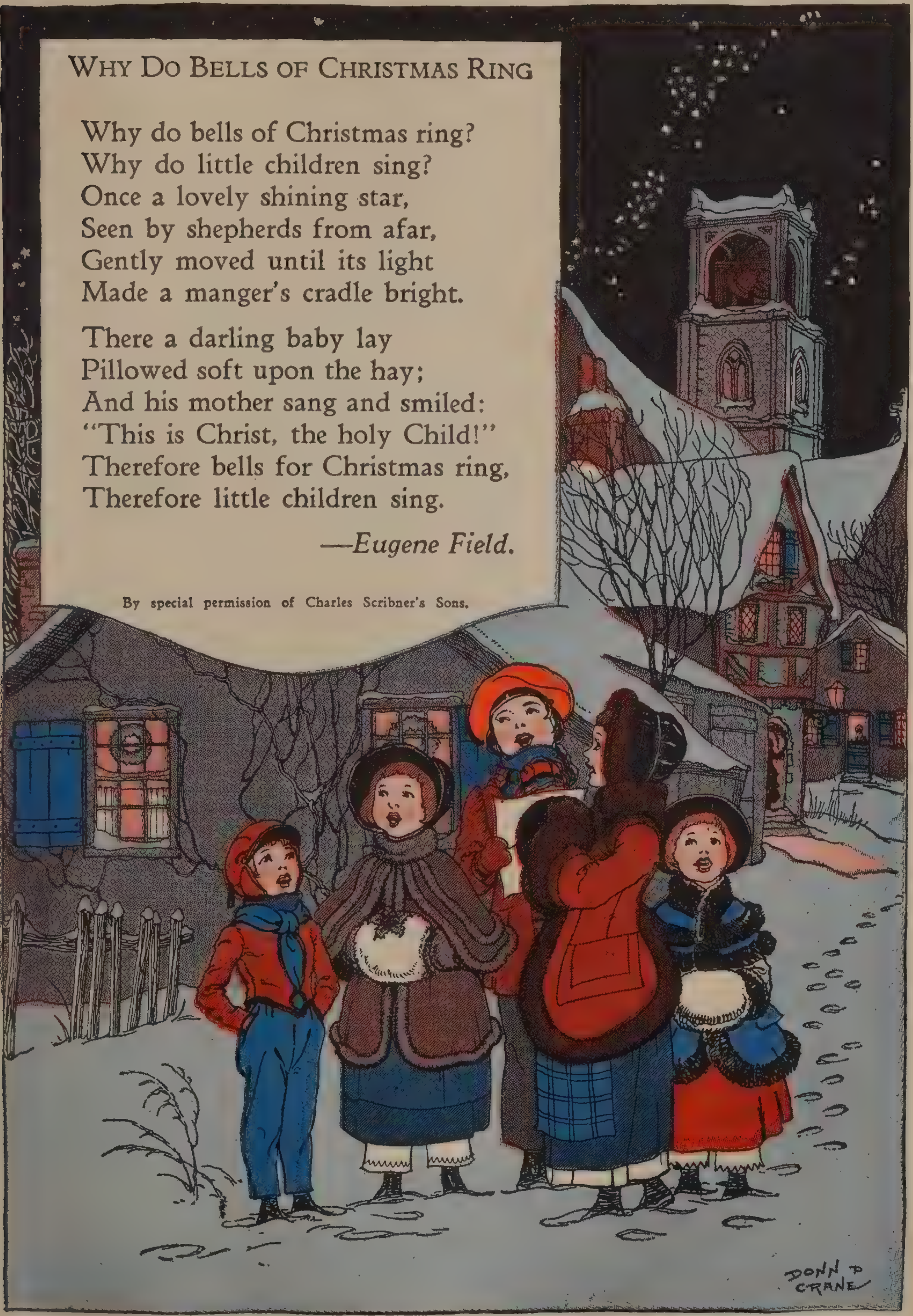


IN NOVEMBER

The air is growing chilly,
The leaves are dry and brown,
And from the twigs and branches
The sap is running down.

The squirrel has filled his storehouse,
The bees have sought the hive,
The turtle in his mud bed
Scarce seems to be alive.

The beaver and the muskrat
Are snug beneath the wave;
The birds have gone far southward,
The bear is in his cave.

The caterpillar's slumbering
Within his warm cocoon;
The wailing winds are telling
That winter's coming soon.

The sun is setting early,
The sky is dull and gray;
And I—I'm getting ready
To keep Thanksgiving Day.

—*Anonymous.*

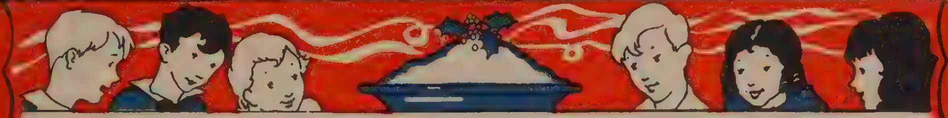
THANKSGIVING

There's brownness in the world about
And frost upon the leaves;
There's autumn in the crackling air
And wind a-whistling through the eaves.

The corn is yellow in the crib,
There's pumpkins on the ground,
There's apples on the cellar floor,
And big red turkeys struttin' round.

It's time to put our work aside
And go to church to pray:
To thank our gracious Father
For this Thanksgiving Day.

—*Gladys Eloise Brierly.*



LANCASHIRE CHRISTMAS RHYME

We're neither come to your house to beg nor to borrow,
But we're come to your house to drive away the sorrow.
Nor sup of drink, as you may think, although we're very dry—
We'll tell you what we're come for—a piece of Christmas pie.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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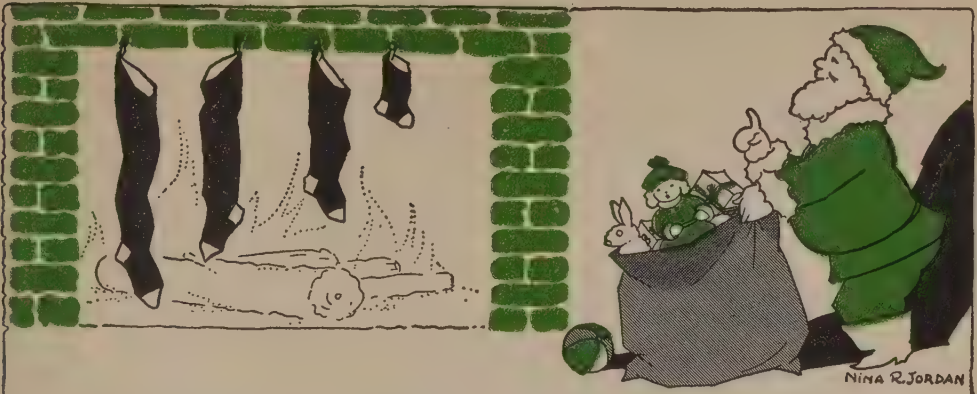
A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mama in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutter, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick!
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name.
"Now Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.



And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound;
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot:
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf:
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere they drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

—Clement C. Moore.

NEW YEAR RESOLVES

Since new year is the time for vows,
I'll take a thought or two,
And write upon my little slate
Some things I mean to do.

I'll be as tidy as I can
When I'm about my play,
And when it's time to go to bed,
Put all my toys away.

I'll place them safely in their box,
To keep them bright and clean;
My room will then be orderly,
The neatest ever seen.

When morning comes, though snug my bed,
First time I hear them call,
I'll jump right out and dress myself,
And not delay at all.

Before a word is said to me,
I'll wash my face, until
My mother laughs; "Why, how you shine
With cleanness and good will!"

At breakfast, I'll say, "Please," and, "Thanks,"
Each time I pass my plate.
Then I'll hurry off to school,
So I shall not be late.

DOROTHY TODD

I'll brush my teeth each time I eat,
Before someone can say;
"How many times, dear Robin, have
You used your brush, today?"

Before I come into the house,
I'll clean and clean my shoes.
I will not take the softest chair,
But let the others choose.

I'll lift my hat to Mother and
  To all the girls I know;
I'll act politely all the time
  In ev'ry place I go.

And I'll not interrupt at all
  When grown-ups talk and talk;
When I should like to run in church,
  Most soberly I'll walk.

And I will try to do each thing
  Before a small boy set,
And get it done, before they cry,
  "Now, Robin, don't forget!"

I'll always think and speak and act
  As kindly as I can,
And though I'm just a little boy,
  I'll try to be a man.

And if I should get done each day,
  The things I've written here,
I guess they'll keep me busy through
  Each day of this new year.

—Imelda Octavia Shanklin

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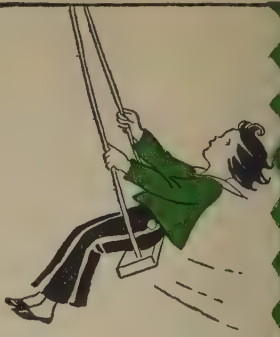
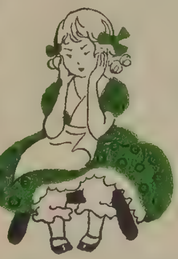
DOROTHY TODD

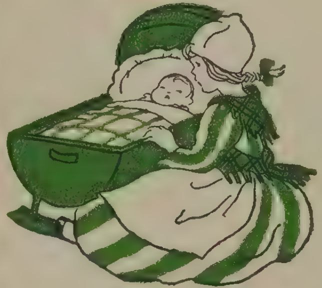
I LOVE YOU, MOTHER

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.



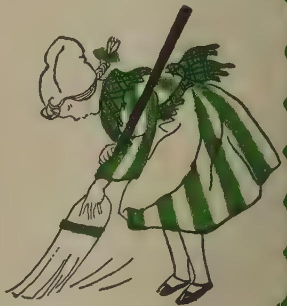


"I love you, mother," said little Nell,
"I love you more than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted half the day
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.



"I love you, mother," said little Fan.
"To-day I'll help you all I can."
To the cradle then she did softly creep,
And rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly she took the broom
And swept the floor and dusted the room.
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as a child should be.



"I love you, mother," again they said,
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think the mother guessed,
Which of them really loved her best?

—*Joy Allison.*

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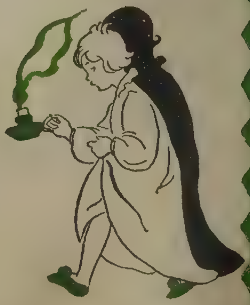


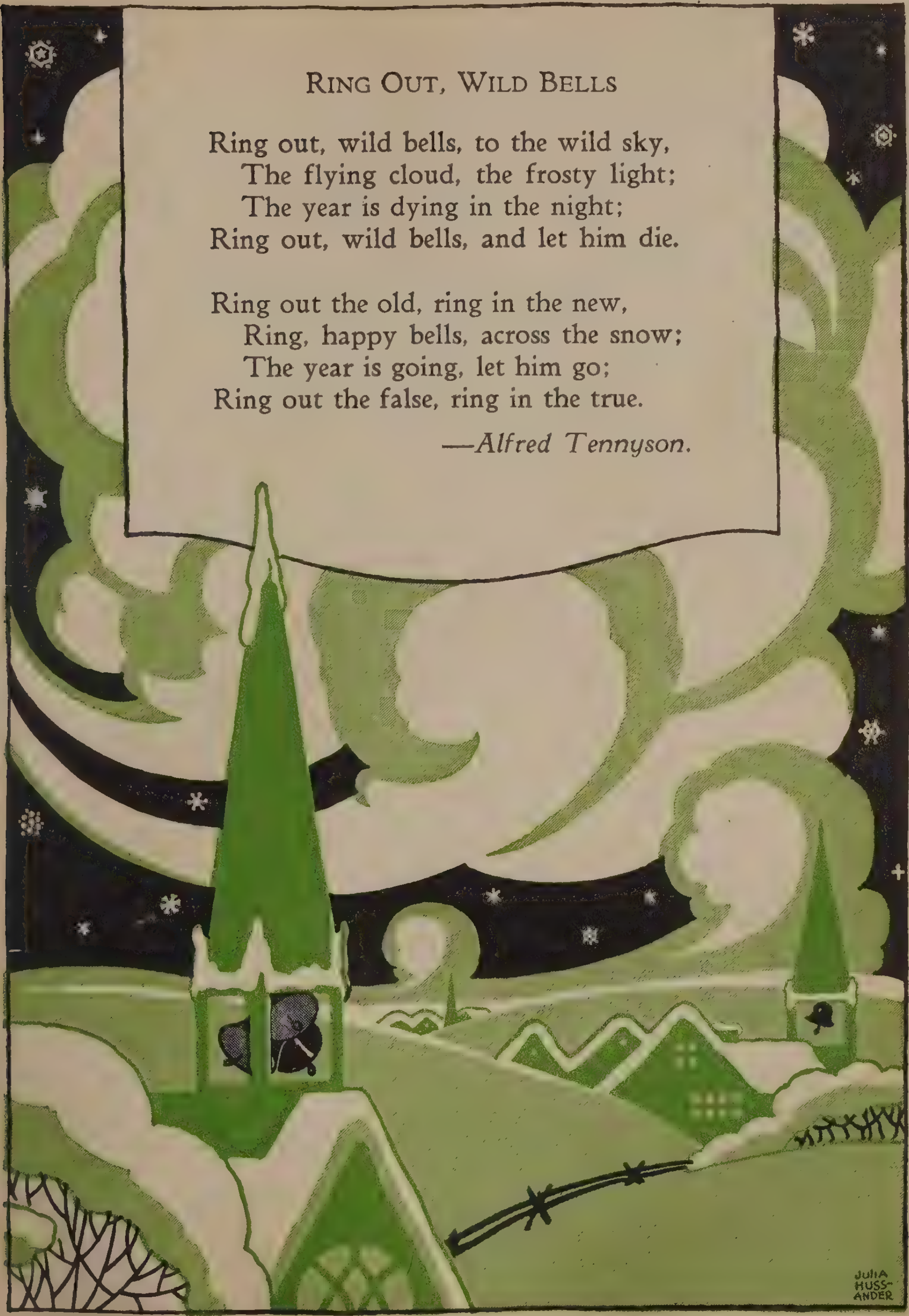
DOROTHY TODD

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
  The flying cloud, the frosty light;
  The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
  Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
  The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

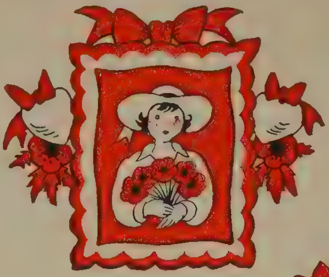


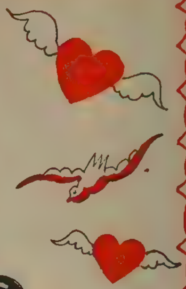
VALENTINES

I make a string
Of valentines,
Each one of rosy hue,
And each shall bear
A little verse
To say that I love you.

The first shall be
Of crimson hearts;
It bears the truthful line,
"This brings my love,
My dearest love,
To you, my valentine."

And here I send,
With poppies red,
These words your eyes to greet,
"My dearest thoughts,
Asleep, awake,
I give to you, my sweet."





A smiling band
Of cupids now
Take up the happy tale;
"Though time may bear
Us far apart,
My love shall never fail."

This one I deck
With ribbons red,
In loops and festoons gay;
It says, "My love
To you I give,
Forever and a day."

The next I make
Of roses bright,
Such as in summer grow;
It says: "My love
For you will last,
While flowers come and go."

—*Imelda Octavia Shanklin*

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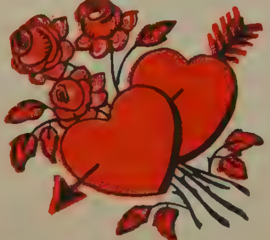
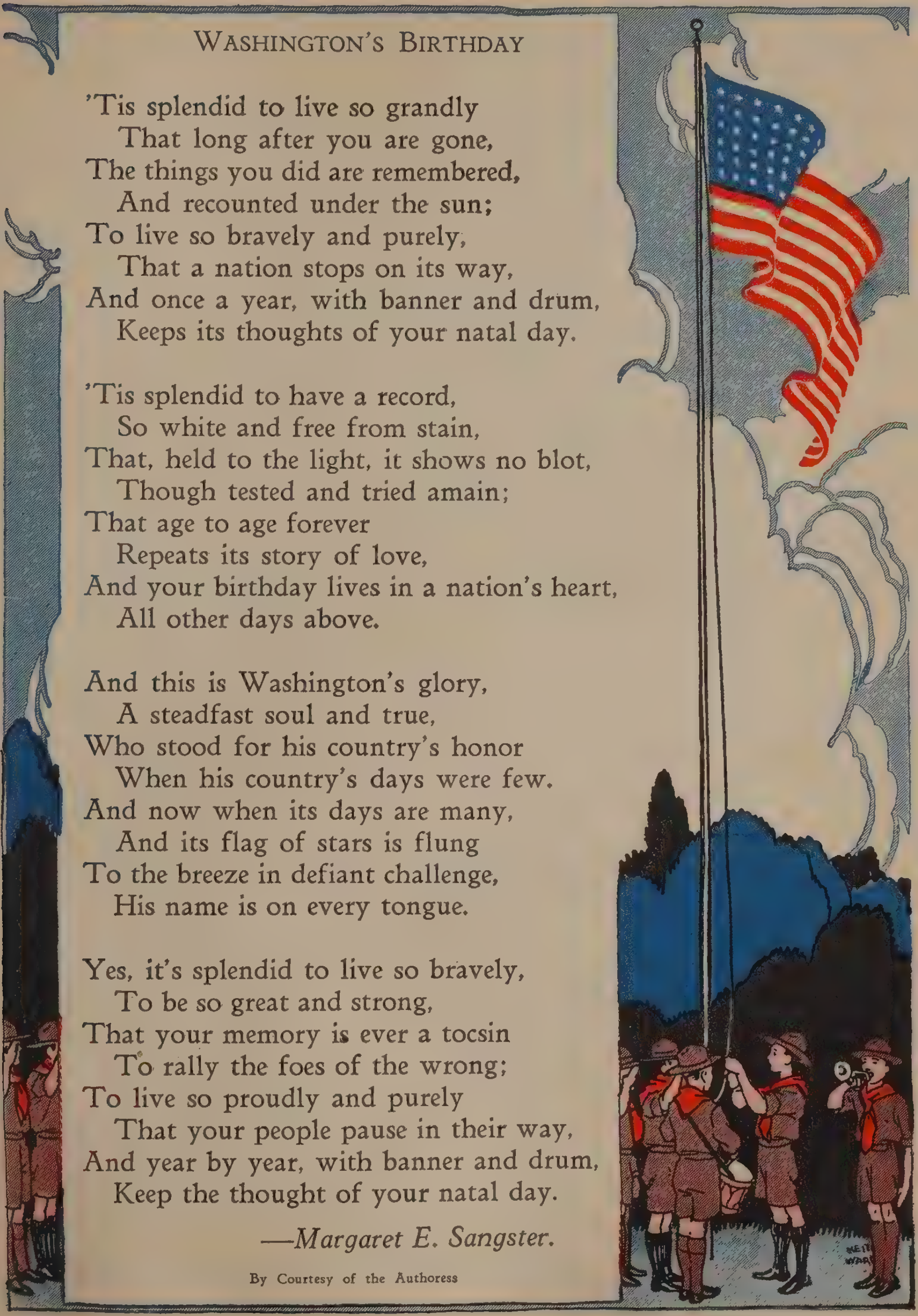


DOROTHY TODD



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

'Tis splendid to live so grandly
  That long after you are gone,
The things you did are remembered,
  And recounted under the sun;
To live so bravely and purely,
  That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year, with banner and drum,
  Keeps its thoughts of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to have a record,
  So white and free from stain,
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
  Though tested and tried amain;
That age to age forever
  Repeats its story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart,
  All other days above.

And this is Washington's glory,
  A steadfast soul and true,
Who stood for his country's honor
  When his country's days were few.
And now when its days are many,
  And its flag of stars is flung
To the breeze in defiant challenge,
  His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,
  To be so great and strong,
That your memory is ever a tocsin
  To rally the foes of the wrong;
To live so proudly and purely
  That your people pause in their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
  Keep the thought of your natal day.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

By Courtesy of the Authoress

STORIES OF CHILDHOOD
DONN P. CRANE

PLAY-BOY

Once upon a time there was a little boy. He should have been a very happy little boy, for he had many beautiful toys, a kind mother and father, and a lovely home. But I am very sorry to say that he was not happy.

This little boy cried when he had to go to bed; he frowned when he had to help his mother; and he would not share his toys with his baby brother and his playmates. He wanted to do nothing but play all day long. So, although he must have had a real name as other little boys have, no one ever thought of calling him anything but Play-Boy.

One day Play-Boy said to himself, "I shall run far away to the woods where no one can find me. Then I can play all day." So he ran off toward the woods.

By and by he saw a bee.

"Buzz, buzz!" said the bee.

"Why do you buzz, bee?" asked the boy.

"I make honey for the farmer," said the bee. "The farmer sells the honey. Then he is happy. So I am happy, too. That's why I buzz."

The little boy ran on. By and by he saw a cow.

"Moo, moo!" said the cow.

"Why do you moo, cow?" asked the boy.

"I give milk to the children," said the cow. "Then the children are strong and happy. So I am happy, too. That's why I moo."

The little boy ran on. By and by he saw a hen.

"Cluck, cluck!" said the hen.

"Why do you cluck, hen?" asked the boy.

"I lay eggs for a dear little girl," said the hen. "She takes the eggs to market. Then she is happy and so I am happy, too. That's why I cluck."

The boy ran on. By and by he saw a sheep.

"Baa, baa!" said the sheep.

"Why do you baa, sheep?" asked the boy.

"I give wool to my master," said the sheep. "He has the wool made into cloth. Then he is happy. So I am happy, too. That's why I baa."

The boy ran on. By and by he came to the woods. Now a beautiful fairy made her home there. At this moment she was sleeping in the branches of the very tree under which the boy sat down to rest. It was very quiet and cool. There were birds there, and squirrels, and rabbits, too. They all seemed very, very busy and, for some reason, the little boy did not care to play now.

Soon the boy began to think. This is what he thought:

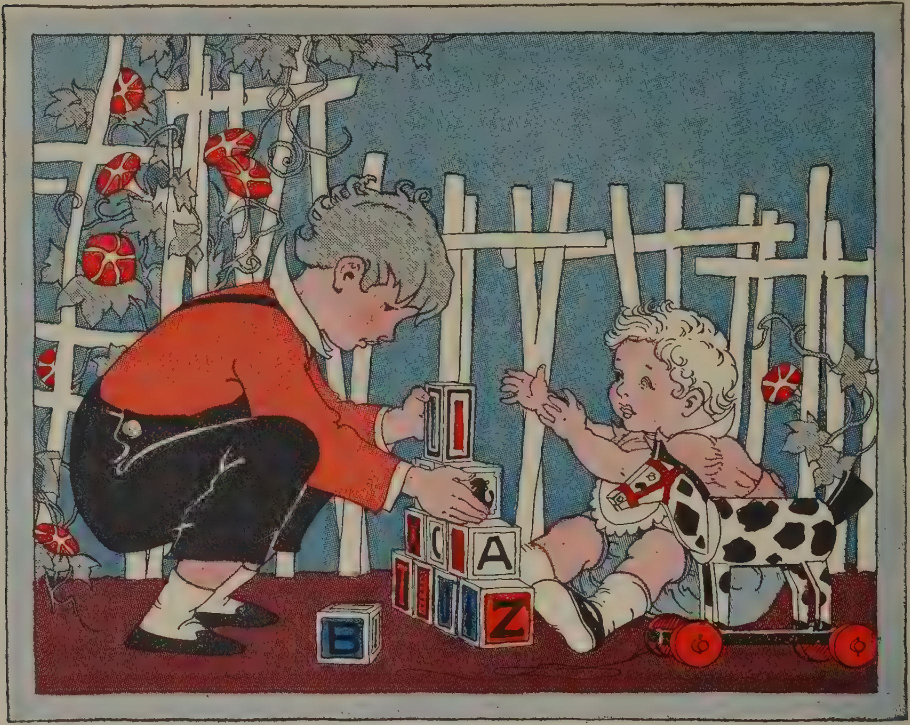
"The bee gives honey, and so it is happy.
The cow gives milk, and so she is happy.
The hen gives eggs, and so she is happy.
The sheep gives wool so it is happy."

"Oh!" cried the little boy right out loud. "I want to give something, too."

Just then he looked up and saw the beautiful wood fairy smiling down at him thru the leaves.

"You shall have your wish, little boy," she said. Then she touched him with a magic wand that made all good wishes come true.

At that moment a soft little breeze came along. The little boy felt himself being carried up, up, far above the house tops and the trees, until he was sailing among the clouds in a little boat all blue and gold. After a time the little boat began to sail down ever



so gently until it stopped with a quiet little bump and the little boy felt himself fall into something soft and cool.

He opened his eyes. He was in his own little bed. His pet canary was hopping about its cage singing lustily. Outside the world was bright with sunshine.

Smiling, the boy jumped up. Before his mother could call, "Play-Boy, get up," as she usually did each morning, he was dressed and down stairs.

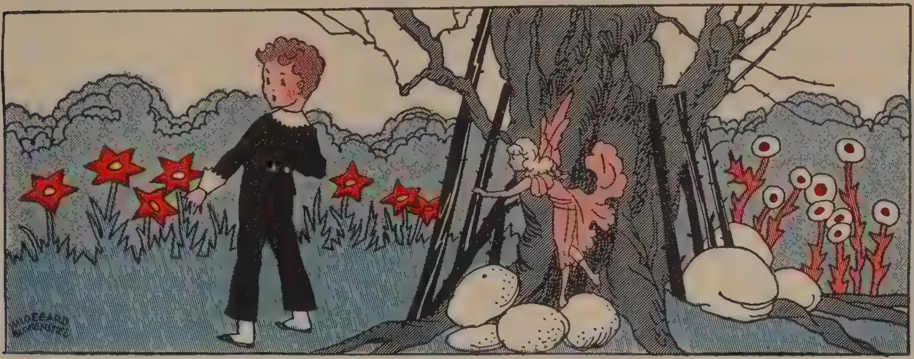
All that day he was as busy as could be. He helped his mother, he cared for his baby brother, and he shared his toys with his playmates. Much to the surprise of every one, he never frowned nor cried once during the whole day.

When night came he was quite tired, but somehow the day had seemed very short, indeed. As mother tucked him into his bed and stooped to give him his good-night kiss, a glad light shone in her eyes.

"Good-night, Mother's Helper," she said softly.

Mother was happy. So the little boy was happy, too. And from that day on no one ever called him Play-Boy again.

—*Verna B. Graham.*



THE BOY WHO FORGOT

A long time ago there lived a little boy named Rhoecus. His home was near a big forest. Beautiful flowers grew in the forest and happy little birds built their nests there. Some of the tall trees had lived there many, many years.

Rhoecus liked to go into the forest. He liked to smell the sweet flowers, he liked to watch the birds build their nests, and he liked to watch the wind blow through the old trees.

One day when Rhoecus went into the forest he saw a beautiful oak tree bending down as if it were about to fall. He felt sorry for the tree, and so he ran about until he found some stout sticks and with these he propped it up. Then he placed big stones about the foot of the tree to help hold it in place.

It took him a long time, but at last he was through. "There, old tree," he cried joyously, "now you can still live on."

He was about to run away when a sweet voice said, "Thank you, dear Rhoecus." The little boy looked around. There beside the tree stood a beautiful fairy. "I am a wood fairy," she said. "This tree is my home. If the tree had fallen I should have died. By saving the tree you saved my life. Because you were kind, you shall have a wish."

"Oh, beautiful fairy!" cried Rhoecus. "I should like to have you for a playmate."

"You shall have your wish," said the fairy. "Come, let us play until the sun sets. Then I must go."

So Rhoecus and the little fairy danced and played about on the soft, green grass. The bright flowers nodded their heads gaily. The birds sang, oh, so sweetly, and everything in the forest seemed happy.

When the sun, like a golden ball, began to go down in the west, the fairy stopped playing and said, "Now, dear Rhoecus, I must go. The sun is setting. Wood fairies can play only until the sun sets. Tomorrow I shall send my little bee to tell you when I can play with you. Promise that you will come when the bee calls."

"I promise, dear fairy, I promise," cried Rhoecus again and again. Then the fairy disappeared.

The next day Rhoecus saw some boys playing a new game. He stopped to watch them. Soon he was playing with them.

By and by a little bee came flying by. "Buzz, buzz!" sang the little bee close to his ear. Rhoecus brushed the bee aside and went on playing.

"Buzz, buzz!" sang the bee again. Once more Rhoecus brushed it aside without thinking.

"Buzz, buzz!" sang the bee a third time. Then Rhoecus gave the bee a hard push which hurt its little wing. The bee flew away and did not return. Just then Rhoecus looked up. The sun, like a golden ball, was setting in the west.

"Oh!" cried Rhoecus, for he remembered the fairy playmate. He ran to the forest as fast as he could, but, when he reached there, the sun was nearly set and the long shadows of evening were beginning to creep in among the tall trees.

Rhoecus reached the tree and looked all about. The fairy was not there.

"Where are you, dear fairy?" he called. "I have come to play with you."

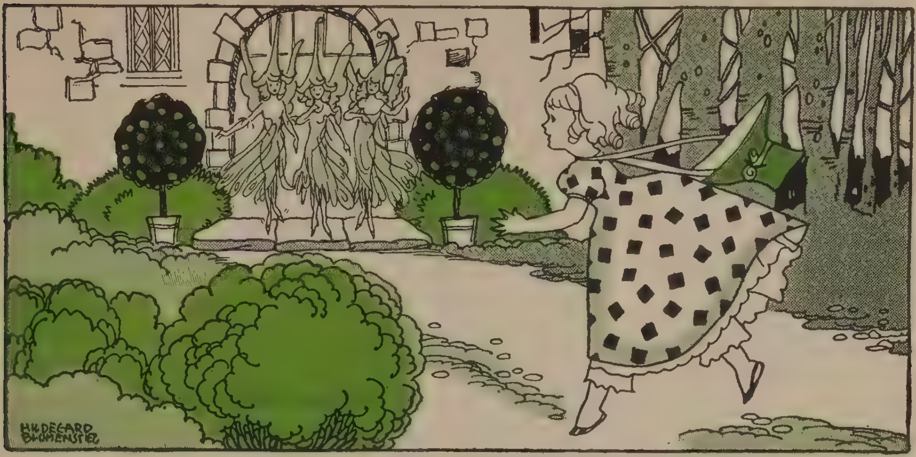
"Oh, Rhoecus, Rhoecus!" cried a sad little voice which seemed to come from the very center of the old oak tree. "You forgot your promise. You hurt my little bee when he called you. Now the sun has set. So I can never play with you again."

"Please, please, kind fairy," cried the sorry little boy, but only the sighing of the wind among the trees answered him and it seemed to whisper, "Forgot your promise! Forgot your promise!"

Sadly the little boy walked away. As he went the gay little flowers hung their heads and the little birds sat quietly on the branches of the trees.

Rhoecus never saw his fairy playmate again.

—*Verna B. Graham.*



A TRIP TO COLOR FAIRY LAND

Once upon a time Mary Jean, who was a little girl about as big as you, went 'way, 'way off to the "Land of the Color Fairies." She didn't go in a car, or in an airship, or even on her tricycle; she just went on tiptoe—walking three steps, running four steps, skipping five steps, and then doing it all over—walking three steps, running four steps, and skipping five steps till she got there.

I don't know just how far she had to go or how she knew exactly the place that was Color Fairy Land, but finally she saw standing by a closed door three fairies with tall gay caps. Mary Jean was going right past them, but the one with the red cap said as loudly as a fairy could say, "Walk around me once." Mary Jean gave a skip—she was so surprised! She did it though, and was just starting on when the one in the blue cap whispered in a little fairy voice, "Turn me around."

She could just hear the tiny whisper, but she did as she was told.

The one in the yellow cap then sang in a sweet little voice, "Touch me here," and pointed to her own right cheek.

Mary Jean did it quickly, and Little Yellow Cap sang, "Touch me here," and she pointed to her left cheek this time. Mary Jean was certainly surprised, but she did just what she was told to do.

Then all three of the fairies sang, "You may go!" "You may go!"

And Mary Jean went on her way, walking three steps, running four steps, and skipping five, just as before.

She had not gone very far when she met a fat little fairy holding a square of green paper in front of his face. This fairy said to Mary Jean, "You can't pass on till you tell my color."

I suppose he thought Mary Jean couldn't do that, but she said right away, "Green." That was an easy color to tell, for grass in summer is green, and so are the leaves on the trees. The fat fairy was so surprised that he didn't say another word; he just put his green paper on the ground for a cushion and sat on it.

Mary Jean went on her way, walking three steps, running four steps and skipping five. She rather expected to meet some more color fairies and there, sure enough, she saw, right around a corner, a tall fairy with a tall orange collar around his neck. He could scarcely see over it! Mary Jean didn't wait for him to say a word first; she said, "You must be an orange fairy for you are just the color of the oranges I eat for breakfast every morning."

This made the orange fairy look happy even if his collar was too high. He knew boys and girls ought to eat oranges for breakfast. But he didn't say a single word, and so Mary Jean went on, walking three steps, running four, and skipping five.

Guess whom she met next! It was a wee, wee fairy with wings and a crown just the color of the violets down in the pasture where the cows ate grass. This wee, wee fairy said to Mary Jean, "If you guess my name you may have a colored cap to wear."

Mary Jean guessed "violet," and that was right. The wee, wee fairy climbed upon a chair to put the cap on Mary Jean's head. She said as she put it on, "Some people call me purple, but I like best to be called violet."

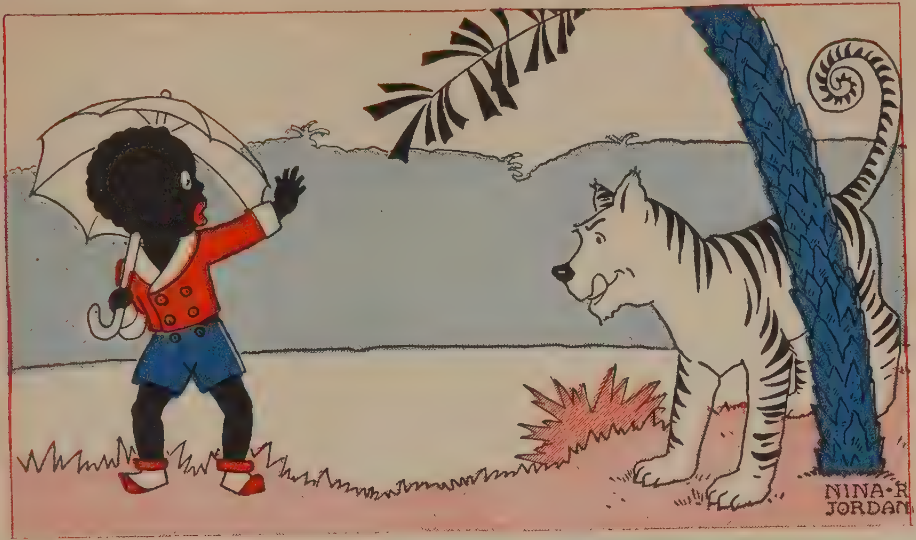
Mary Jean was tired walking, running and skipping so long, so she started home. Just then, up jumped a roly poly fairy who had six colored balloons.

He said in a hoarse voice, "You can't leave the Land of the Color Fairies unless you call all my balloons by their right colors."

My, that was easy for Mary Jane now. She named them off so fast—red, yellow, blue, green, orange, violet—and away she went home, walking three steps, running four steps, and skipping five.

What do you suppose would have happened to Mary Jean in the Land of the Color Fairies if she couldn't have named all the balloons?

—*Beatrice Callahan.*



LITTLE BLACK SAMBO

Little Black Sambo lived at the edge of the big jungle with his father, Black Jumbo, and his mother, Black Mumbo. Now Black Jumbo and Black Mumbo loved their little boy very much, so Black Mumbo made him a pair of beautiful little blue trousers and a beautiful little red coat, and Black Jumbo went to the Bazaar and bought him a beautiful green umbrella and a lovely pair of little purple shoes with crimson soles and crimson linings.

One day when the big yellow sun was shining in the bright blue sky, Little Black Sambo put on his fine clothes and went for a walk in the jungle. He walked and walked, and, as he walked along, he kept thinking about how fine he looked, until he forgot all about how far into the jungle he had gone. And just then he met a big yellow tiger.

"Little Black Sambo," said the big yellow tiger, "I'm going to eat you up."

"Please, Mr. Tiger," said Little Black Sambo, "don't eat me up and I'll give you my beautiful little red coat."

"Very well," said the Tiger, "give me your beautiful little red coat."

So little Black Sambo gave the tiger his beautiful little red coat and the tiger went away thinking himself the grandest tiger in the jungle.

Pretty soon Little Black Sambo met another big yellow tiger.

"Little Black Sambo," said the big yellow tiger, "I'm going to eat you up."

"Please, Mr. Tiger," said Little Black Sambo, "don't eat me up and I'll give you my beautiful blue trousers."

"Very well," said the tiger, "give me your beautiful blue trousers."

So Little Black Sambo gave the tiger his beautiful blue trousers and the tiger went away thinking himself the grandest tiger in the jungle.

Pretty soon Little Black Sambo met another big yellow tiger.

"Little Black Sambo," said the big yellow tiger, "I'm going to eat you up."

"Please, Mr. Tiger," said Little Black Sambo, "don't eat me up and I'll give you my beautiful little purple shoes with crimson soles and crimson linings."

The big yellow tiger twiddled his whiskers thoughtfully. "But how could I wear your shoes?" he asked. "I have four feet and you have only two."

"You might wear them on your ears," said Little Black Sambo.

"Very well," said the tiger, "give me your beautiful little purple shoes with crimson soles and crimson linings."

So little Black Sambo gave the tiger his beautiful little purple shoes with crimson soles and crimson linings, and the tiger went away thinking himself the grandest tiger in the jungle.

Pretty soon Little Black Sambo met another big yellow tiger.

"Little Black Sambo," said the big yellow tiger, "I'm going to eat you up."

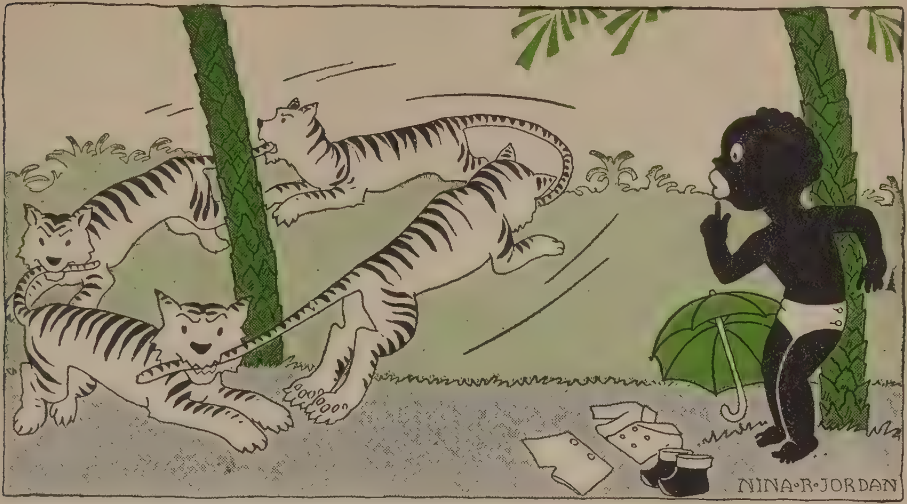
"Please, Mr. Tiger," said Little Black Sambo, "don't eat me up and I'll give you my beautiful green umbrella."

The big yellow tiger scratched his head thoughtfully. "But how could I carry your umbrella?" he asked. "I must use all four of my paws for walking."

"You could tie it in your tail and carry it that way," said Little Black Sambo.

"Very well," said the tiger, "give me your beautiful green umbrella."

So Little Black Sambo gave the tiger his beautiful green umbrella and the tiger went away thinking himself the grandest tiger in the jungle.



Then Little Black Sambo began to cry because he didn't have any fine clothes left at all. Just then he heard an awful noise. He ran as fast as he could to a palm tree and hid.

There were all of the tigers quarreling about which one of them really was the grandest tiger in the jungle. Pretty soon they all got so angry that they jumped up and took off the fine clothes Little Black Sambo had given them and put them right by the palm tree. Then they began to eat each other up. They just caught hold of each other's tails and went round and round that palm tree as fast as they could. They went so fast that pretty soon there weren't any tigers left at all, only a big pool of melted butter around the foot of the palm tree.

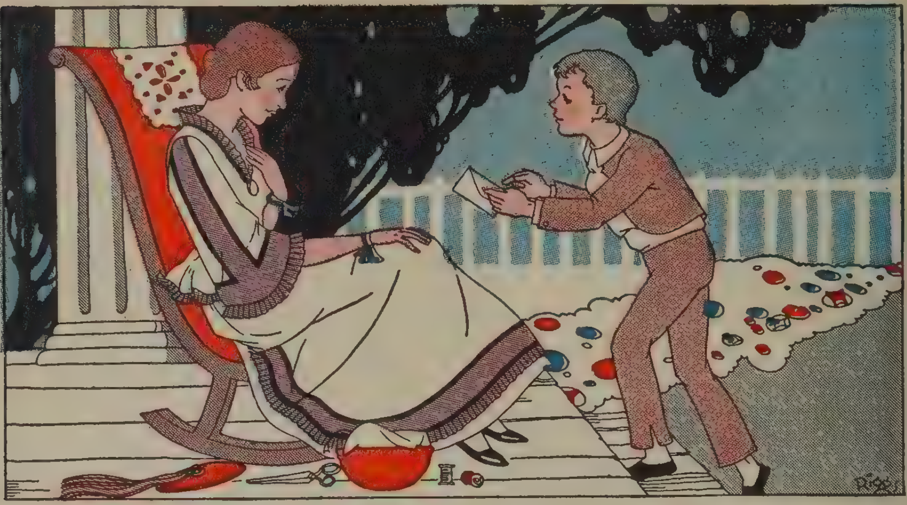
Then Little Black Sambo came down and called, "Do you want my fine clothes, Mr. Tiger?" But the pool of butter didn't say a word, so Little Black Sambo put on his fine clothes again and ran right home.

Pretty soon Black Jumbo came through the jungle carrying a fine copper kettle, and when he saw the melted butter he said to himself, "I'll take this home to Black Mumbo to cook with."

When Black Mumbo saw the melted butter she said, "I'll just make some pan cakes with that melted butter."

So Black Mumbo made some pan cakes with the melted butter. She made a plate of the nicest brown and yellow pan cakes you ever saw, and Black Jumbo ate twenty-seven and Black Mumbo ate forty-two, but Little Black Sambo ate one hundred and forty-eight, because he was so very hungry.

—Adapted by Gladys Eloise Brierly.



A SURPRISE FOR BUD

"Oh, Mother, look what the postman gave me. A letter—and it is for me. From whom do you suppose it is?" called Bud as he ran up the steps to where mother sat sewing.

"The writing looks like Grandpa's," said mother. "Why don't you open it and see?"

Bud quickly tore open the envelope and took out a small, white note. This is what he read:

Dear Bud:

I believe I am right in thinking that a certain boy I know will be eight years old in a few days. I wonder if that same boy would like to visit Grandma and Grandpa? Uncle Joe will meet you at the station. I have a surprise for you, so don't disappoint us.

With love,
Grandpa.

The next afternoon, right after school, mother took Bud to the station and put him on a long train which was to take him from Brinton to Camden, where Grandpa lived. Bud had time to wave to his mother only once before the brakeman shouted, "All aboard!" Then the big wheels began to go around slowly, very slowly at first, and then faster and faster and faster, "clickety, clickety, clickety," until all Bud could see was the houses and trees and fields flying past the window so fast that it almost made him dizzy.

Bud was so interested that before he knew it the conductor called out, "Camden, next stop." The train began to slow up and the conductor came to tell him that it was time to get off. Uncle Joe was waiting for Bud at the station in the big farm truck.

"Well, well, Bud," he said. "Did you have a nice trip? Climb up here beside me and we'll hurry home to see what Grandma has for supper." Bud tried to coax Uncle Joe to tell what the surprise was, but Uncle Joe only shook his head. "You'll have to wait and see," he said.

Grandpa and Grandma were very happy to see Bud. Although it was almost dark, Bud would not let go of Grandpa's hand until he promised to show him the surprise before they did anything else.

"Come with me then," and off went Grandpa to the barn with Bud skipping along beside him. He pointed over to one corner of the barn and what do you suppose Bud saw? Lying on a nice soft bed of hay was the fattest, softest, whitest puppy dog Bud had ever seen. The puppy was just dozing off to sleep, but he opened one eye enough to look at Bud in such a funny way that Bud jumped up and down in glee.

"Oh, Grandpa, he's the very nicest puppy that ever was! May I play with him all day tomorrow?"

"Yes, I think you may," and Grandpa's eyes twinkled as though he knew of some other surprise.

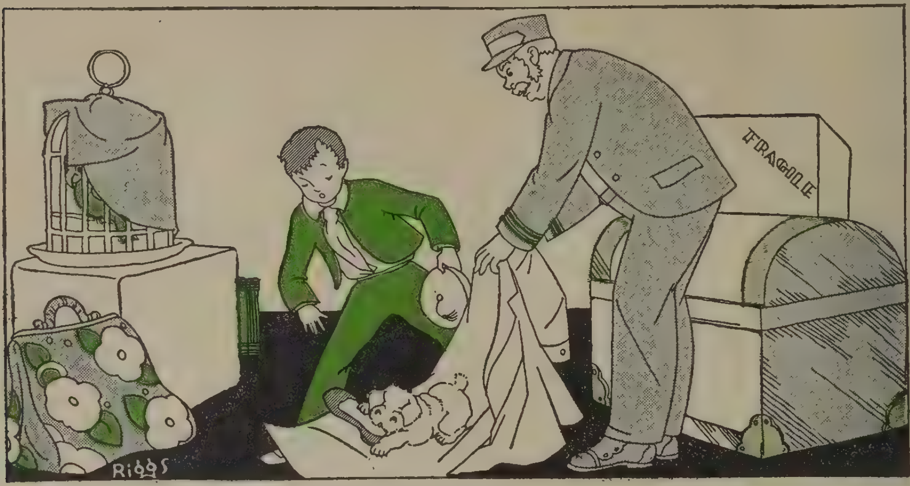
The next morning Bud hurried to the barn with some breakfast for the pup. What fun it was to watch him put out his little pink tongue to lap up the milk. He must have liked it very much for he wagged his tail very hard indeed. "I guess you want to play, don't you?" Bud said. So all morning they romped and played together and the pup learned to do some tricks with Bud.

And then Grandpa came to say that it was almost time for the train to take him back to Brinton.

"Oh, Grandpa," Bud cried, "we were having such a good time."

"It is too bad to have to leave, but I wonder how a puppy dog would do for a birthday present for my little man?"

"Do you mean I may take him home? I shall take such good care of him, and I shall call him Tippy because he is so fat he can hardly run without rolling over."

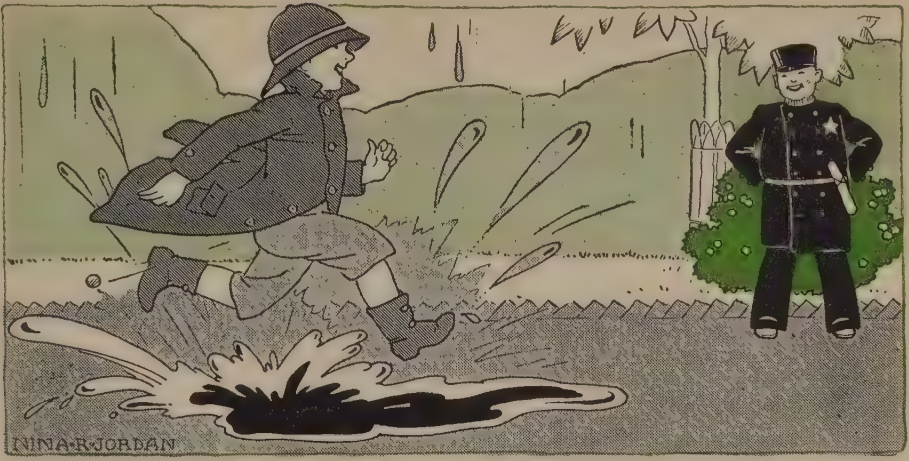


When they arrived at the station they were told that Tippy could not ride with Buddy, but must ride in the baggage car. The station man put a tag around the puppy's neck and they fixed a nice bed for him on a soft coat. Buddy rode in the next car and all the time he kept wondering how Tippy was.

When the train stopped for water at Turner, Bud went up to the baggage car to get his puppy ready. Brinton was the next stop. But when he looked in the corner where he had left him, the coat was empty and Tippy was gone. Where could he be? The baggage man helped Bud look behind all the boxes and packages, but no puppy dog could they find. They called "Tippy, Tippy," but Tippy did not answer with a bark as usual. Poor Bud was almost ready to cry.

"Perhaps he likes to ride so well that he is hiding," suggested the baggage man. The train was just beginning to slow up at Brinton and the baggage man walked over to open the door. As he did so his foot kicked something. It was an old raincoat lying on the floor behind a box. He felt something move underneath. "What's this?" he called. He lifted the coat and looked underneath and there was Tippy happily chewing an old rubber which he had found. The train had stopped and there was only time enough for Bud to pick up Tippy, rubber and all, and run to the door. Bud's mother and father, waiting at the station, were very much surprised to see Bud being helped from the baggage car with a very wiggly white puppy dog held tightly in his arms.

—*Esther Hagstrom.*



TWO LITTLE NEW NICKELS

It was Tuesday and that meant Bank Day at school. Floyd was so happy because mother had given him two new, shiny nickels to put into his bank—he could hardly wait to get to school and show them to his teacher and the children. He hurried to put on his rain coat and cap and galoshes, for it had been raining. Then he took his bank book and put it carefully into one pocket and into the other pocket he put the two shiny nickels. He felt them with his fingers. They were hard and round and smooth. After saying good-bye to his mother, he skipped off to school. The two little nickels seemed to be happy too, for Floyd heard them singing a little song:

Cling! Cling! Clinkety Cling!
We're going to school.
Cling! Cling! Clinkety Cling!

Because it had been raining so hard there were many little puddles of water on the sidewalks. Floyd thought it lots of fun to jump into these puddles and make the water go—splash! Then he came to the policeman who always helped the school children across the street.

"Hello, Floyd," said the policeman, for he had become a close friend to Floyd and each morning looked for his bright, smiling face. This morning Floyd's face was happier than ever. Floyd liked to look at the shiny buttons and big badge on the policeman's coat.

Floyd ran up the school steps through the hall into the kindergarten room, where he found the children turning their bank books and their bank money over to Miss Conway, the teacher.

"Look what I have," said Floyd, almost breathless, he was so excited, and he reached into his pocket to get the two new nickels.

A puzzled look came over Floyd's face. He pulled out—one nickel—yes, only one. "Oh," said Floyd, "I did have two," and he kept feeling and searching his pocket. He took his bank book out—but he could not find that other nickel.

"Oh, I must have lost it—what will mother say? And Oh, Miss Conway, I just must find it." And tears came to his eyes.

"Never mind," said Miss Conway, "I shall get some one to go back with you to look for it."

Miss Conway found one of the sixth grade boys who said he would go back with Floyd and help him look for his dear little lost nickel.

Back they went looking very carefully. "Hello!" came a big voice, "What are you looking for?" There was the policeman. He saw the tears in Floyd's eyes and felt sorry—so sorry for him.

Floyd told him about the two shiny nickels he was going to bank.

"Was it right along here that you lost it?" said the policeman.

"I—I don't know," said Floyd, "I—I guess so."

"Well, don't cry," the policeman told him, "we'll just walk along and keep on looking and maybe we'll find it."

He took Floyd's hand and together they hunted and hunted.

"What's that shining out there on the ground?" said the policeman. Floyd's eyes sparkled. He jumped to pick up the shining thing—but no—it was only a silver button.

"Well, that's too bad," said the policeman. "I thought surely it was the nickel."

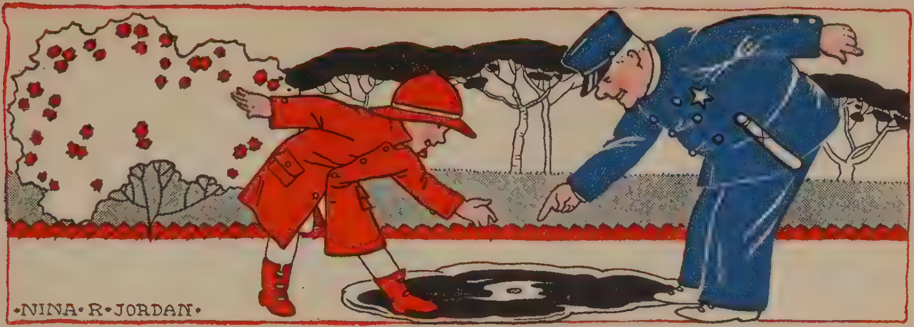
"So did I," sighed Floyd. "But we'd better keep on looking."

"We'll do that," said the policeman.

"Sure," said the sixth grade boy.

So they walked along hunting, hunting. After awhile the policeman said, "Are you sure it is not in your pocket?"

"Yes," said Floyd putting his hand in. Yes, there was only the one nickel.



"Did you feel in the other pocket?"

"No," said Floyd. He put his fingers in, they poked around, but—no—it was not there.

"Oh, Oh," said Floyd. "I see it." There in a puddle of water, right where Floyd had made the water go—splash! was the little new nickel.

Once again Floyd's face became happy. A big smile came into his face and he said, "Well, I'm awfully glad I found it."

The policeman smiled too. He seemed to be so glad that Floyd had found it. "Now hold it tight," he told him, "and hurry back."

"Good bye!" said Floyd to the policeman and "Thank you," and he skipped back to school. He was happy again and the two nickels again sang their little song:

Cling! Cling! Clinkety Cling!
We're going to school.
Cling! Cling! Clinkety Cling!

Into the room once again Floyd ran and pulled out the two shiny new nickels and planked them down on Miss Conway's desk.

"Clang!" they said.
"We're here."

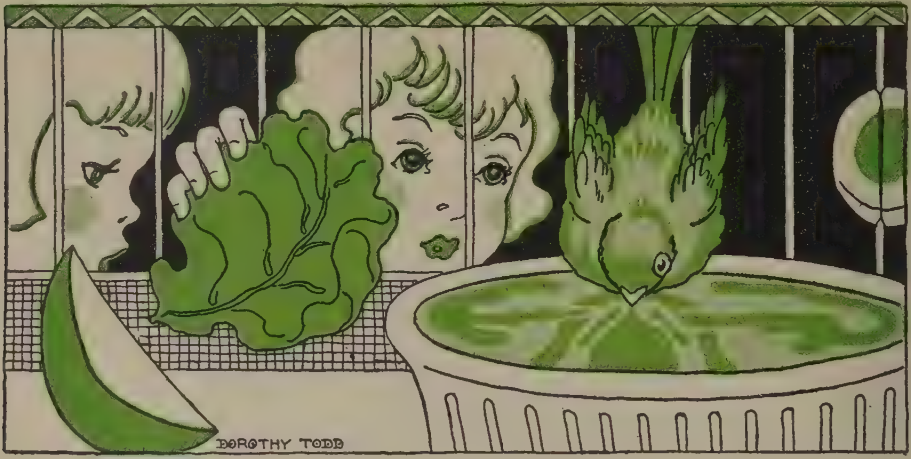
"Oh, did you find it?" asked Miss Conway.

"Yes, it was in a puddle of water and a policeman helped me look, too. We just kept hunting until we found it."

"Oh, that was nice of him," said Miss Conway, and she took the two shiny nickels in her hand and marked down in Floyd's bank book 10c.

And you can be sure Floyd was the happiest boy in kindergarten that morning.

—*Bessie Gabbard.*



WHY DICKY BIRD LOVES HIS BATH

Dicky Bird lived in the wicker cage in the kindergarten. It had been warm when he had come to live there and the big windows had been open to let the sunshine in, but now the days were cold and the big glass window pane stood between Dicky Bird and the sunshine. There were some things in the kindergarten that Dicky Bird did not like so well. He liked the fresh leaf of lettuce, and the little bits of red apple that the children sometimes put between the bars of his cage—he liked the time when the children sang—then he would sing with them and what jolly times they all had together. But there was one thing Dicky Bird didn't like, and that was his morning bath. He hadn't minded it when the warm sun came in to dry his feathers, but now it made him shiver. "Oh dear," sang Dicky Bird—"I wish I didn't have to take any more baths."

Just then he heard someone talking beneath his cage. It was Teacher Dear. "Tomorrow is Christmas," said Teacher Dear, "and we shall not come back to school for a week, but I have left out the seeds for Dicky Bird—and fresh paper for his cage—and his bathtub is right up on the shelf. Be sure to fill his tub every morning."

"Yes, Miss Allen," said the tall man. And then they went away and the kindergarten was quiet. The next morning a little boy came and put fresh paper in Dicky Bird's cage, and every day he gave him some fresh seed and water—but he didn't take Dicky Bird's bathtub down from the shelf. Every day he put fresh paper in Dicky Bird's cage, and every day he gave him some fresh seed and water, but not once did he take Dicky Bird's bathtub down from the shelf.

"I must be getting fearfully dirty," sang Dicky Bird, "but how happy I am."

Then one morning the children came back to school.

"Oh," cried the smallest boy. "Someone has taken our Dicky Bird away and put an ugly old gray sparrow in his place."

"He shall not have my piece of nice red apple," said the smallest girl. "My piece of nice red apple is for Dicky Bird."

"He shall not have my lettuce leaf," said the oldest boy. "My lettuce leaf is for our Dicky Bird."

"He shall not have the hard boiled egg I brought either," said the oldest girl, "because my egg is for Dicky Bird."

"But I am Dicky Bird," sang Dicky Bird.

"No, no," said the children. "Our Dicky Bird was soft and yellow—you are ugly and gray. You are not our Dicky Bird—our Dicky Bird has flown away."

"What's the matter?" asked Teacher Dear, as the children crowded around her.

"Dicky Bird's gone," cried the youngest boy.

"Someone has put a dirty gray bird in his cage," said the oldest girl.

"No, no," sang Dicky Bird. "I am here. I am not an ugly gray bird."

But Teacher Dear shook her head. "Poor Dicky Bird," she said. "The Janitor's little boy hasn't given him a bath for a whole week. Such a dirty, dirty little bird."

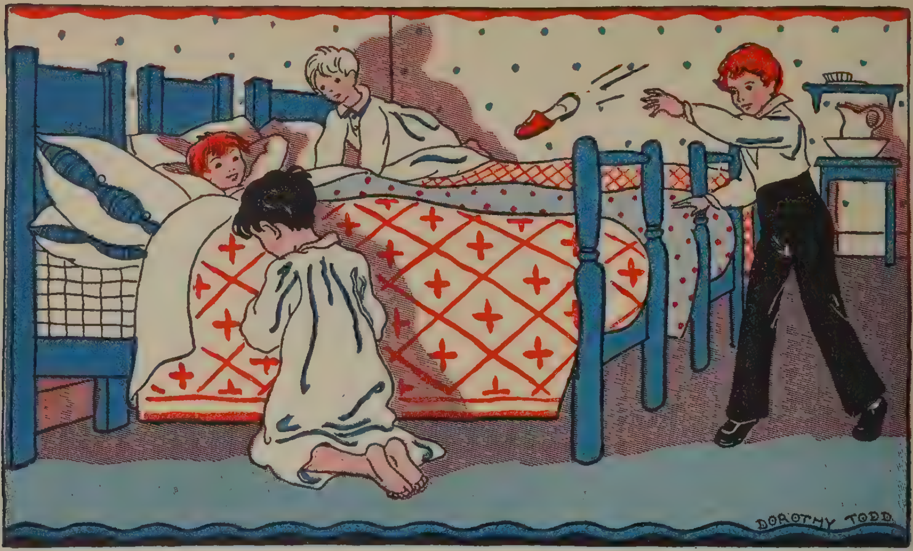
Then Teacher Dear took down Dicky Bird's little bathtub and the youngest boy put some clean cool water in it and Teacher Dear put it in Dicky Bird's cage.

"Goodness me," sang Dicky Bird when he saw himself in the clear cool water.

Then Teacher Dear put some fresh paper in his cage and gave him some fresh seeds and water. Then the oldest boy gave him his lettuce leaf. Then the oldest girl gave him her hard boiled egg.

"What a nice clean little bird I am," sang Dicky Bird as he pecked at his lettuce leaf—"How happy it makes me to be clean. How nice it is to have a bathtub of my very own."

—*Gladys Eloise Brierly.*



ARTHUR'S PRAYER AT RUGBY

The little fellows went quietly to their own beds and began undressing and talking to one another in whispers, while the elder boys, among whom was Tom, sat about chatting on one another's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats off.

Poor little Arthur was overcome with the strangeness of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off. However, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed, talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my hands and face?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring. "That's your washstand, under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning, if you use it all."

And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds to his washstand, and began to bathe, thereby drawing on himself, for a moment, the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing and put on his nightgown. He then looked around more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on.

It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy. However, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was turned toward Arthur, and he didn't see what happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big, brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper, and shied it at the kneeling boy. Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm, and catch it on his elbow.

"Confound you, Brown! What's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping onto the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling, "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth-form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the others rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there, and the old verger, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual, "Good night, gen'l'm'n."

There were many boys in the room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. For some time his excitement, and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, his heart leaped, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room.

Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside and give himself up to his Father before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise; and he lay down gently and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

When Tom first came to the school he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed until the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers in fear, lest someone should find him out. So did many another poor little fellow.

Then he began to think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and that it didn't matter whether he was kneeling, or sitting, or lying down. For the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

Poor Tom! The first and bitterest feeling which seemed likely to break his heart was the sense of his own cowardice. How could he bear it? And then the poor little weak boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dare not do.

The first dawn of comfort came to him in swearing to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him, and bear his burdens, for the good deed done that night. Then he resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him as he resolved, lastly, to bear his testimony next morning.

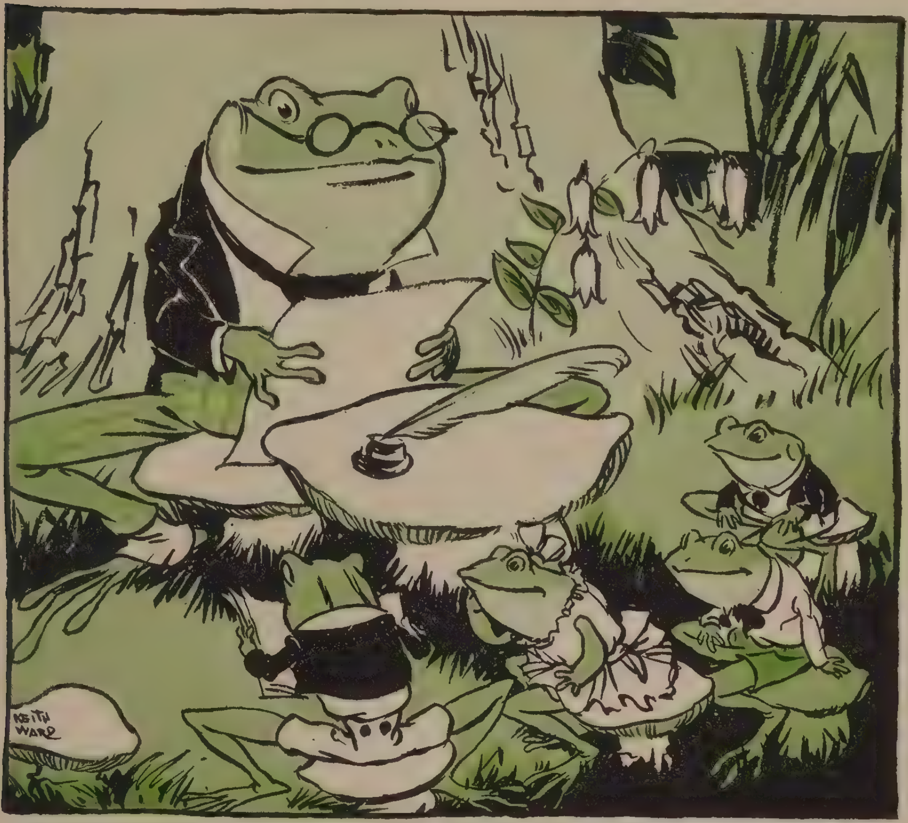
Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say—the bell mocked him; he was listening for every whisper in the room—what were they all thinking of him?

He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world. It was not needed. Two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with a glimmering of another lesson in his heart—the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world.

He found, too, how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead.

—*Tom Brown's Schooldays.*

ANIMAL STORIES



THE FROG WHO WOULDN'T LEARN TO READ

It was Monday. There had been Mondays and Mondays at the big green pond, but this was a very special Monday. It was Monday, the day Grandfather Bullfrog had set for the opening of school and all the little frogs had set out for the mossy log on the west bank of the big green pond with their little lunch baskets tucked carefully under their little brown arms. Every little frog hopped along so gaily, hippity-hop-hop-hop until they all were assembled at the mossy log on the west bank of the big green pond.

Then Grandfather Bullfrog called the roll in his big bass voice, and as he called each little frog's name, each little frog would go hippity-hop-hop-hop and climb right up on his very own toad-stool. But when Grandfather Bullfrog called Tommy

Toad's name, there wasn't anybody there to answer, because Tommy Toad hadn't come to school.

When Grandfather Bullfrog had sent word by the jolly little breezes that school was going to open on Monday, Tommy Toad had said in a very loud voice, "I'm not going to school."

"Don't you want to learn to read?" asked Mother Toad.

"No," said Tommy. "I'm going to play all day, every day."

"You won't have anyone to play with," said Mother Toad. "Because all the good little frogs will be in school."

"I'll have the Grasshoppers," said Tommy Toad. "Anyway I don't want to sit on a toad-stool all day long and never have any fun."

Mother Toad didn't say any more, she just decided to wait and see if Tommy wouldn't get tired of playing alone and change his mind. On the morning that all the other little frogs were going to school, hippity-hop-hop-hop, Tommy Toad played by himself right where everybody could see him.

"Better come along to school," called Tillie Tree-toad, but Tommy Toad shook his head.

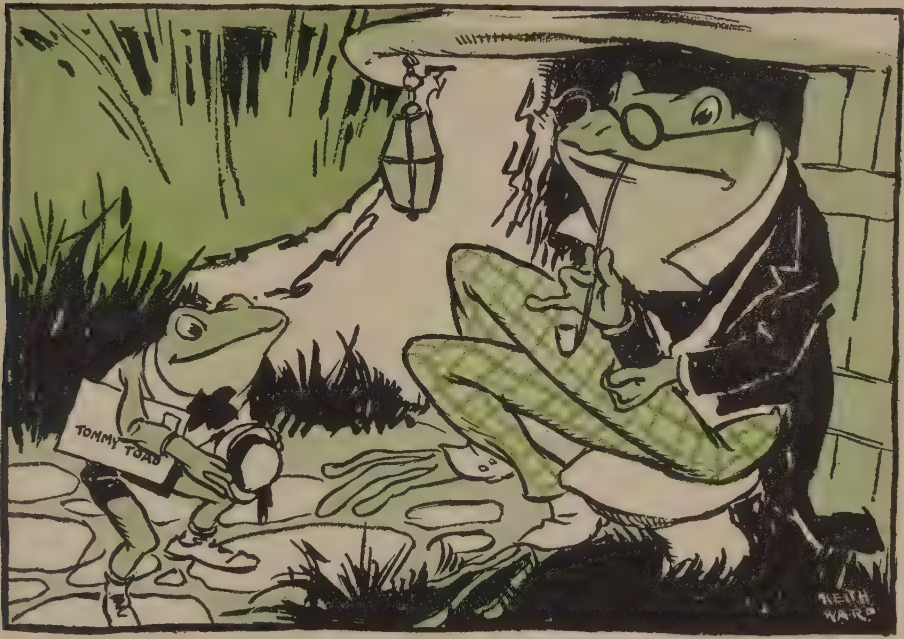
"I'm going to play." he said. But after all the other little frogs had gone Tommy found it wasn't much fun to play all alone with nobody to see him, so he went hippity-hop-hop-hop across the big road to the field where the grasshoppers lived, but there weren't any grasshoppers, because all the little grasshoppers had gone to school, so Tommy Toad had to hippity-hop-hop-hop back home again.

"I'll go play with the squirrels in the big oak tree," said Tommy Toad to himself, so hippity-hop-hop-hop he went to the big oak tree, but there weren't any squirrels for all the little squirrels had gone to school.

"Why don't you go to school?" asked Granny Squirrel.

"Because I want to play," said Tommy Toad, "only now I haven't anybody to play with." But Granny Squirrel was too busy to listen, so hippity-hop-hop-hop went Tommy Toad back home again.

Every day all the other little frogs went hippity-hop-hop-hop to Grandfather Bullfrog's school at the mossy log on the west bank of the big green pond and Tommy Toad played all alone.



One day something happened. It was on a Saturday morning, when all the little toads were home from school, that Sammy Jay, the postman, flew right up the path to Tommy Toad's house and left him a big letter. Sammy Jay, the postman, left letters for all the other little frogs too, and each little frog opened his letter very carefully and read each word carefully too. Tommy Toad opened his letter, but he couldn't read it, because he hadn't been to school.

"Aren't you glad it's going to happen?" asked Tillie Tree-toad, but Tommy Toad pretended not to hear, because he didn't want Tillie Tree-toad to know that he couldn't read. But the more he heard the other little frogs talk, the more curious he got, so when nobody was looking he tucked his letter under his little brown arm and went hippity-hop-hop-hop down to the edge of the big green pond where Grandfather Bullfrog lived.

"Good morning, Grandfather Bullfrog." said Tommy Toad.

Grandfather Bullfrog tilted his specs on his big green nose and looked at Tommy Toad sternly.

"Good morning, Tommy Toad," said Grandfather Bullfrog. "We don't have school on Saturday."

"I didn't come to school." said Tommy Toad. "I came to ask you to read this letter, because I can't read."

"Did you ask any of the other little frogs to read it for you?" asked Grandfather Bullfrog.

Tommy Toad shook his head. "I didn't want them to know I couldn't read," he said "but I wish I knew how now."

"If I tell you what's in the letter, will you come to school and learn to read?" asked Grandfather Bullfrog.

"Yes, yes," cried Tommy Toad.

"This is what it says," Grandfather Bullfrog told him:

'Please come to my party
And don't be late
We'll meet at the pond
At half-past eight.
Billy Bullfrog.'

Tommy Toad thanked Grandfather Bullfrog and hurried home.

When Monday morning came and Grandfather Bullfrog called Tommy Toad's name, hippity-hop-hop-hop went Tommy Toad and climbed upon his very own little toad-stool. Tommy Toad learned to read just like all the other little frogs, and on Saturday morning when Tommy Toad was home he always watched to see the postman come because he knew that if Sammy Jay, the postman, ever brought him a letter of his very own again, he'd be able to read it. Sure enough, one Saturday morning Sammy Jay did bring him a letter of his very own. Tommy Toad knew it was his very own because it had his name written right across the front of it, and he could read his name.

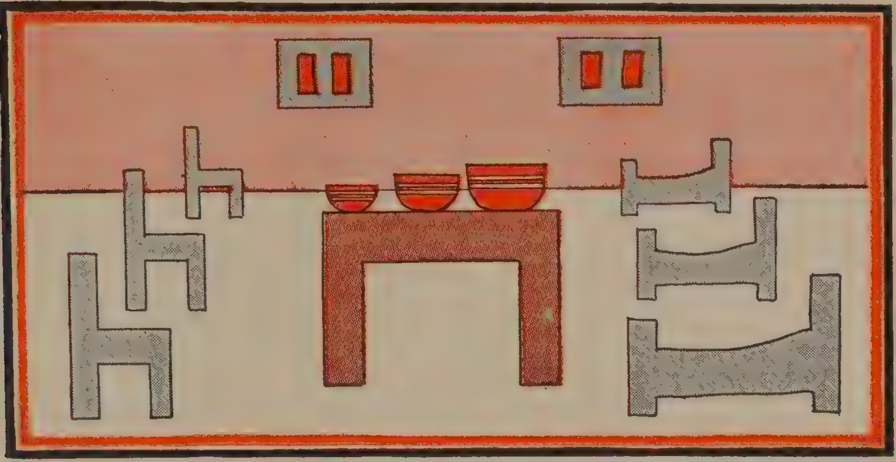
Tommy Toad took his very own letter and went off all by himself to read it, and what do you suppose it said?

"Dear Little Tommy Toad:

I'm so glad you have learned to read. Because you have made me so happy, I want you to visit me this very next Saturday.

Your own Grandmother Toad."

—*Gladys Eloise Brierly.*



GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS

Have you ever seen a real bear? And were you just a little bit afraid? In a country far away there once lived a little girl who met three bears and this is just the way it happened.

Goldilocks was a very pretty little girl with lovely long golden curls, and a happy, smily little face, only sometimes the smiles hid themselves and ugly little frowns took their place and sometimes when Goldilocks was very, very naughty she even ran away without asking her mother's permission at all.

And that is just what she did the day she met the three bears. It all happened when a big yellow butterfly with speckled wings flew right into her own flower garden. Now there was nothing Goldilocks liked so much as to chase the butterflies that flew over the white picket fence, so right away she gathered up her little skirts and ran helter skelter after the big yellow butterfly with speckled wings. She ran so fast that before she knew it the big yellow butterfly with speckled wings had disappeared beyond the trees and Goldilocks found herself alone in the big woods, quite lost, and right in front of her was a little white house.

It was the house in which the three bears lived, though they were not at home just then. Goldilocks didn't know that, so she went up and knocked as loud as she could upon the little white door. When no one answered she did something no polite little girl would ever think of doing—she turned the knob and walked right in.

(See posters in "The New Creative Art Book," made by children of Amarillo Texas Schools.)

The room was empty, but there on the table sat three bowls of porridge in a row, right where the three bears had set them to cool when they went walking in the big wood that morning.

"I'm very hungry," said Goldilocks. And so she walked up to the table and tasted the largest bowl, which belonged to the large bear. But it was too hot. Then she tasted the middle size bowl, which belonged to the middle size bear. But that was too cold, and so she tasted the smallest bowl, which belonged to the small bear. It was just right, and so she ate every bit of the porridge in the bowl.

Then she went into the parlor, and there stood three chairs in a row right where the three bears had left them when they went walking in the big wood that morning.

"I'm very tired," said Goldilocks, and she sat down upon the largest chair, which belonged to the large bear. But it was too high. Then she tried the middle size chair, which belonged to the middle size bear, but it was too broad. Then she tried the small chair, which belonged to the small bear, and it was just right, and so she sat and sat in it until she sat so hard that she broke it.

By that time Goldilocks was very sleepy, and so she climbed the wooden stairs and there in the pretty little white bedroom she found three beds.

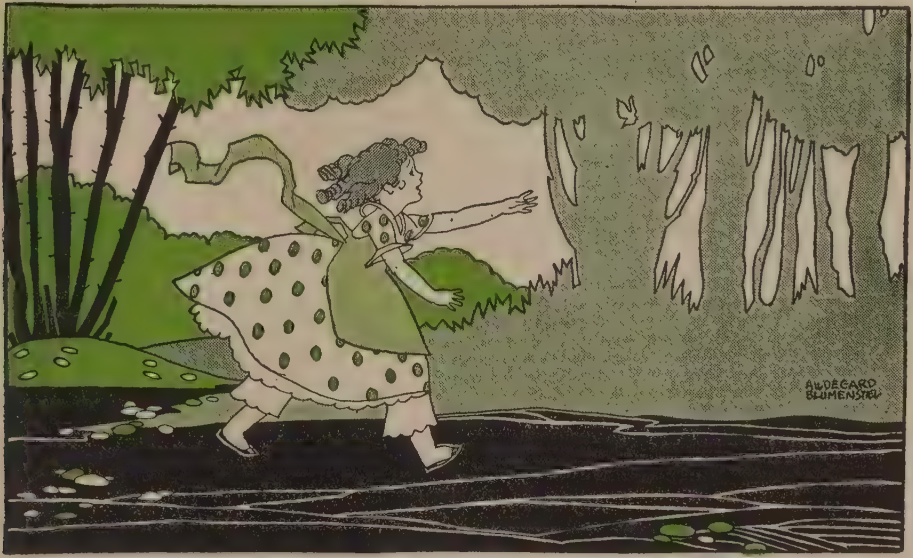
"I am very sleepy," said Goldilocks, and so she tried the largest bed, which belonged to the large bear. But it was too hard, and so she tried the middle size bed, which belonged to the middle size bear, but it was too soft. Then she tried the smallest bed, which belonged to the small bear and it was just right, and so she lay down upon it and fell fast asleep.

While Goldilocks was sound asleep upstairs in the little white bedroom, the three bears came home from their walk in the woods.

"Look," said the middle size bear, "someone has been here while we were gone."

And sure enough, there was the door wide open, just as Goldilocks had left it. The three bears went right into the kitchen to get their porridge, but when the large bear looked into his bowl, he growled in his large voice, "Somebody has been tasting my porridge."

And when the middle size bear looked into her bowl, she said in her middle size voice, "Somebody has been tasting my porridge."



When the small bear looked into his bowl, he began to cry, "Somebody has been tasting my porridge and has eaten it all up."

Then the three bears went into the parlor. And the large bear growled in his large voice, "Somebody has been sitting in my chair." Then the middle size bear said in her middle size voice, "Somebody has been sitting in my chair."

But when the small bear saw his chair, he began to cry, "Somebody has been sitting in my chair and has broken it all to pieces."

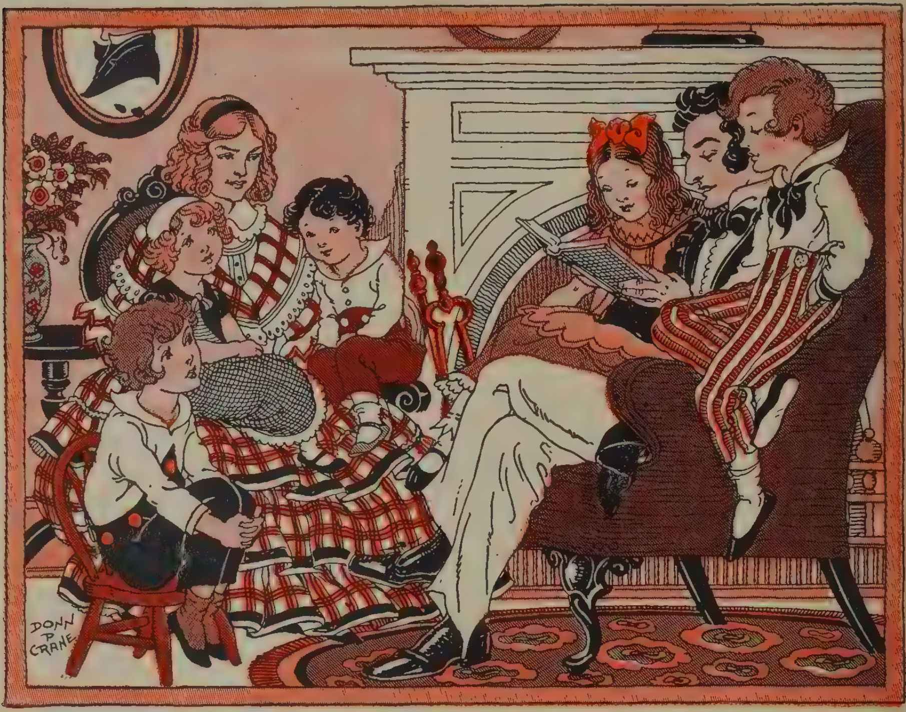
Then they all climbed the wooden stairs, and when they came to the little white bedroom, the large bear growled in his large voice, "Somebody has been tumbling up my bed."

And the middle size bear said in her middle size voice, "Somebody has been tumbling up my bed." But when the small bear saw his bed, he began to cry, "Somebody has been tumbling up my bed and here she is right now, fast asleep."

Just then Goldilocks woke up and saw the three bears. She was so surprised she jumped right out of bed and ran down the wooden stairs and out the little white door as fast as her little legs would carry her.

She ran and ran until she was right home in her own pretty garden again, and she never, never chased any more golden butterflies with speckled wings in the big woods where the three bears lived.

—*Gladys Eloise Brierly.*



WHEN DADDY WAS A LITTLE BOY

CLAUDE MERTON WISE.

The five children in the Thomas family were all nearly the same size. That was because William and Willa H., the eight-year-old twins, were small for their age, and Harry and Margie, the four-year-old twins, were large for their age, and Mr. Paul. who was six years old and not a twin at all, was just the right size. Mr. Paul was called "Mr. Paul" because he often tried to look very solemn, just like Mr. Paul Thomas, the children's father.

All five of the children loved stories. Some children are like that—at least, a few of them are. Every winter evening Harry and Margie would lead their mother to her chair in front of the fire, and when she had sat down, they would climb into her lap. Then William and Willa H. would lead their father to his chair in front of the fire, and when he had sat down, they would climb on his chair arms. Then Mr. Paul would put his own little red chair between the other two chairs, so that he could lean on his father's knee awhile and then on on his mother's knee awhile, and say solemnly, "Daddy, tell us a story."

Mr. Thomas would say, "What shall it be?"

And nearly always Harry and Margie and William and Willa H. and Mr. Paul would shout together, "About when you were a little boy."

One night when the twins who were large for their age were snuggled in their mother's lap, and the twins who were small for their age were seated on their father's chair arms, Mr. Paul sat straight up in his red chair with one arm on his father's knee and one arm on his mother's knee and said as usual, "Daddy, tell us a story."

"What shall it be?" said Mr. Thomas.

"About when you were a little boy," shouted all five together.

"And had a dog," added Mr. Paul solemnly.

Now Mr. Thomas had often promised the children to tell several stories about the dog he had when he was a little boy, and this seemed a good time to begin.

"Very well," he said, "this will be the first story:

THE DAY I GOT MY DOG

"I shall never forget the day I got my dog," began Mr. Thomas. "I had wanted one for a long time. Every time I saw a big, romping, friendly collie dog, I thought how I should like to have one like him, and every time I saw a fat, frolicking, friendly collie puppy, I wanted that very one. But collie puppies cost money, and my father could not afford to buy one.

" 'When this big woods farm is paid for, we can buy you a puppy,' my father would say. I knew my father would keep his word, but the time looked very far off.

"One day when I was about eight—"

"Just our age," said William and Willa H.

"Yes," said Mr. Thomas, "but I was taller, I was rather large for my age."

"Like us," said Harry and Margie.

"Listen to Daddy," said Mr. Paul solemnly.

"Our nearest neighbor, Mr. Lawrence," went on Mr. Thomas, "said that his brother had promised to give him two fine black collie puppies. Mr. Lawrence said he didn't know what he could do with two dogs, and he looked straight at me. I was so excited I could hardly breathe. Mr. Lawrence was too kind to keep me waiting long. 'That second pup will be yours, young man', he said.

"For once my father didn't have to say, 'What do you say?' to me. I thanked Mr. Lawrence without being told. I can't remember what I said, though. I was too near crying with joy to say much.

"I thought the day would never come when Mr. Lawrence's brother would bring the puppies. I spent my time trying to decide on a name for my dog. I thought of Carlo and Rover and all the other dog names I had ever heard. Finally I chose a name I saw in a book about dogs. That name was Ponto. Then I made a soft bed of straw in a big box, and was all ready.

"The day I chose the name Ponto, Mr. Lawrence sent me word that the puppies were at his house. I ran the whole half-mile through the woods to see Ponto as soon as possible.

"When I got to Mr. Lawrence's house, there lay the two wooly black puppies sound asleep in a basket, side by side like two giant caterpillars.

" 'Which is Ponto?', I asked breathlessly.

" 'The one that answers to his name,' replied Mr. Lawrence.

" 'Ponto', I called softly.

"One black puppy woke up, yawned and looked at me. 'That will be Ponto,' said Mr. Lawrence. 'His brother's name will be Fleet'.

"I picked Ponto up, and cuddled him in my arms and started home. He went to sleep again at once. I walked very carefully so as not to wake him. When I crawled under the fence to cross through the big woods pasture, he woke for a moment, looked up into my face, licked my chin with one little flick of his tiny red tongue and went to sleep again. But that little flick made me feel that Ponto liked me and took me for his master, and I was very happy.

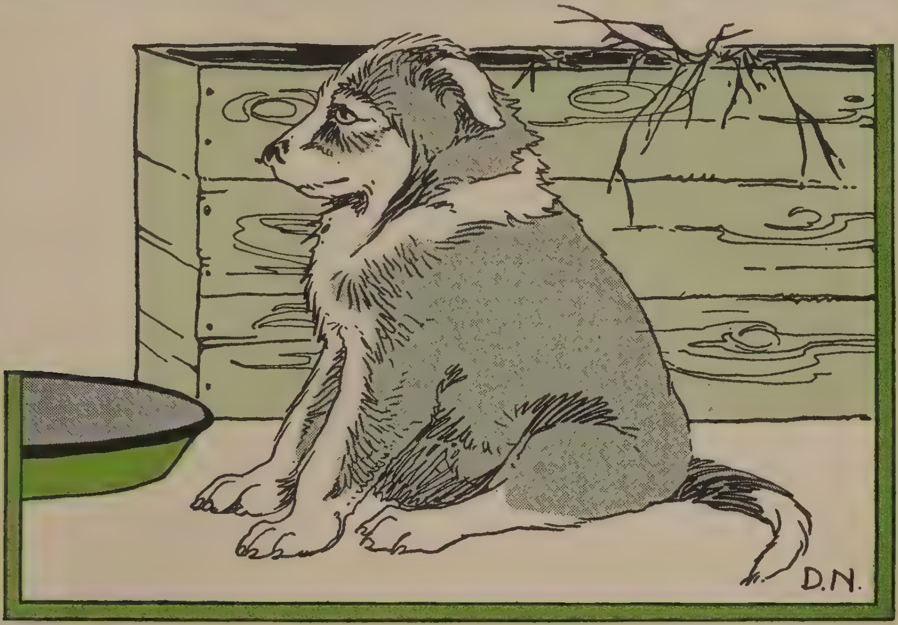
"When I got home I put Ponto down into his box of straw so easily he did not even stir. Then I just sat by the box, stroking Ponto's soft, wooly, fat back and waiting for him to wake up. I'm sure I was the happiest little boy in all the world that day."

Mr. Paul stirred sleepily and raised his head from his mother's knee. "We ought to have a dog," he announced solemnly.

Harry and Margie and William and Willa H. looked at each other, too. They had been thinking the same thing.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Thomas looked at each other. And Mrs. Thomas' look said very plainly, "Now you've started something, my dear."

The five children all sat still for awhile, dreamily thinking of their father, when he was a little boy sitting stroking the woolly little sleeping Ponto. They could almost feel the touch of the warm, furry puppy in their own hands. After a while it slowly dawned on their minds that their father had stopped talking. They awoke from their day dream with a start and all began to talk at once, like this:



William and Willa H.—"Aw, that's not all. Tell us another one. What did you do then?" Harry and Margie—"But you couldn't sit there all night. What did you do then? Tell us another one."

Mr. Thomas couldn't really hear anything with five talking at once, and so he just threw up his hands and laughed. Mrs Thomas laughed too, and laid her hand on Mr. Paul's head. "I think Mr. Paul has the idea for the next story," she said.

"Didn't you have to feed him, Daddy?" Mr. Paul asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Thomas, "that might be the name of the next story.

FEEDING PONTO

"By and by Ponto awoke and undertook to explore his box. He was so fat and so unsteady on his short legs that he could not get about well. In spite of the fact that he walked with his feet wide apart like a sailor, he kept stumbling over the straw. When he fell, he gave little whimpering grunts and scrambled up again. Once he staggered over a little hillock in his bed, tumbled down into the hollow beside it and fairly covered himself up in the straw. Only his little spiky tail stuck out, wagging in frantic circles. But with more grunts and whimpers, Ponto dug himself out of the straw once more. Tired from the struggle, he sat down, planted his little forepaws wide apart, put out his red tongue and panted hard.

" 'He wants his supper,' said mother. 'Hear him ask for it?'

"I had been so busy laughing that I hadn't thought of that. I ran to get some new, warm milk in a dish.

"Ponto knew what to do with milk. He lapped it so fast that some drops flew clear up on top of his nose. He seemed to get heavier as he drank, for his forepaws slowly slipped apart and let him fall, with his nose in the milk. Of course the milk got inside his nose and made him sneeze. But he braced up and drank all the rest of it.

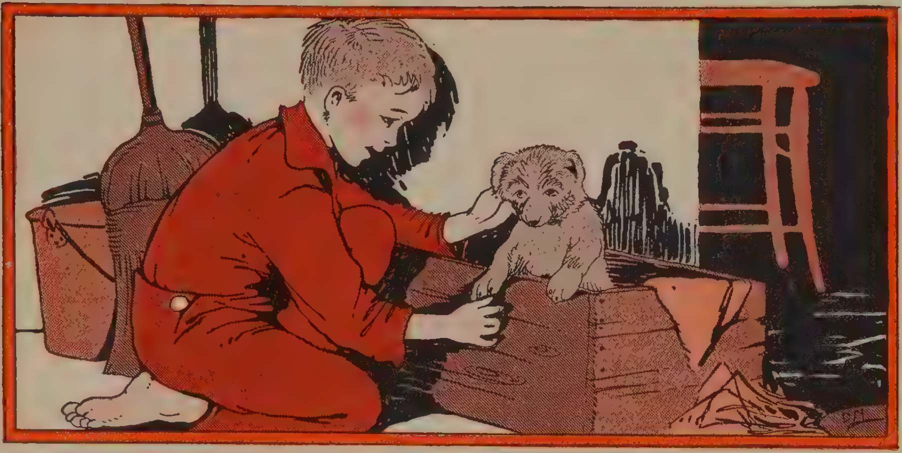
"You would have been surprised at the way that milk changed the looks of Ponto. He swelled out in the middle until he was about the shape of a dinner plate on four legs. He could hardly walk at all.

"I picked him up, but his skin was stretched so tight with milk that it seemed to hurt him to be handled. He flicked my ear with his tongue again as if to tell me that he liked me, but that he wanted to be put down. I made him a nest of straw in one corner of the box and put him into it. He yawned very widely, showing the most perfectly white teeth I had ever seen, and went straightway to sleep."

"Is that all?" asked the children.

"Not quite. Sometime in the night I heard a few little whimpers from Ponto's box, followed by the most pitiful crying and howling you ever heard. You have no idea how much noise a crying puppy can make till you hear one in the dead of night.

"I supposed all that milk had made Ponto sick. My father



was wiser, however. 'I think your dog is lonesome', he told me. And that was it. I went to the box and put my hand on Ponto. He stopped crying instantly, licked my hand and went to sleep till morning.

"And there are five children who are going to sleep till morning, starting right now," concluded Mr. Thomas. "Scatter to bed."

And Harry and Margie and William and Willa H. and Mr. Paul did.

The next night when Harry and Margie and William and Willa H. and Mr. Paul and their father and mother were all seated by the fire, no one said, "Tell me a story" nor "What shall it be?"

Instead Mr. Paul asked at once, "Didn't Ponto eat anything but milk?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Thomas. "After he was a little larger. Perhaps I might tell you something about his eating and about

THE GREAT APPLE ROBBERY

"Ponto's tastes in eating proved very cosmopolitan."

"What's cosmopolitan?" interrupted Margie.

"Aw, Daddy, that word's too big for us," said Harry.

"Be still. Let Daddy tell the story," broke in William.

"The word is pretty big," admitted Mr. Thomas. "Anyway, I'm not sure it's the right one. I mean, Ponto ate almost anything. All puppies like to chew things, and whatever Ponto chewed, he usually ended by eating. Old shoes were favorites. We were always finding the soles of shoes lying about, where Ponto had chewed off the tops. He seemed to like rags, too, almost as well as leather, and ate all colors indiscriminately. Acorns were another prime favorite. Ponto seemed to think that the great oaks in our yard bore acorns especially for him. He sometimes ate hickory nuts, although he could hardly ever crush the shells as he did the acorn shells. But he seemed as well satisfied to swallow the nuts whole. He even tried to eat walnuts. I often found walnuts scarred by his teeth. I never knew whether he swallowed walnuts whole, but I have no doubt he tried it.

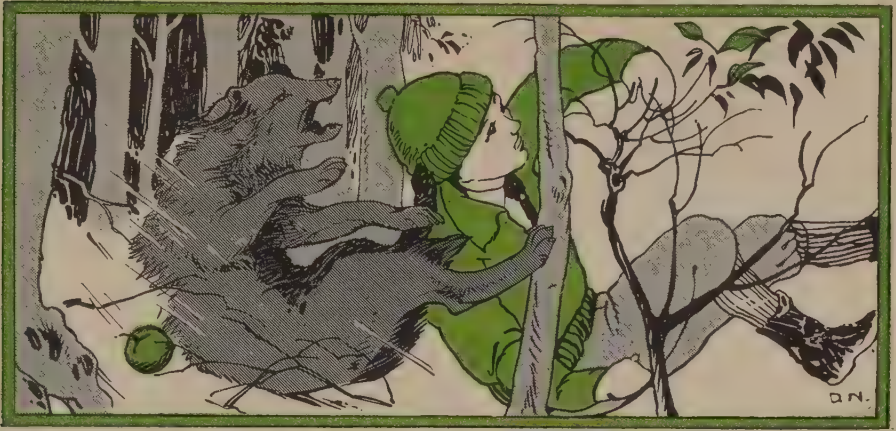
"Ponto's escapades at eating things were many, but the worst was the one to which I have referred as the great apple robbery. It happened this way. My father, (your grandfather, of course,) and I went one day to the timber to cut some trees. That is, my father was to cut the trees and I was to help by hacking off small branches and burning them.

"We took along several pocketfuls of apples for lunch, when we should become tired and hungry. It was midwinter, and there was a snow on the ground with a coat of ice on top of the snow, thick enough to bear our weight. The trees we wanted were on a hillside so steep that we had hard work to stand upon it. In fact, your grandfather had to cut holes in the ice and snow to give him a good foothold while he chopped.

"The apples in our pockets hindered our work, and so we took them out and laid them in a little hollow in the snow. Just as we got them placed in the hollow, something jarred them and they all rolled to the bottom of the hill. Ponto, now a third grown, gave chase, but fell and rolled also to the bottom of the hill, scratching frantically at the ice all the way in trying to regain footing. I gave chase myself and rolled and slid to the bottom. The apples had seemed to know how to dodge the trees as they went down, but Ponto and I did not succeed so well. We hit a number of trees and stumps and did considerable yelping and shouting about it, but weren't much hurt."

"Ponto yelped and Daddy shouted," explained Willa H.

"Your grandfather was at first afraid we were in danger, but when he saw we weren't, he laughed at us. In fact, he laughed so heartily that he let his ax slip and it came tobogganing down after us. He himself would have skidded down too, if it



had not been for the holes he had cut in the snow.

"Ponto wanted to help me collect the apples, but I made him leave them all to me. I took the apples and the ax back up the hill by a roundabout path. This time I piled the apples on the upper side of a big tree where they could not roll. My father and I went to work. Ponto disappeared.

"For an hour or two we worked away without thinking much about Ponto or the apples. We heard Ponto whine and yelp softly now and then, but paid no attention. Finally my father said it was time to rest and eat our apples. I went to the tree where I had put the apples, and what do you think I found?"

"We can guess," chorused the children.

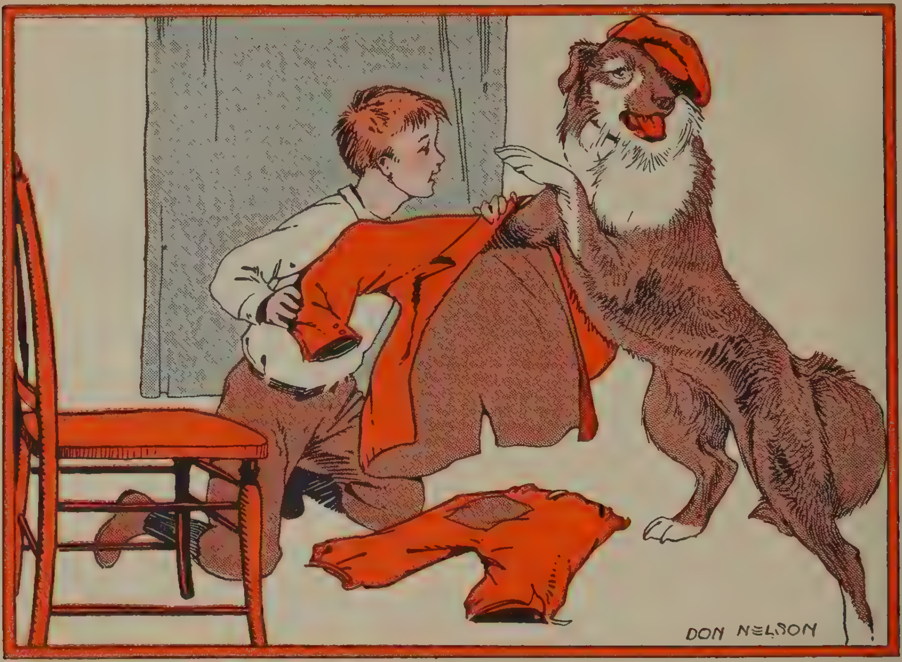
"I've no doubt you can. Ponto was lying above the tree to keep from skidding, and was looking about as round as when he had drunk too much milk. He was holding the last apple between his paws and was gnawing away on it. At every bite he would whine and yelp a little. Can any of you tell me why he yelped?"

"Were the apples making him sick?" ventured Harry.

"No, nothing ever seemed to make him sick. His teeth were on edge."

"Oh!" said Mr. Paul, "mine get that way when I eat too many apples."

"That was it," said Mr. Thomas. "But he was manfully finishing the last bite of apple. We hardly knew whether to punish Ponto for the apple robbery, but decided instead to teach him to guard property when told to do so."



DRESSING PONTO UP

"Ponto became almost as good a playmate as another boy," began Mr. Thomas the next night. "In some ways he was better. He never quarreled, never told tales, and never was selfish."

The five children looked at each other, expecting a little lecture on some difficulties they had had during the day over their electric train. But Mr. Thomas did not seem to be thinking about that.

"One time I even dressed him up as a boy. I put an old coat of mine on him and found that it fitted excellently and looked really well. An old cap with a rubber band to hold it on fitted well too, but the trousers gave a great deal of trouble. I had to cut them short, but even then they looked pretty ill-shaped except when Ponto stood on his hind legs. He couldn't do that all the time; it tired him out too much. Finally we gave up the trousers and threw them away.

"Ponto and I danced all over the yard, hand in hand."

"Hand in hand?" questioned Harry.

"Dogs don't have hands," objected Margie.

"Well, I held Ponto's paws, and we danced that way. You might call it hand in hand. And we ran races back and forth across the yard in the same fashion, except that I held only one paw. Ponto could outrun me ordinarily, but when he ran on only two legs, I could outrun him. Once when I was going too fast, he tried to run on three legs. He stumbled over the coat and we both fell down. What a tumble we had! It was such exciting fun that I raked up a big pile of leaves in the corner of the yard and we ran and tumbled into it on purpose. You should have seen us diving out of sight into the heap of leaves and then bursting out of it like an explosion.

"Finally we were so tired we decided to rest and have supper. I placed a box for a table, and gave Ponto a pile of acorns on one side of it. He sat down, waiting for the word to begin. I sat on my side with apples for my meal. When I gave the signal, we both ate. Ponto soon finished his acorns, and I tossed him apple cores and bits of apple for dessert. He was expert in catching whatever I threw, but in jerking his head to one side he got his cap over one eye. He tried to rub it out of his way with his paw, but without much luck. He looked so rakish with his cap cocked sidewise that I laughed at him and he barked at me. I say "barked," but his bark was really a laugh. When he was amused his face showed a smile as plainly as could be and his bark was clearly a laughing one.

"Just about this time my mother called me to our real supper, and I ran into the house.

"I must tell you that I am really a little ashamed of the rest of this story. I just forgot all about Ponto's still having the cap and coat on, and presently went to bed. Next morning I couldn't find Ponto. I called him, but he did not come. At length I heard a faint, muffled whimper in answer to my calling and whistling. The sound seemed to come from under the house. I peered under, and sure enough, there was Ponto. But he would not come out. I crawled under after him and found out what the trouble was. The coat had got turned forward so that it completely covered his head—eyes, ears, mouth, nose and all. He could not see at all, and could not hear very well. How he was able to breathe I don't know.

"I felt pretty badly, I tell you, at having been so thoughtless as to have left him dressed up all night. He might have smothered. I hadn't played very squarely with my 'boy' friend. But Ponto seemed to hold no hard feelings. As soon as I got the coat off of him, he ran and lapped some water, and then raced 'round and 'round me in circles, barking with gladness at being set free."

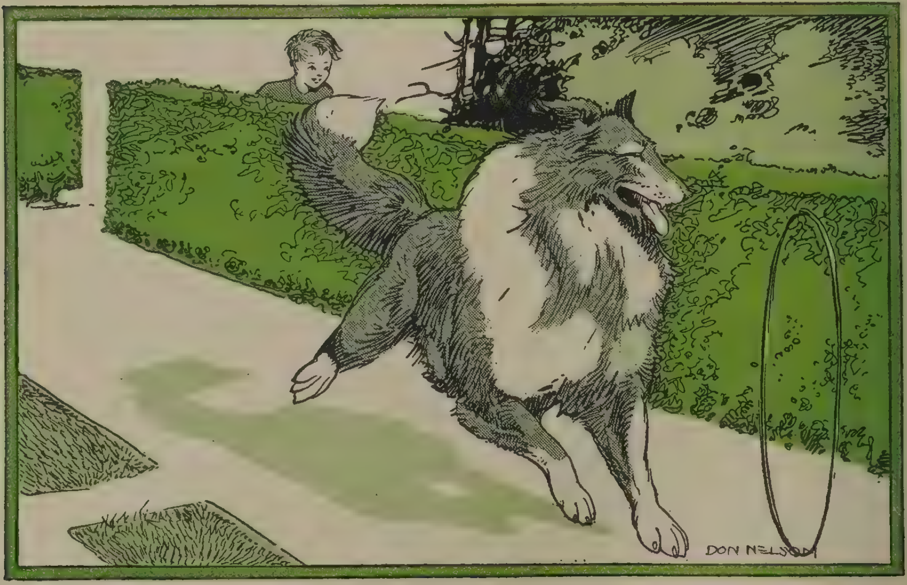
"Why wouldn't he come out from under the house without your crawling after him?" asked Willa H.

"I have never known," replied Mr. Thomas.

"Maybe he was ashamed to be seen with the coat over his head," said William.

"Maybe. He could almost talk, but he couldn't tell me that. By the way, I never found the cap—that is, I found nothing but the metal button off the top of it. Can you guess what became of it?"

"Ponto ate it," chorused the children.



WINTER GAMES WITH PONTO

"Could Ponto play any other games like a little boy?" asked Margie the next night.

"Well, by the time he was grown, he could play a great many games," Mr. Thomas responded. "He could catch a ball better than I could. After a great deal of patient teaching, he learned to play 'Anthony over.' He would stay on one side of the house until I ran around to the other side and threw the ball over to him. Then he would race to me with it."

"Could he throw it over the house to you?" asked Harry.

"Hardly. But he did other things almost as surprising. He could roll a hoop."

"Roll a hoop!" The children could hardly believe it.

"Really. At first I had to do it for him. I would roll the hoop and he would chase it and throw it down. Then he would bark for me to roll it again. If I were a little slow, he would stick his nose under it and then slide under with his whole body. If he were on a slope, he sometimes got the hoop rolling a little again. But he never would let it roll far. His chief delight seemed to be to chase it and throw it down.

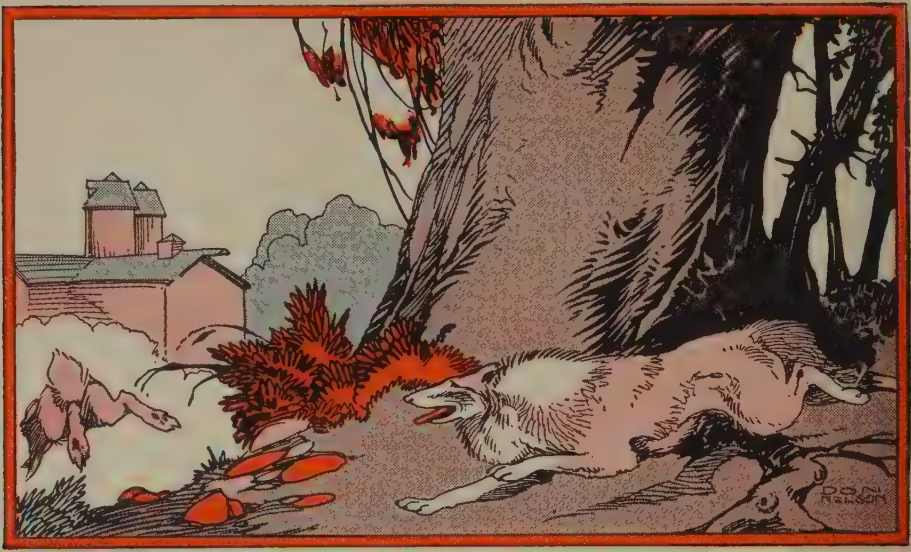
"In winter time he used to pull my sled back up the hill after I had slid down. It didn't seem exactly fair to me to make him work for nothing, and so I used to take him on my sled and let him slide down with me.

"One day when I was skating on the pond, Ponto kept barking to induce me to throw pieces of ice for him to chase. I was tired from skating and told Ponto so. He still barked. Then a bright idea occurred to me. I got hold of Ponto's bushy tail and threw a piece of ice. In a moment we were rushing like the wind to the other end of the pond. I had found out something. I could now have the fun of skating without the hard work that usually goes with it. All I had to do was fling a piece of ice and hold on to Ponto's tail.

"One day I improved even upon that plan. I happened to think of Ponto's hoop. He was just as willing to chase it as a piece of ice, and after a little experimenting I found that I could hold the hoop in one hand so as to slide it along a little ahead of Ponto, and hold his tail in the other hand so that in chasing the hoop Ponto was really pushing it along ahead of himself and pulling me at the same time.

"The great day of all our playing on the ice was one February when there came a great sleet like the one I told you we had at the time of the apple robbery. The snow was covered with thick ice, so that I could skate all over the country. Going down hill was like riding the lightning. Going up hill was almost out of the question. But on the level Ponto, the hoop and I raced across the fields and had almost the best time of our whole lives."

"We have our skates already," mused Mr. Paul solemnly.



THE ACROBATIC RABBIT

"Did Ponto ever catch that squirrel you saw the day you brought him home?" asked Mr. Paul.

"I can't say," answered Mr. Thomas. "Probably not, though he used to tree squirrels in the woods and bark for hours until I should come to help him capture the game.

"He was more lucky with rabbits. In a fair run he could overtake a rabbit. Once I saw a rabbit trick him, however."

"How?" queried Mr. Paul.

"By acrobatics."

"What is that?"

"By activity like a circus performer. Ponto had chased the rabbit across the open meadow and was about to catch him. The rabbit, appearing to realize that he could not escape by running, suddenly stopped, and as Ponto came rushing up, sprang high in the air and let Ponto pass underneath. Ponto couldn't stop at once, and when he did, he turned and rushed back at the rabbit. Up bounced the rabbit again, and Ponto, as before rushed past. A third time the rabbit played his trick and Ponto was just about to discover how not to be fooled by it. But the rabbit had by this time rested a little and was ready to run again. He darted off through a fence, and while Ponto was racing to the gate to get through, the rabbit escaped into the thick woods."

THE PIG-DOG OR DOG-PIG

One night when all the family were gathered by the fire, Mr. Paul said solemnly, "Mother, you tell us a story."

"What shall it be?" said Mrs. Thomas.

And just as always, Harry and Margie and William and Willa H. and Mr. Paul all shouted together, "About when you were a little girl."

"Maybe you had a dog," added Mr. Paul.

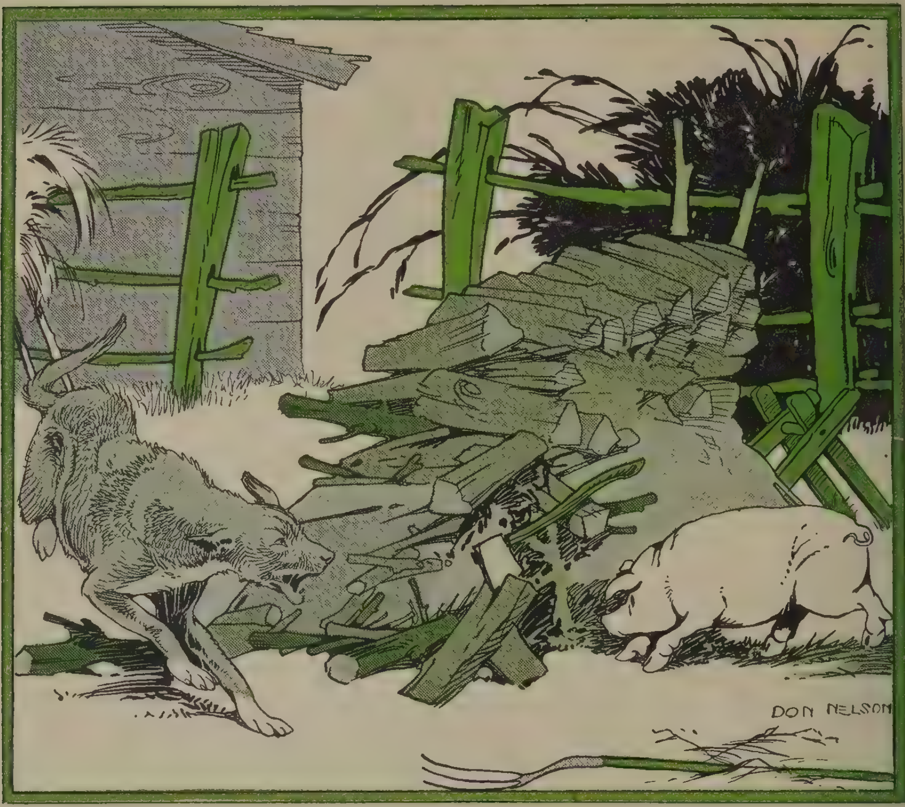
"Yes, I did—or several of them, rather. At my home we once had a mother dog, named Old Trot, and a whole nest of puppies. And about the same time we had a tiny pig that had lost its mother. Trot's puppies were in a big basket in the barn, and the motherless pig was covered up in rags in a little basket in the corn crib.

"One evening we went to feed the pig and it was gone. After some searching, we heard the pig grunting and traced the sound to Old Trot's basket. There was the little pig, lying snug and warm among the puppies. There were eleven of the puppies, but Old Trot had none the less adopted the pig.

"It seems strange to tell about, but that little pig ate and slept and lived with those puppies as if it were a puppy itself. I almost believe it thought it was a puppy. It tugged and wrestled with the puppies and played all their games with them. Old Trot was really partial to it, and loved it more than her own children.

"As time went on, we gave the puppies away, one by one, to friends and neighbors, until all eleven were gone. Only the pig was left. It used to go hunting with Old Trot. She would chase rabbits into the woodpile, and the pig would run excitedly around the pile grunting and rooting and doing its best to help catch the rabbit.

"By and by this pig-dog or dog-pig grew so fat that hunting with Old Trot was pretty hard work for it. Often it got so tired chasing through the brush that it would have to lie down to rest. Pigs aren't very good runners, you know. One time it was gone a whole night, and might never have got home if a neighbor had not found it, tired out and sleeping, and brought it in. We became afraid it would kill itself trying to keep up with its 'mother,' and so we put it into a pen for safety's sake. Old Trot continued to



be just as fond of it as ever, and every time we fed it, even after it became a large hog, she would go with us and sit near by, while her 'child' ate."

"What became of the pig?" asked Mr. Thomas.

"We never really knew. We were too tender-hearted to make it into hams and bacon, and so we sold it to a neighbor. That was the last we knew about it."

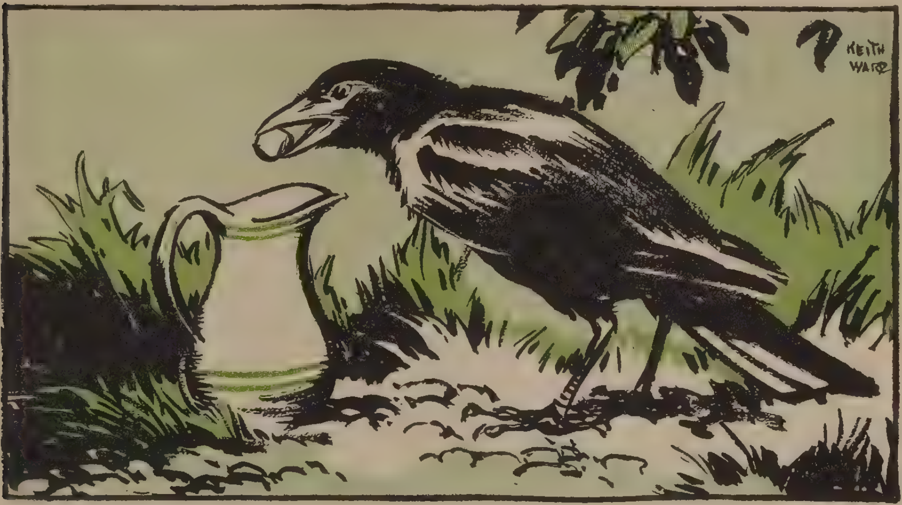
"Where can we get a puppy?" asked Mr. Paul, solemnly.

"Well, your uncle Merwin Shirley has some about the right size to give away," said Mrs. Thomas, glancing with twinkling eyes at her husband.

"Daddy, can't we go get one?" shouted Harry and Margie and William and Willa H. and Mr. Paul.

"Yes," said Mr. Thomas slowly, "I think we may. Every child ought to have a dog at least once—and it would be a little like old times for us, too, my dear," he added to his wife.

—*Claude Merton Wise.*



THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

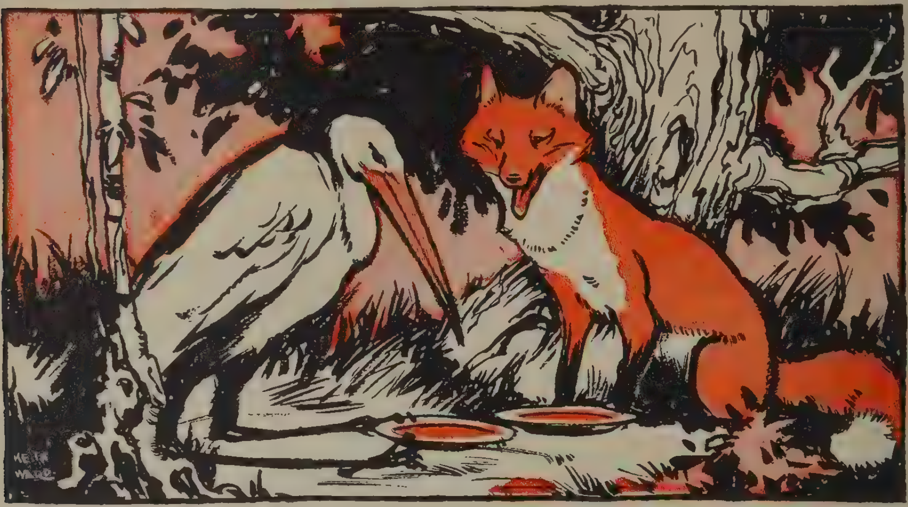
There was once a good old black Crow, and he was very, very thirsty. He looked and looked for water, but all he could find was a little bit at the bottom of a deep pitcher. The Crow put his beak into the pitcher and tried very hard to reach the water, but there was so little left that, try as he would, he could not get it.

He turned and was about to go sorrowfully away when an idea came to him. He went back, picked up a pebble and dropped it in the pitcher, then he took another pebble and dropped that into the pitcher. Then he looked down in to see what had happened to the water. The pebbles had made the water rise just a little way. He would have to work hard to get pebbles enough to bring the water up to a place where he could reach it. At first he thought he would give up trying and fly away. Then he said to himself:

"No, though I seem to find so little change each time I drop in a pebble, if I keep right at my work, and keep at it, and keep at it, at last I shall get my drink."

So he went back patiently to work and dropped in another pebble and another and another. Little by little he saw the water rise. At last, it came up where he could reach it. Then he put in his beak and was able to take the drink of which he was so much in need.

—*Aesop.*



THE FOX AND THE STORK

At one time the Fox and the Stork were very good friends, and used to visit each other. So the Fox invited the Stork one day to dinner. But, when they were ready to eat, Mr. Fox thought to play a joke on Miss Stork. He put before her nothing at all except some soup in a very shallow dish. This the Fox could easily lap up with his tongue, but the Stork could only wet the tip-end of her long bill in it. So she could get nothing to eat, and left the meal as hungry as when she began.

"I am sorry," said the Fox, chuckling to himself, "that you do not like the soup."

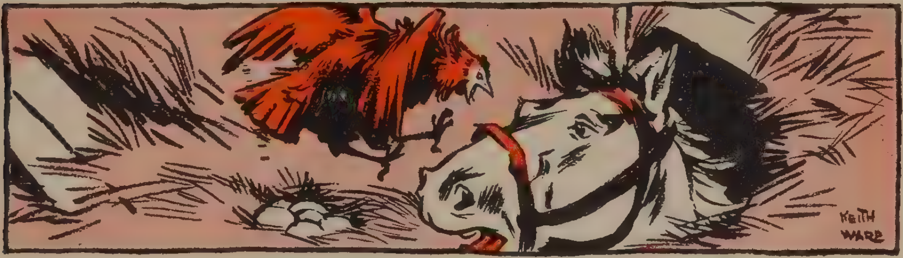
"Oh, pray do not say anything about it," said the Stork. "I hope you will return this visit and come soon to eat dinner with me."

So a day was set when the Fox should visit the Stork. But when they were seated at table, all that the Stork had made ready for dinner was held in a very slim, long-necked jar, with a narrow mouth.

Down into this the Stork could easily reach her slender bill, but the Fox could not get his thick snout into it. So all he could manage to do was to lick the outside of the jar.

"I will not say I am sorry you have eaten so little," said the Stork, "for as you treat others, so must you expect others to treat you."

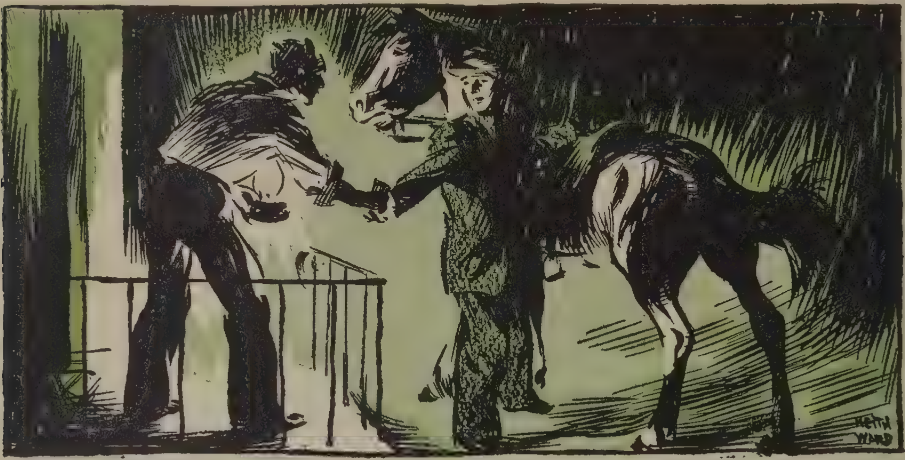
—*Aesop.*



HORSE SENSE OR LACK OF IT

Marmaduke was a horse possessed of a mind of his own. Mangers he considered a nuisance. Accordingly he ate up the pine ones as fast as they were put in. When finally he was favored with a nail-studded oak manger, he could not eat it, and would not eat from it. He deliberately put both feet into it, raising himself to an eminence from which he could get his repast first-hand through the trap door of the hayloft. With head quite inside the loft, he prepared to enjoy himself. It was no fault of his that the leghorn hen was at that date incubating in the hay near the trap door, but it proved a great inconvenience. His first mouthful in the half darkness included by way of relish a portion of Mrs. Leghorn's feathers—a fact that she delicately resented. She also had a mind of her own. She expressed herself in one eloquent outburst, and flew tooth—no, bill and nail at Marmaduke's eyes. Now Marmaduke had been taught to be polite to ladies. He wished to back out and apologize. Backing out seemed first in order. He endeavored to effect this by raising his forefeet out of the manger; but this unfortunately resulted only in shoving his nose down into the nest of eggs. Half of these smashed on the lower portion of his face, and the rest rolled, with more smashing enroute, down his glossy neck and back. The hen continued her ministrations, moving her base of operations to the top of his head. Failing thus to exit gracefully, Marmaduke attempted to advance, stepping first one hind foot, then the other, up into the manger. From there no departure was possible in either direction. He persuaded the outraged hen to retire to a high beam, from which better to shout her indignation; but he himself had to sit, egg-smeared and docile, on the sharp edge of the manger, with all four feet huddled together, with much-scratched head projecting up through the trap door, until some one should come to tear down enough of the stable to release him.

—*Claude Merton Wise.*



GOING FOR THE DOCTOR

One night, a few days after James had left, I had eaten my hay and was lying down in my straw fast asleep, when I was suddenly awakened by the stable bell ringing very loudly. I heard the door of John's house open, and his feet running up to the Hall. He was back again in no time. He unlocked the stable door and came in, calling out, "Wake up, Beauty, you must go well now, if ever you did." And almost before I could think, he had got the saddle on my back and the bridle on my head. He just ran around for his coat, and then took me at a quick trot up to the Hall door. The Squire stood there with a lamp in his hand.

"Now, John," he said, "ride for your life—that is, for your mistress's life. There is not a moment to lose. Give this note to Dr. White. Give your horse a rest at the Inn, and be back as soon as you can."

John said, "Yes, sir," and was on my back in a minute. The gardener who lived at the lodge had heard the bell ring and was ready with the gate open. Away we went through the Park and through the village, and down the hill till we came to the tollgate. John called very loud and thumped upon the door. The man was soon out and flung open the gate.

"Now," said John, "do you keep the gate open for the Doctor. Here's the money," and off we went again.

There was before us a long piece of level road by the riverside. John said to me, "Now, Beauty, do your best," and so I did. I wanted no whip nor spur, and for two miles I galloped as fast as

I could lay my feet to the ground. I don't believe that my old grandfather, who won the race at Newmarket, could have gone faster. When we came to the bridge, John pulled me up a little and patted my neck.

"Well done, Beauty! good old fellow," he said. He would have let me go slower, but my spirit was up, and I was off again as fast as before. The air was frosty, the moon was bright. It was very pleasant. We came through a village, then through a dark wood, then uphill, then downhill, till after an eight-mile run we came to the town, through the streets, and into the Market Place. It was all quite still except for the clatter of my feet on the stones—everybody was asleep. The church clock struck three as we drew up at Dr. White's door. John rang the bell twice and then knocked at the door like thunder. A window was thrown up, and Dr. White, in his nightcap, put his head out and said, "What do you want?"

"Mrs. Gordon is very ill, sir. Master wants you to go at once. He thinks she will die if you cannot get there. Here is a note."

"Wait," he said; "I will come."

He shut the window, and was soon at the door.

"The worst of it is," he said, "that my horse has been out all day and is quite done up. My son has just been sent for, and he has taken the other. What is to be done? May I have your horse?"

"He has come at a gallop nearly all the way, sir, and I was to give him a rest here, but I think my master would not be against it if you think fit, sir."

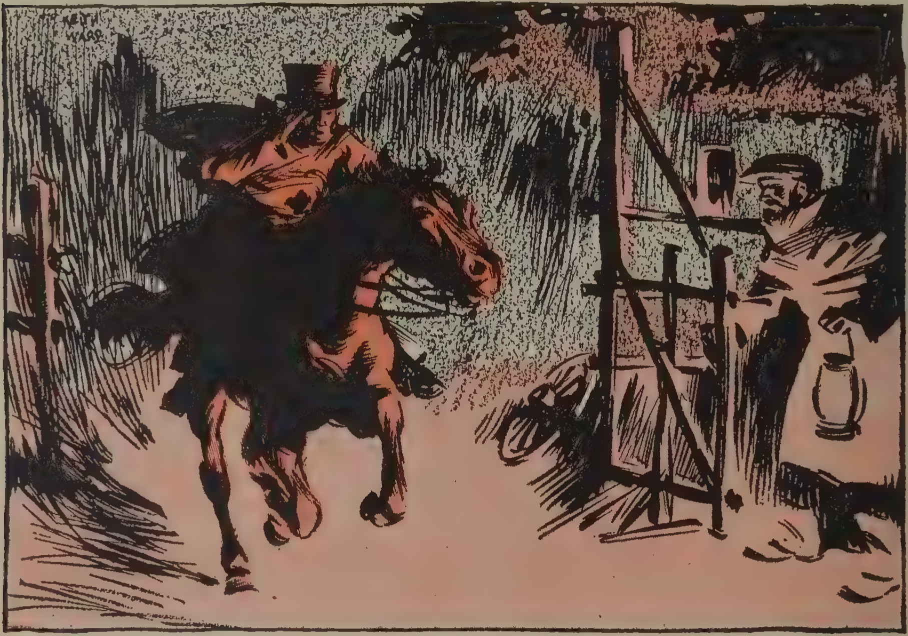
"All right," he said; "I will soon be ready."

John stood by me and stroked my neck. I was very hot. The Doctor came out with his riding whip.

"You need not take that, sir," said John. "Black Beauty will go till he drops. Take care of him, sir, if you can. I should not like any harm to come to him."

"No! no! John," said the Doctor, "I hope not," and soon we had left John far behind.

I will not tell about our way back. The Doctor was a heavier man than John and not so good a rider. However, I did my very best. The man at the tollgate had it open. When we came to the hill, the Doctor drew me up. "Now, my good fellow," he



said, "take some breath." I was glad he did, for I was nearly spent; but that breathing helped me on, and soon we were in the Park.

Joe was at the lodge gate. My master was at the Hall door, for he had heard us coming. He spoke not a word. The Doctor went into the house with him, and Joe led me to the stable. I was glad to get home. My legs shook under me, and I could only stand and pant. I had not a dry hair on my body, the water ran down my legs, and I steamed all over—as Joe used to say—"like a pot on the fire."

Poor Joe! He was young and small, and as yet he knew very little. His father, who would have helped him, had been sent to the next village. But I am sure Joe did the very best he knew. He rubbed my legs and my chest, but he did not put my warm cloth on me. He thought I was so hot I should not like it. Then he gave me a pailful of water to drink. It was cold and very good, and I drank it all. Then he gave me some hay and some corn, and thinking he had done right, he went away.

Soon I began to shake and tremble and turned deadly cold. My legs ached, and I felt sore all over. Oh, how I wished for my warm, thick cloth as I stood and trembled! I wished for John, but he had eight miles to walk, so I lay down in my straw and tried to go to sleep.

After a long while I heard John at the door. I gave a low moan, for I was in great pain. He was at my side in a moment, stooping down by me. I could not tell him how I felt, but he seemed to know it all. He covered me up with two or three warm cloths and then ran to the house for some hot water. He made me some warm gruel, which I drank, and then I think I went to sleep.

John seemed to be very much put out. I heard him say to himself, over and over again, "Stupid boy! stupid boy! no cloth put on, and I dare say the water was cold, too; boys are no good." But Joe was a good boy, after all.

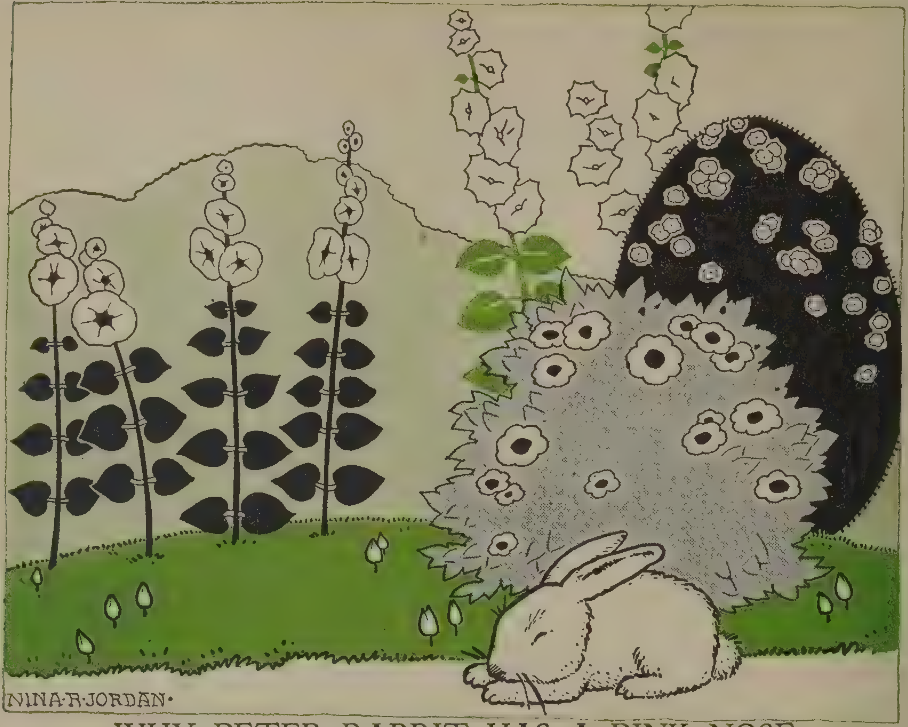
I was now very ill. A strong inflammation had attacked my lungs, and I could not draw my breath without pain. John nursed me night and day. He would get up two or three times in the night to come to me. My master, too, often came to see me. "My poor Beauty," he said one day, "my good horse, you saved your mistress's life, Beauty; yes, you saved her life!"

I was very glad to hear that, for it seems the Doctor had said that if we had been a little longer it would have been too late. John told my master he never saw a horse go so fast in his life. It seemed as if the horse knew what was the matter. Of course I did, though John thought not; at least I knew as much as this, that John and I must go at the top of our speed, and that it was for the sake of the mistress.

—Anna Sewell (from "Black Beauty.")

He prayeth well, who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.



WHY PETER RABBIT HAS A PINK NOSE

Once upon a time there was a little rabbit. He was just as white as he could be, from the tip of his little nose to the end of his short stubby tail. He lived with Mother Rabbit at the edge of the big woods.

Near the woods there was a lovely garden where many beautiful flowers grew, and sometimes when he had been very good, the little rabbit played there.

One day he said to Mother Rabbit, "May I go to the garden and play?"

And Mother Rabbit said, "Yes, but be very careful and come home before it gets dark."

So the little white rabbit ran to the garden and he played and played, and played with the beautiful flowers until he was tired. Then he lay down under a big rose bush to rest; but he was so tired that he went right to sleep.

Now it was springtime in the garden and many of the flowers were in bloom, but they were all white because the color fairies had not come yet. But while the little rabbit was sleeping under

(See poster in "The New Creative Art Book.")

the rose bush, someone came dancing into the garden. It was the Pink Fairy. She had a big buttercup full of lovely paint and she went dancing through the garden from one flower to another. She painted some tulips and some lady-slippers and when she came to the roses, she stopped in surprise. There under the biggest bush was a little white rabbit fast asleep.

Quickly and quietly she painted the roses on the bush with lovely paint, but there was one that she could not reach. She tried, and tried, and tried, but she could not reach it.

She said to herself, "I think if I could climb up on the little rabbit's back I could reach it."

So she crept up very carefully, because she didn't want to waken the rabbit. And then she tried again, but still the lovely rose was just a little bit too high.

"If I climb upon the rabbit's head," she said, "I am sure I could reach it."

So she crept upon the little rabbit's head very carefully and tried again. Sure enough she could just reach the rose with her long paint brush. So the fairy painted it with the beautiful pink paint. But while she was painting it, a tiny drop fell right on that little rabbit's nose. But the fairy didn't know it, so when she had finished, she crept quietly down and danced away.

The little white rabbit slept for a long, long time, and when he awoke the sun was going down.

"Why I must have slept for a long time," said he.

Then he looked at the roses, and saw that they were pink instead of white. He was so happy that he ran home just as fast as he could to tell Mother Rabbit the good news.

"Oh, Mother!" he cried, "the Pink Fairy came and painted some of the beautiful flowers."

And then Mother Rabbit just laughed, and laughed, because there was that little white rabbit with a pink nose.

"Ha, ha," she laughed, "the Pink Fairy must have painted your nose too."

She tried to wash the paint off, but the little white rabbit had slept so long and the paint had dried so hard that she just could not get it off.

So the little white rabbit's nose was always pink, and ever since that all white rabbits have had pink noses.

—*Geraldine Cooper*

TALES AND LEGENDS

THE MAGIC COPPER KETTLE

Once upon a time there was an ugly old woman who lived all alone in a little old house. From early spring till harvest time she worked all day in her garden. In the winter she knitted stockings and mittens and scarfs and sweaters. She was very poor, but by her gardening and knitting she managed to earn her living.

Now, I don't believe this woman was quite as old or as ugly as people thought she was—but she had lived so long by herself without a person or even a pet to love or care for, that she had become selfish and unloving.

One morning when the old woman was getting her breakfast she noticed a crack in the old iron kettle in which she heated water over the fire-place. So when she went to the village that morning she thought she'd buy a new kettle. But the only one the storekeeper had was much too large.

"What shall I do?" said the old woman.

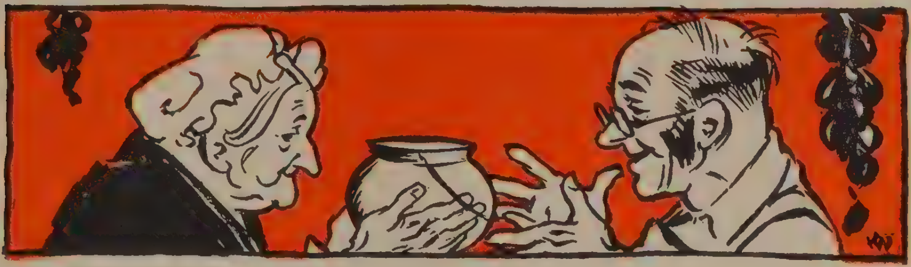
Just then she saw a small, but very dirty looking kettle on a corner shelf.

"What kind of a kettle is that," she asked.

"Oh, that kettle," the storekeeper answered, "is a dirty old copper kettle that a peddler gave me once for taking care of him when he was sick. He said it could only be given away—never sold—for it is a magic kettle that will bring happiness to whoever owns it; but if it should be sold, it will lose its magic power. Now I'm always happy anyway, and seeing you're in such need of a kettle and I haven't any to sell you, I'll just give you that kettle."

So the ugly old woman thanked him, took the magic copper kettle, and went home.

That evening, after her work was done, she got out the kettle and began to clean it. She scrubbed and polished—all the while wondering if it really could be a magic kettle, and how it could bring happiness to anyone. Just as she finished polishing it, she started—for she saw a little face smiling at her from the bright side of the kettle.



"Sakes alive!" said the old woman, and she hurried to the lamp with the kettle—but the little face had disappeared.

"Guess my scowling old face scared her," she said.

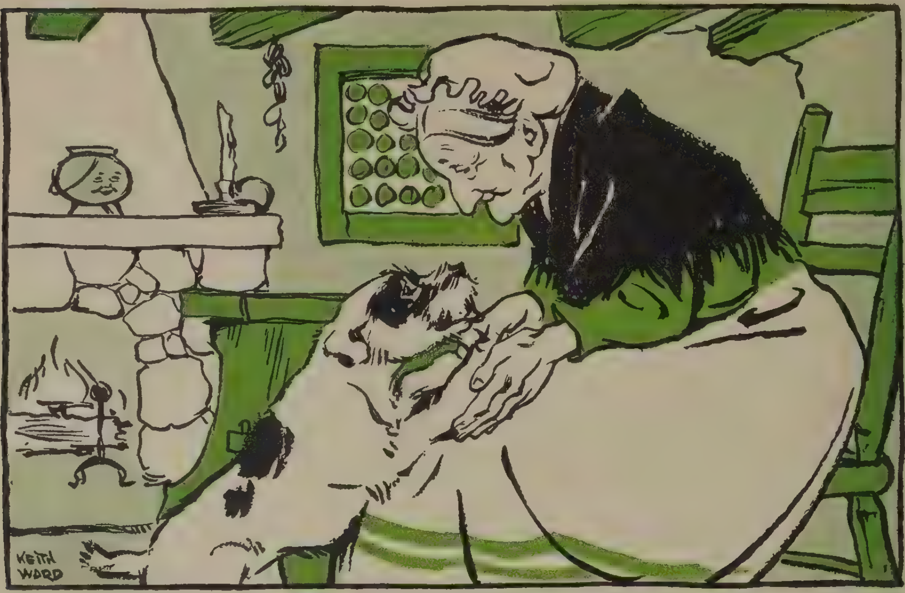
Several times during the next few days the old woman polished the kettle trying to bring back the face, but it didn't come.

One day soon after this, as she was working in her garden, she saw that two robins were building a nest in a tree in the back yard; and it was not long before she could see mother robin sitting on the nest. And some way, when she saw mother robin sitting there so patiently day after day—she would remember the smiling face on the old kettle. But rub as hard as she could, the face didn't appear again.

Then one afternoon, several weeks after the baby robins had hatched, the old woman heard mother and father robin calling and calling, as if they were in trouble. At first the old woman thought she wouldn't pay any attention to them—but she suddenly remembered the face on the kettle, and almost before she knew what she was doing, she hurried out to see what was the trouble. She saw an old black cat creeping along through the garden right toward the tree that held the nest of baby birds. The old woman chased the cat away and watched the tree for a while, till she was sure the robins were safe. Then she went into the house to get supper, and as she passed the fireplace, she saw the little face on the kettle smiling at her; and it didn't go away so quickly this time.

One day the old woman was washing her dishes when she heard a dog barking and whining.

"Surely that dog has been hurt," said the old woman as she went out to the road to find him. And the dog was hurt, too. Something must have run over one foot, for he held it up as he followed the old woman up the path to the house. She washed and bound the sore foot, gave the dog something to eat and drink,



and then coaxed him to lie down in the kitchen and rest. Just then she happened to look at the magic kettle, and how the little face smiled at her. It made the old woman happier than she had been in years. And it was quite a while before the face disappeared this time.

It was now nearly harvest time, and the old woman went to the village store to see how many potatoes she could sell. Several women were talking and seemed quite excited about something.

"What do you suppose will be done with those children?" one asked.

"Well, I wonder, too," said another. "Seems she didn't have anyone but that boy and girl. I suppose they'll have to go to some Children's Home. Too bad, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," said another woman.

"And they're real nice children, too. If I didn't have four of my own—and it is hard to get them enough to eat and wear—I'd take them myself."

Then the women went on out of the store.

"Whom are they talking about?" the old woman asked the storekeeper.

"Why, old Mrs. Smith died last night and they're wondering whatever will become of those little grandchildren of hers."

After that it seemed as if the old woman could think of nothing but those little children left without a home. After the supper dishes were washed, she sat down to rest, and right away she thought of those children again; and of how lonely she was—and they too. Why—she might be their grandmother now—as long as they didn't have their own! Then she looked at the kettle and saw the face smiling at her.

"I'll do it!" she said, right out loud. And you should have seen the face smile then!

My—how happy the old woman was that night. She could hardly sleep for thinking about the little boy and girl, and planning what she would do for them. Early the next morning she hurried to the village and told the kind old storekeeper that she wanted those children to come to live with her, and she'd be their grandmother. And do you know, the storekeeper scarcely knew the old woman, because she looked so happy. She didn't look ugly or old now!

"Well, well," said the storekeeper, "I guess that was a magic kettle and it has brought you happiness."

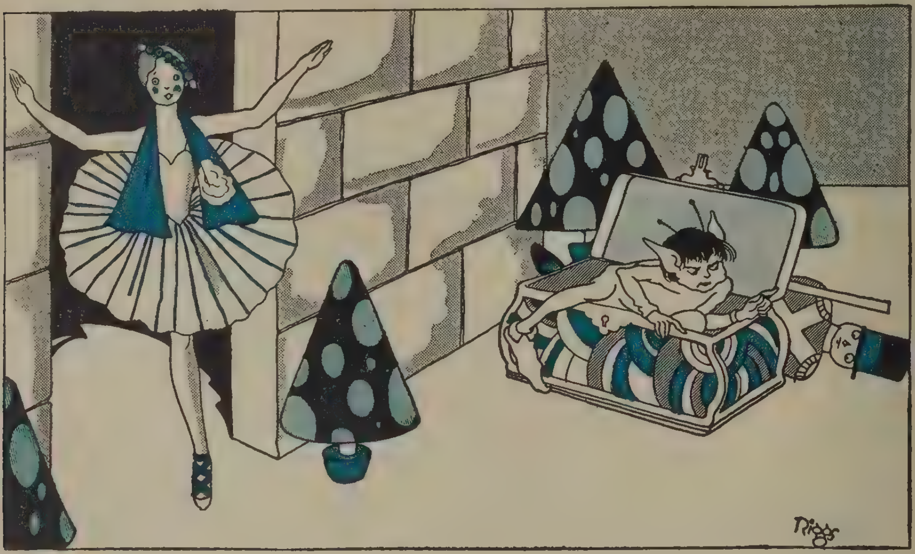
Then the old woman told him all about the face on the kettle—just as I've told you. Of course everyone was glad those children were going to have another grandmother, and you may be sure the children were glad, too.

But, strange to say, no one ever saw the smiling face on the kettle again.

"I believe the fairy has gone to make someone else happy now," said the old woman as she told the little boy and girl the story of the magic copper kettle.

—Anne Gage, Cleveland Ohio.

Whoever you are, be noble;
Whatever you do, do well;
Whenever you speak, speak gently,
Give joy wherever you dwell.



THE HARDY TIN SOLDIER

There were once five and twenty tin soldiers; they were all brothers, for they had all been born of one old tin spoon. They shouldered their muskets and looked straight before them; their uniform was red and blue and very splendid. The first thing they had heard in the world, when the lid was taken off their box, had been the words, "Tin Soldiers!" These words were uttered by a little boy, clapping his hands; the soldiers had been given to him, for it was his birthday, and now he put them upon the table. Each soldier was exactly like the rest, but one of them had been cast last of all and there had not been enough tin to finish him, but he stood as firmly upon his one leg as the others on their two, and it was just this soldier who became remarkable.

On the table on which they had been placed stood many other playthings, but the toy that attracted most attention was a neat castle of cardboard. Through the little windows one could see straight into the hall. Before the castle some little trees were placed round a little looking-glass, which was to represent a clear lake. Waxen swans swam on this lake and were mirrored in it. This was all very pretty but the prettiest of all was a little lady who stood at the open door of the castle. She was also cut out in paper, but she had a dress of the clearest gauze, and a little narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders, that looked like a scarf, and in the middle of this ribbon was a shining tinsel rose as big as her whole face. The little lady stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer, and then she lifted one leg so high that the Tin Soldier could not see it at all and thought that, like himself, she had but one leg.

"That would be the wife for me," thought he, "but she is very grand. She lives in a castle, and I have only a box, and there are five and twenty of us in that. It is no place for her. But I must try to make acquaintance with her."

And then he lay down at full length behind a snuff-box which was on the table; there he could easily watch the little dainty lady, who continued to stand on one leg without losing her balance.

When the evening came all the other tin soldiers were put into their box, and the people in the house went to bed. Now the toys began to play at "visiting," and at "war" and "giving balls." The tin soldiers rattled in their box, for they wanted to join, but could not lift the lid. The nutcracker threw somersaults, and the pencil amused itself on the table; there was so much noise that the canary woke up and began to speak, too, and even in verse. The only two who did not stir from their places were the Tin Soldier and the Dancing Lady; she stood straight up on the point of one of her toes, and stretched out both her arms, and he was just as enduring on his one leg, and he never turned his eyes away from her.

Now the clock struck twelve—and, bounce!—the lid flew off the snuff-box, but there was not snuff in it, but a little Goblin; you see it was a trick.

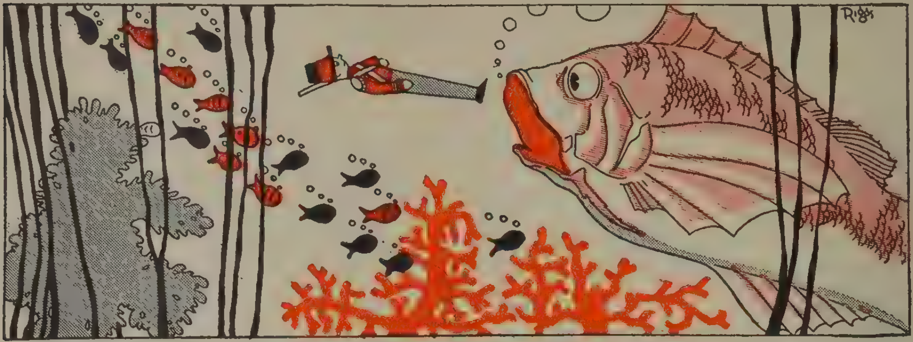
"Tin Soldier!" said the Goblin, "don't stare at things that don't concern you."

But the Tin Soldier pretended not to hear him.

"Just you wait till tomorrow!" said the Goblin.

But when the morning came and the children got up, the Tin Soldier was placed in the window; and whether it was the Goblin or the draught that did it, all at once the window flew open, and the Soldier fell head over heels out of the third story. That was a terrible passage! He put his leg straight up, and stuck with his helmet downward and his bayonet between the paving-stones.

The servant-maid and the little boy came down directly to look for him, but though they almost trod upon him they could



not see him. If the Soldier had cried out, "Here I am!" they would have found him, but he did not think it fitting to call out loudly, because he was in uniform.

Now it began to rain; the drops soon fell thicker, and at last it came down in a complete stream. When the rain was past, two street boys came by.

"Just look!" said one of them, "there lies a tin soldier. He must come out and ride in the boat."

And they made a boat out of a newspaper, and put the Tin Soldier in the middle of it, and so he sailed down the gutter, and the two boys ran beside him and clapped their hands. Goodness preserve us! how the waves rose in that gutter, and how fast the stream ran! But then it had been a heavy rain. The paper boat rocked up and down, and sometimes turned round so rapidly that the Tin Soldier trembled; but he remained firm and never changed countenance, and looked straight before him, and shouldered his musket.

All at once the boat went into a long drain and it became as dark as if he had been in his box.

"Where am I going now?" he thought. "Yes, yes, that's the Goblin's fault. Ah! if the little lady only sat here with me in the boat, it might be twice as dark for what I should care."

Suddenly there came a great Water Rat, which lived under the drain.

"Have you a passport?" said the Rat. "Give me your passport."

But the Tin Soldier kept silence, and held his musket tighter than ever.

The boat went on, but the Rat came after it. Oh! how he gnashed his teeth, and called out to the bits of straw and wood:

"Hold him! hold him! he hasn't paid toll—he hasn't shown his passport!"

But the stream became stronger and stronger. The Tin Soldier could see the bright daylight where the arch ended, but he heard a roaring noise, which might well frighten a bolder man. Only think—just where the tunnel ended, the drain ran into a great canal; and for him that would have been as dangerous as for us to be carried down a great waterfall.

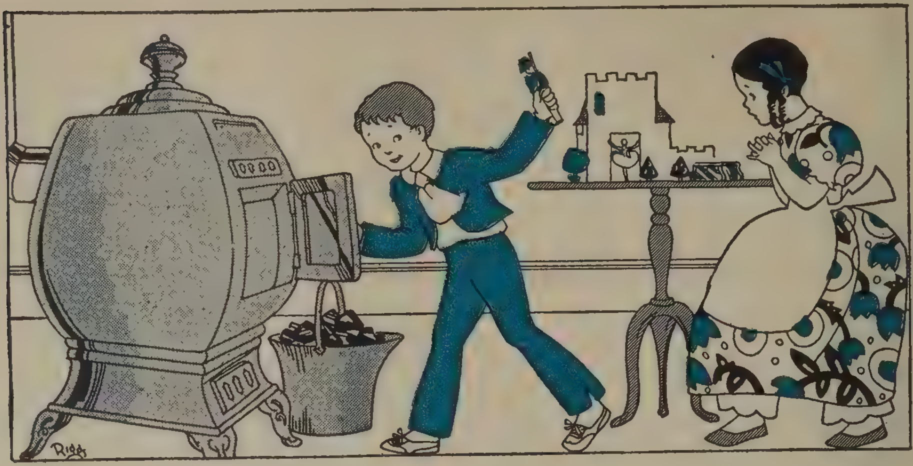
Now he was already so near it that he could not stop. The boat was carried out, the poor Tin Soldier stiffening himself as much as he could, and no one could say that he moved an eyelid. The boat whirled round three or four times, and was full of water to the very edge—it must sink. The Tin Soldier stood up to his neck in water, and the boat sank deeper and deeper, and the paper loosened more and more; and now the water closed over the Soldier's head. Then he thought of the pretty little dancer, and how he should never see her again; and these words sounded in the Soldier's ears:

Farewell, farewell, thou warrior brave,
For this day thou must die!

And now the paper parted, and the Tin Soldier fell out; but at that moment he was snapped up by a great fish.

Oh, how dark it was in that fish's body! It was darker than in the drain tunnel; and then it was very narrow too. But the Tin Soldier remained unmoved, and lay at full length shouldering his musket.

The fish swam to and fro; he made the most wonderful movements, and then became quite still. At last something flashed through him like lightning. The daylight shone quite clear, and a voice said aloud, "The Tin Soldier!" The fish had been caught, carried to market, bought, and taken into the kitchen, where the cook cut him open with a large knife. She seized the Soldier round the body with both her hands, and carried him into the room, where all were anxious to see the remarkable man who had traveled about in the inside of a fish; but the Tin Soldier was not at all proud. They placed him on the table, and there—no! What curious things may happen in the world! The Tin Soldier was in the very room in which he had been before! He saw the same children, and the same toys stood on



the table; and there was the pretty castle with the graceful little dancer. She was still balancing herself on one leg, and held the other extended in the air. She was hardy too. That moved the Tin Soldier; he was very nearly weeping tin tears, but that would not have been proper. He looked at her, but they said nothing to each other.

Then one of the little boys took the Tin Soldier and flung him into the stove. He gave no reason for doing this. It must have been the fault of the Goblin in the snuff-box.

The Tin Soldier stood there quite illuminated, and felt a heat that was terrible; but whether this heat proceeded from the real fire or from love he did not know. The colours had quite gone off from him; but whether that had happened on the journey, or had been caused by grief, no one could say. He looked at the little lady, she looked at him, and he felt that he was melting; but he still stood firm, shouldering his musket. Then suddenly the door flew open, and the draught of air caught the dancer, and she flew like a sylph into the stove to the Tin Soldier, and flashed up in a flame, and she was gone. Then the Tin Soldier melted down into a lump, and when the servant-maid took the ashes out next day, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. But of the dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, and that was burned as black as a coal.

—Hans Christian Andersen

THE SNOW ANGEL

High up near the peak of a lofty mountain in one of the wildest spurs of the Mexican Sierras is the image of the Snow Angel. Travelers who consider themselves very wise, come there to view the Angel only as a curiously-interesting formation of snow in the cracks and crevices of the mountain; but the Indians who love every inch of this wild, rugged country, show a distinct reverence for this particular spot.

When I questioned my Indian guide about the Angel, he told me the legend which has been handed down from generation to generation around the evening camp fires of his tribe.

Many, many years ago, at the base of this lofty mountain there lived a tribe of happy peace-loving Indians. Here the women went serenely about their work of moulding the pottery, of dressing the hides, of making the clothing; or, in season, of planting and harvesting the rich crops of grain. Here little children rolled and tumbled about the doorways of the pueblos, or waded in the sparkling stream that flowed past the village. Here men of the tribe set forth each day to hunt the deer or other game upon the mountains, or sat in the sunshine to mend their tools, or fished in the broad stream flowing past the village.

It was upon this stream that the life of the tribe depended, for it gave them their water and moistened their crops. Rain seldom fell on that slope of the mountains, but the melting snow high upon the peaks fed the stream so that it gushed cheerfully down the mountain, bringing with it wealth and happiness for the people.

Every evening, the villagers gathered about their campfires and gave thanks to the Great Spirit for their many blessings and especially for the crystal stream. For many years they kept up this practice and all were well and happy.

Gradually, however, the older men of the tribe died. The younger men, over-confident from their good fortune, began to grow fat, lazy and selfish. They said, "Why should we bother ourselves with worshipping the Great Spirit? We have always been fortunate, and the worship is a great deal of trouble. Let us not pray so often." In a short time, therefore, the evening service was stopped entirely. Soon the people had forgotten that there had ever been such a thing.

For awhile, all went on as before, but presently someone noticed the crops were not doing so well. The heads of grain were shriveling and drying before they were fully developed. The game too, became less plentiful. One day, a woman who had gone to the stream to fill her pitcher reported the flow of water so shallow that she could scarcely fill it. By and by, food grew scarce also. The little children were hungry. Famine stalked the village, and sickness broke out among the families.

The chief, fully alarmed, called a council of the wisest men of the village. For days they smoked their pipes and considered what should be done. Finally, someone remembered that there lived an old Indian medicine man several miles outside the village. Perhaps he could help them. "Have the man brought before the Council," said the chief.

A runner was hurriedly despatched with the message while the men smoked their pipes with great impatience.

After several hours, the runner returned bringing, not the old man, but a very tall and slender maiden. Coming boldly before the Council Circle, the maiden bowed low before the chief and said, "I am Aya; my grandfather, the Seer, bade me come to tell you that on account of his age, he is unable to obey your commands. He has, however, sent a message to you through me. This, O Chief, is the message: 'Your people are suffering because of their carelessness and greed. The Great Spirit is angry because you have forgotten him. He has turned away from you and you must suffer. You will never have relief until you find someone brave enough to go to the Great Spirit and beg for mercy'."

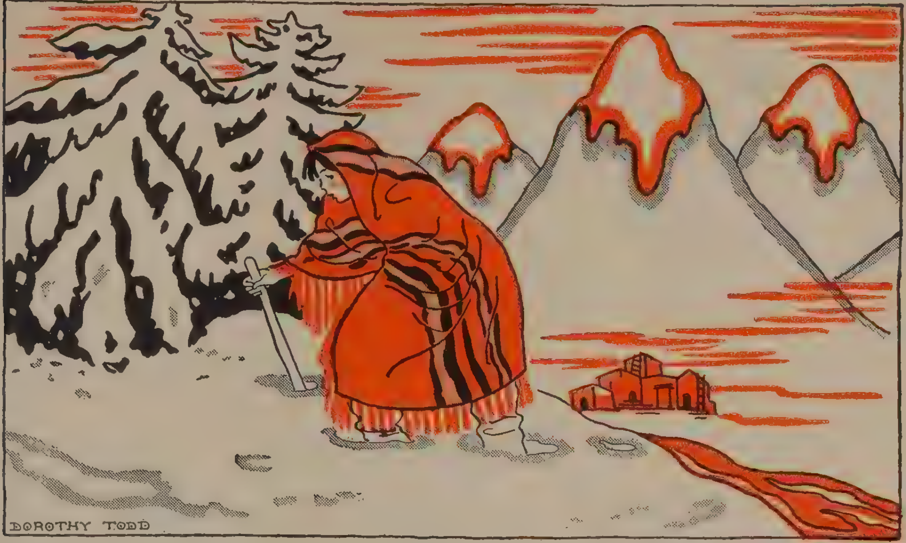
For a long time the men were silent. There was no one who wished to risk his life. Each had some excuse for not going.

Finally, Aya spoke again. "Let me go, O Chief," she begged, "I will gladly perform this task."

The men at first laughed at the idea. "Whoever heard of a girl performing a feat that frightened men?" they asked.

But no one else would volunteer, so again Aya asked, "Let me go, O Chief, I am young and strong, and I am not afraid to die."

At last the chief answered, "Aya, you have shown yourself braver than any of my men! Go forth upon your journey! May



you secure relief for these suffering people. If you succeed, men shall forever hail your glory."

So Aya set forth upon her journey, climbing bravely up the steep mountain. The sharp rocks cut through her deerskin moccasins; the thorny bushes tore her face and hands; her throat became dry and parched; she was very tired. It seemed as if she could never reach the summit, but she thought of the starving children and climbed grimly onward, upward, till, exhausted, she reached the home of the Great Spirit.

Aya then told of the starving people and begged for mercy. At first, the Great Spirit would not listen, but finally, the girl's tale of suffering touched his heart and he promised that he would send relief. Then pointing down into the valley, he showed Aya a great rain storm which refreshed the thirsty earth and fed the crystal stream with new life. Dimly, Aya could see the people giving thanks to the Great Spirit for his goodness.

Then the Great Spirit said, "Your people have done wrong; this I cannot forget. However, since they have suffered and repented, I shall save them from further suffering. Each year, they shall feel the dry season of my vengeance; crops shall wither and streams shall run low to remind them that I am all-powerful. But there shall follow this a season of rains to refresh the parched earth and proclaim my mercy.

"You have saved your people at the price of your own life, for none can see the Great Spirit and live. Yet, your bravery has touched me, so that I have chosen to make you immortal. Your body, turned to snow, shall stand far up on the mountain where you may watch over your people; not only to warn them that they must remain unselfish and be grateful for their fortune, but also to remind them of your sacrifice."

Thus the people of the valley were saved. And true to the promise of the Great Spirit, the Snow Angel still watches over them, reminding them of her bravery and of their dependence on their creator.

Each year, for a time, there is hot, dry weather to remind the dwellers of the village of the power of the Great Spirit; but after that, cooling rains refresh the parched earth, the crystal stream sings again, and everyone is happy. Then the people gather to give thanks to the Great Spirit, and to pay homage to the Snow Angel who watches over them.

Travelers may regard the Snow Angel as a freak of nature; but the Indians, who know better, smile to themselves as they go about their work, happily, and peacefully, in the village by a shining crystal stream. And high above upon the lofty mountain, the Snow Angel seems to smile, too, as she holds a protecting hand of snow in benediction over these trusting people.

—*Virginia Louise Caskey*

THE BUNDLE OF STICKS

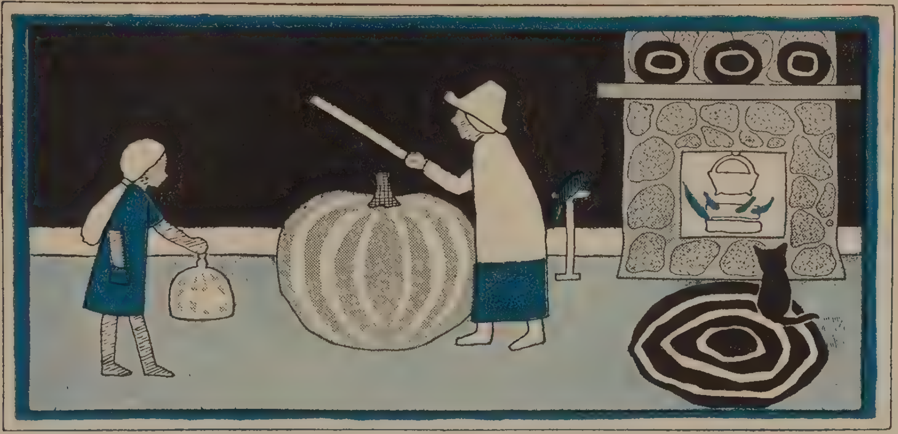
Once upon a time there lived a good old man who had four sons. These sons had not learned to be good. They often quarreled with one another. This made their father's heart ache.

One day he called them to him. In his hand he held a bundle of sticks. "Here, my boys," he said, "try to break this bundle of sticks for me." Each one tried with all his might, but the sticks were too stout for him.

Then the father untied the bundle, gave each one a stick, and asked him to break it. This he could easily do.

"See, my sons," said the old man, "the stick is easily broken when it is alone, but the bundle you could not harm. In union is strength."

—*Aesop*



CINDERELLA

Once there was a very selfish woman who had three daughters. The youngest daughter was very beautiful. The elder daughters were very jealous of their sister's beauty. They treated her badly and made her do all of the work of the house. Because she spent so much time among the ashes and cinders, these wicked sisters called her Cinderella and made fun of her.

It happened that the king of the land was going to give a ball in honor of his son, the prince. Of course, the selfish sisters were invited to the ball, but no one thought of inviting little Cinderella.

The sisters were very excited and could talk of nothing else but the ball and the beautiful clothes that they were going to wear.

On the night of the ball, Cinderella helped her sisters to dress.

"I wish I could go to the ball," sighed Cinderella.

The sisters laughed, "You would be a pretty sight at the king's ball."

With these words, they drove off very happy, leaving Cinderella behind with tears in her eyes.

As she stood near the fire crying, a voice was heard to say, "Why do you cry, dear little Cinderella?"

Cinderella looked up and saw her fairy godmother, the only one who was ever kind to her.

"Oh, dear godmother, I wish I, too, could go to the king's ball," replied Cinderella.

"If you stop crying and listen carefully to what I have to say, you shall go," said the fairy godmother. "Run out into the garden and fetch me the largest pumpkin that you can find."

Cinderella dried her tears and ran to obey. When the pumpkin was brought in, the godmother, with a light touch of her wand, changed it into a wonderful golden carriage.

Before the speechless girl could say a word, she was ordered to bring the mouse trap from the cellar. There were six mice in the trap. These the fairy changed into six pretty white horses to draw the coach.

Cinderella next found a rat trap with a large rat in it. The rat was changed into a big fat coachman. As Cinderella looked at the coach, she felt a touch of the wand. Looking down at her dress, she found that it had been changed into one of white satin, trimmed with pearls.

Now go to the ball, but remember you must leave before midnight. If you disobey, everything will change back again. Your coach will be a pumpkin once more and your dress will be only rags," warned the fairy godmother.

Cinderella promised and off she went to the king's ball. When Cinderella entered the ballroom, she looked very beautiful. Everyone looked at her and wondered who she was. Even the selfish sisters did not know her. The prince danced all evening with her. He thought he had never seen any one more lovely.

Cinderella had such a wonderful time, that she forgot the fairy godmother's warning and her own promise. The time passed so quickly.

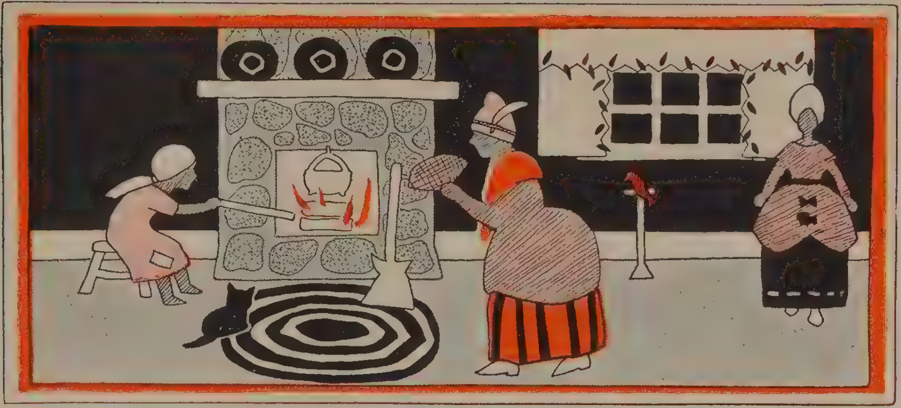
Suddenly, the clock began to strike twelve. Cinderella was frightened and fled from the ballroom and down the stairs. As she ran, she dropped one of her slippers. She did not stop, but hurried on. The prince tried to catch her, but Cinderella had disappeared. He picked up the slipper. Of every one he asked, "Did you see the beautiful princess pass this way?"

"No, Your Highness," was the only answer he received. Sadly the prince returned to the ballroom, but he danced no more.

The next morning the prince ordered a messenger to go through the land, and to command that every young lady in the land should try on the lost slipper.

"I shall marry the one whose foot this slipper fits," he said.

When the selfish sisters knew that the messenger was com-



ing to their house so that they might try on the slipper, they hid Cinderella.

When the messenger came, one sister tried on the slipper. It was found that her foot was too fat. The other sister's foot was too big.

"Is there no else here, who might try on the slipper?" asked the messenger.

"Only a kitchen maid," answered the selfish mother.

"She, too, must try it," returned the messenger. "These are the prince's orders."

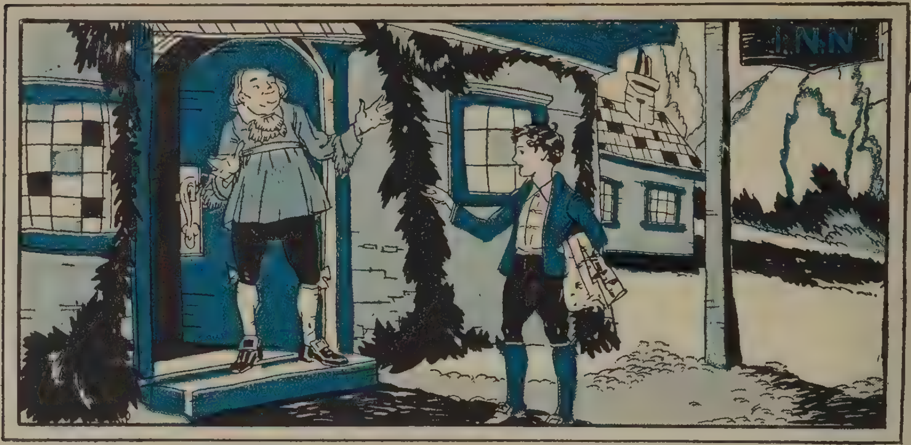
So Cinderella was brought out and made to try on the slipper. It fit perfectly. Then Cinderella pulled out the other slipper from her pocket.

All were so surprised that they begged the happy girl to tell the whole story. The messenger took Cinderella to the prince. He saw at once that this was the beautiful girl with whom he had danced.

That very day, Cinderella and the young prince were married in the castle of the king. Everyone was invited to the wedding, even the selfish mother and her two selfish daughters.

—*Ethel Molnar.*

The illustrations for "Cinderella" were made by children of the Milwaukee Schools under the direction of A. G. Pelikan, Director of Art, and Miss Ethel Molnar, teacher.



THE NORTH WIND'S GIFTS

One day, a long time ago, a little lad went to the store-house to get some meal for his mother. Just as he stepped outside the door with the meal, the North Wind came along.

"Oo-oo-oo-oo!" said the North Wind.

Away blew the meal.

The little lad went back into the store-house for more meal. Just as he stepped outside the door with the meal, the North Wind came along again.

"Oo-oo-oo-oo!" sang the North Wind.

Away blew the meal.

So the little lad went back into the store-house a third time, but when he stepped outside the store-house with the meal the North Wind came along again singing a merry song. Once more he blew the meal away.

"There is no more meal," said the little lad. "I must get my meal from the North Wind."

So the little lad started off for the North Wind's house. He walked and he walked until he grew tired, but at last he reached the North Wind's house.

"Good morning, North Wind," said the little lad.

"Good morning, little lad," said the North Wind in a big. gruff voice. "Can I do anything for you today?"

"Yes," said the little lad. "Please give me the meal that you blew away. We need it, for we are very poor."

"I can't give you the meal, little lad, but I will give you a gift in place of it. Here is a magic cloth. When you are hungry say, 'Cloth, serve a good dinner'! and you will have all you want to eat."

"Thank you, kind North Wind, and good-by to you," said the little lad.

"Good-by to you, little lad," said the North Wind.

The little lad started off with the magic cloth. By and by he came to an inn and, as it was getting very late, he thought he would stop there for the night. He was very hungry, so he sat down at a table, spread his cloth, and said, "Cloth, serve a good dinner!" No sooner had he said the words than a fine dinner was set before him.

The innkeeper, who saw all this, could hardly believe his eyes. "I must have that fine cloth," he said to himself. So when all was as quiet as quiet could be, and every one was sound asleep, he went to where the little lad slept, took the magic cloth, and put a common cloth in its place.

The next morning the lad awoke, took his cloth, and started off. After a time he reached home.

"Oh, Mother, Mother!" he cried, "I have a wonderful gift from the North Wind. It is a magic cloth that will give us all kinds of good things to eat."

"That may be true," said the mother, "but I shall believe it when I see it."

So the little lad cried out, "Cloth, serve a good dinner!" But not a thing did the cloth serve.

"This cloth has lost its magic," said the little lad. "I shall go to the North Wind and get my meal."

So the little lad started off for the North Wind's house again. He walked and he walked until he grew tired, but at last he came to the North Wind's house.

"Good morning, North Wind," said the little lad.

"Good morning, little lad," said the North Wind. His voice was big and gruff. "What can I do for you now?"

"Please give me the meal that you blew away. This cloth has lost its magic and we need food."

"I am sorry, little lad," said the North Wind. "I can't give you the meal, but I will give you another gift. Here is a magic goat. When you say, 'Goat, goat! make money'! the goat will give you all the money you want."

"Thank you, kind North Wind," said the little lad, "and good-by to you."

"Good-by to you, little lad," said the North Wind.

So the little lad started off with his magic goat. By and by he came to the inn and, as it was getting dark, he thought he would stop there for the night.

He ate his supper and, as he had no money to pay for it, he said to the goat, "Goat, goat! make money!" No sooner had he said the words than gold dollars began to fall from the goat's mouth.

The innkeeper, who saw all this, could hardly believe his eyes. "I must have that fine goat," he said to himself. So when all was as quiet as quiet could be, and every one was sound asleep, he went to where the little lad slept, took the magic goat, and put a common one in its place.

The next morning the little lad awoke, took his goat, and started off. After a time he reached home.

"Oh, Mother, Mother!" he cried, "the North Wind is really very kind. He gave me this magic goat. The goat makes gold dollars when I tell it to."

"That may be true," said the mother, "but I shall believe it when I see it."

So the little lad cried out, "Goat, goat! make money!" But not a dollar did the goat make.

"Oh," cried the little lad, "This goat has lost its magic. I shall get my meal from the North Wind this time."

So the litte lad set off again and after a long, long time he came to the North Wind's house.

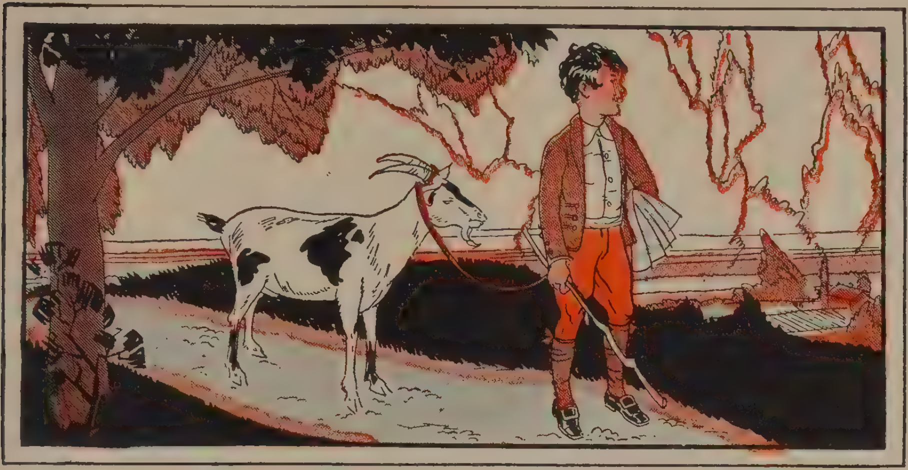
"Good morning, North Wind," said the lad.

"Good morning, little lad," said the North Wind. "What can I do for you this time?"

"Please, please, give me the meal that you blew away. This goat has lost its magic. It can not make even a penny."

"I am sorry, little lad," said the North Wind. "I can not give you the meal, but I will give you one more gift. Here is a magic stick. Now, if you should meet a man who is not true, just say, 'Stick, stick! lay on!' and the stick will lay on until you say, 'Stick, stick! stop!' "

"Thank you, kind North Wind," said the little lad, "and good-by to you."



"Good-by to you, little lad," said the North Wind.

So the little lad started off with his magic stick. By and by he came to the same inn that he had stopped at before. He thought he would rest there for the night. As he had no money to pay for a meal, he went to bed.

Now the little lad thought it strange that both the cloth and the goat should lose their magic after he had stayed over night at the inn. So he thought he would play a trick and see what happened. He put his stick in the corner, lay down on the bed, and closed his eyes, but he just pretended to sleep.

Now the innkeeper felt sure that the stick was a magic stick and he wanted it for his own. So, when all was as quiet as quiet could be, and every one was sound asleep, he went to where the little lad lay and was just about to take the magic stick and leave a common stick in its place when the lad cried out, "Stick, stick! lay on!"

Up hopped the stick from the corner and began to beat the innkeeper. The innkeeper was, oh, so frightened! He jumped over chairs; he jumped over tables. He ran and he ran, but the faster he ran the harder the stick beat him.

"Oh, oh! please stop your stick, please stop your stick!" he cried. "I'll give you your cloth! I'll give you your goat! Stop your stick, little lad!"

By and by when the little lad thought that the innkeeper had been punished enough, he said, "Stick, stick! stop!"

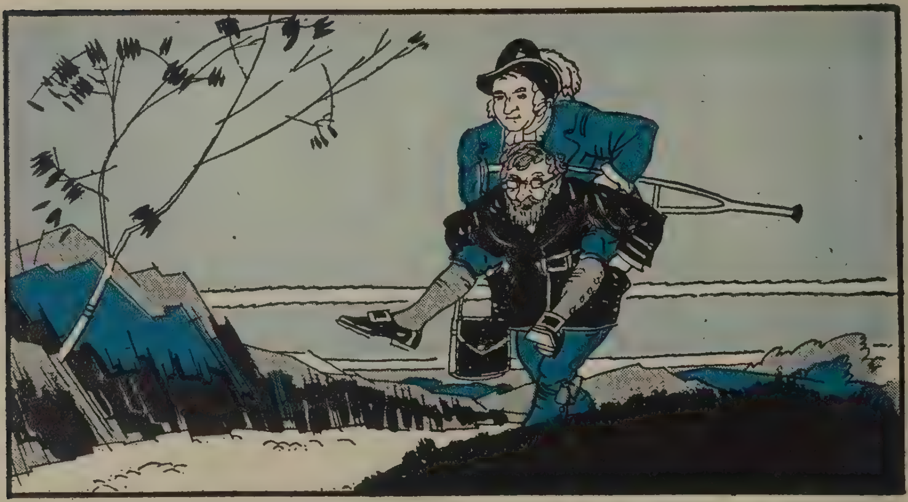
The stick hopped back to the corner.

The innkeeper hurried away. Soon he returned with the cloth and the goat.

Then the little lad put the cloth under his arm, took the stick in his hand and, leading the goat by a cord, went on his way.

He reached home safely with the North Wind's gifts and 'tis said that the little lad and his mother were rich and happy all the days of their life.

—Adapted from Norwegian Folk Tale by Verna B. Graham.



THE BLIND MAN AND THE LAME MAN

A blind man and a lame man sat under a tree. "Where are you going?" said the blind man to the lame man.

"I should like to go to town," said the lame man, "but I cannot walk."

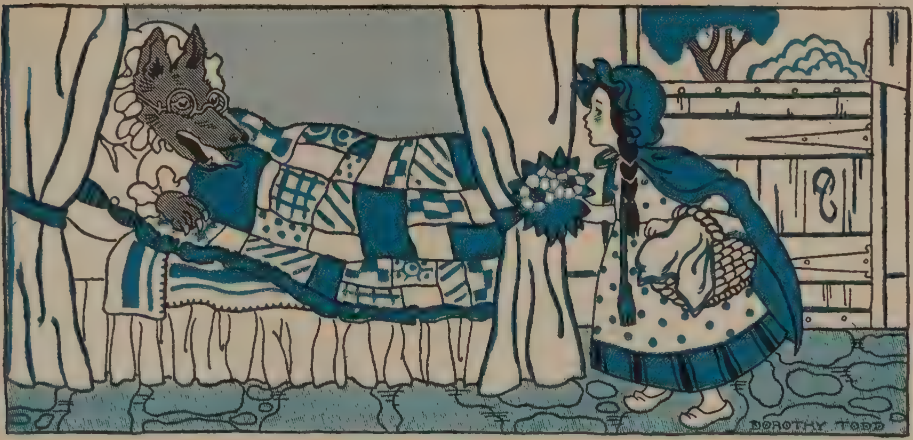
"I should like to go to town," said the blind man, "but I cannot see."

"Well," said the lame man, "if you will be feet for me, I will be eyes for you."

"Agreed," answered the blind man.

So the blind man lifted the lame man upon his back, and started merrily for the town.

—Aesop



RED RIDING HOOD

There was once a sweet little maiden, who was loved by all who knew her; but she was especially dear to her Grandmother, who did not know how to make enough of the child. Once her grandmother gave her a little red velvet cloak. It was so becoming, and she liked it so much, that she would never wear anything else; and so she got the name of Red Riding Hood.

One day her Mother said to her: "Come here, Red Riding Hood, take this cake and a bottle of wine to Grandmother; she is weak and ill, and they will do her good. Go quickly, before it gets hot, and don't loiter by the way, or run, or you will fall down and break the bottle, and there would be no wine for Grandmother. When you get there, don't forget to say 'Good morning' prettily, without staring about you."

"I will do just as you tell me," promised Red Riding Hood.

Her Grandmother lived away in the woods, a good half-hour from the village. When she got to the woods, she met a Wolf; but Red Riding Hood did not know what a wicked animal he was, so she was not a bit afraid of him.

"Good morning, Red Riding Hood," he said.

"Good morning, Wolf," she answered.

"Whither away so early, Red Riding Hood?"

"To Grandmother's."

"What have you got in your basket?"

"Cake and wine; we baked yesterday, so I'm taking a cake to Grannie; she wants something to make her well."

(See poster in "The New Creative Art Book.")

"Where does your Grandmother live, Red Riding Hood?"

"A good quarter of an hour further into the wood. Her house stands under three big oak trees, near a hedge of nut trees which you must know," said Red Riding Hood.

The Wolf thought: "This tender little creature will be a plump morsel; she will be nicer than the old woman. I must be cunning, and snap them both up."

He walked along with Red Riding Hood for a while, then he said: "Look at the pretty flowers, Red Riding Hood. Why don't you look about you? I don't believe you even hear the birds sing, you are just as solemn as if you were going to school; everything else is so gay out here in the woods."

Red Riding Hood raised her eyes, and when she saw the sunlight dancing through the trees, and all the bright flowers, she thought: "I'm sure Grannie would be pleased if I took her a bunch of fresh flowers. It is still quite early. I shall have plenty of time to pick them."

So she left the path, and wandered off among the trees to pick the flowers. Each time she picked one, she always saw another prettier one further on. So she went deeper and deeper into the forest.

In the meantime the Wolf went straight off to the Grandmother's cottage, and knocked at the door.

"Who is there?"

"Red Riding Hood, bringing you a cake and some wine. Open the door!"

"Press the latch!" cried the old woman. "I'm too weak to get up."

The Wolf pressed the latch, and the door sprang open. He went straight in and up to the bed without saying a word, and swallowed the poor old woman. Then he put on her nightdress and nightcap, got into bed and drew the curtains.

Red Riding Hood ran about picking flowers till she could carry no more, and then she remembered her Grandmother again. She was astonished when she got to the house to find the door open, and when she entered the room everything seemed strange.

She felt quite frightened, but she did not know why. "Generally I like coming to see Grandmother so much," she thought. She cried: "Good morning, Grandmother," but she received no answer.

Then she went up to the bed and drew the curtain back. There lay her Grandmother, but she had drawn her cap down over her face, and she looked very odd.

"Oh, Grandmother, what big ears you have got," she said.

"The better to hear with, my dear."

"Grandmother, what big eyes you have got."

"The better to see with, my dear."

"What big hands you have got, Grandmother."

"The better to catch hold of you with, my dear."

"But, Grandmother, what big teeth you have got."

"The better to eat you up with, my dear."

Hardly had the Wolf said this, than he made a spring out of bed, and swallowed poor little Red Riding Hood. When the Wolf had satisfied himself, he went back to bed and he was soon snoring loudly.

A Huntsman went past the house, and thought, "How loudly the old lady is snoring; I must see what is wrong."

So he went into the house, and up to the bed, where he found the Wolf fast asleep. "Do I find you here, you old sinner?" he said. "Long enough have I sought you."

He raised his gun to shoot, when it just occurred to him that perhaps the Wolf had eaten up the old lady, and that she might still be saved. So he took a knife and began cutting open the sleeping Wolf. At the first cut he saw the little red cloak, and after a few more slashes, the little girl sprang out, and cried: "Oh, how frightened I was, it was so dark inside the Wolf" Next the old Grandmother came out, alive, but hardly able to breathe.

Red Riding Hood brought some big stones with which they filled the Wolf, so that when he awoke and tried to spring away, they dragged him back, and he fell down dead.

They were all quite happy now. The Huntsman skinned the Wolf, and took the skin home. The Grandmother ate the cake and drank the wine which Red Riding Hood had brought, and she soon felt quite strong.

—*Adapted from Grimm*

THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

There was once a Shoemaker who, through no fault of his own, had become so poor that at last he had only leather enough left for one pair of shoes. At evening he cut out the shoes which he intended to begin upon the next morning, and since he had a good conscience, he lay down quietly, said his prayers, and fell asleep.

In the morning, when he had said his prayers, and was preparing to sit down to work, he found the pair of shoes standing finished on his table. He was amazed, and could not understand it in the least.

He took the shoes in his hand to examine them more closely. They were so neatly sewn that not a stitch was out of place, and were as good as the work of a master-hand.

Soon after a purchaser came in, and as he was much pleased with the shoes, he paid more than the ordinary price for them, so that the Shoemaker was able to buy leather for two pairs of shoes with the money.

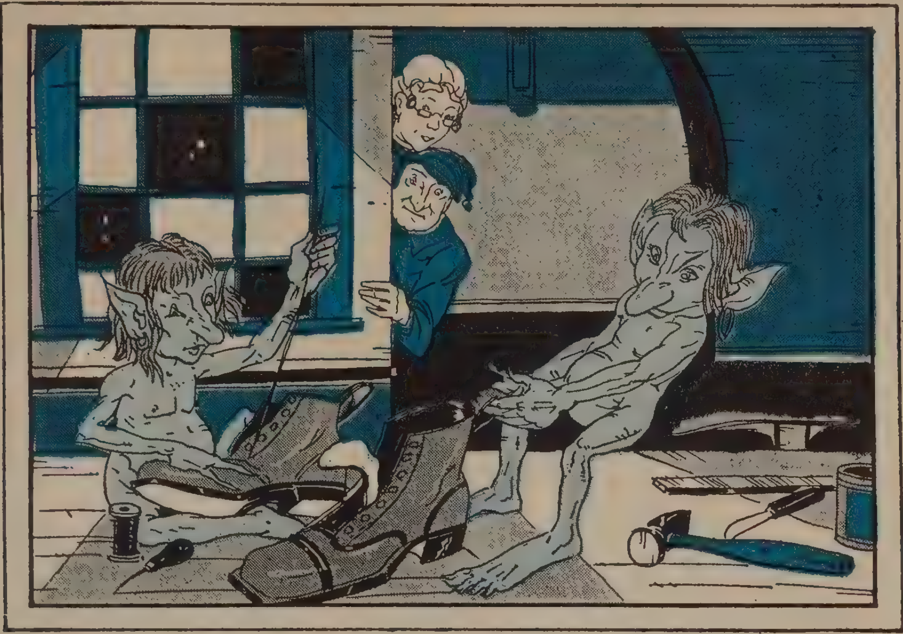
He cut them out in the evening, and next day, with fresh courage was about to go to work; but he had no need to, for when he got up, the shoes were finished, and buyers were not lacking. These gave him so much money that he was able to buy leather for four pairs of shoes.

Early next morning he found the four pairs finished, and so it went on; what he cut out at evening was finished in the morning, so that he was soon again in comfortable circumstances, and became a well-to-do man.

Now it happened that one evening, not long before Christmas, when he had cut out shoes as usual, he said to his Wife: "How would it be if we were to sit up to-night to see who it is that lends us such a helping hand?"

The Wife agreed, lighted a candle, and they hid themselves in the corner of the room behind the clothes which were hanging there.

At midnight came two little naked men who sat down at the Shoemaker's table, took up the cut-out work and began with their tiny fingers to stitch, sew, and hammer so neatly and quickly, that the Shoemaker could not believe his eyes. They did not stop till everything was quite finished, and stood complete on the table; then they ran swiftly away.



The next day the Wife said: "The little men have made us rich, and we ought to show our gratitude. They ran about with nothing on, and must freeze with cold. Now I will make them little shirts, coats, waistcoats, and hose, and will even knit them each a pair of stockings, and you shall make them each a pair of shoes."

The Husband agreed, and at evening, when they had everything ready, they laid out the presents on the table, and hid themselves to see how the little men would behave.

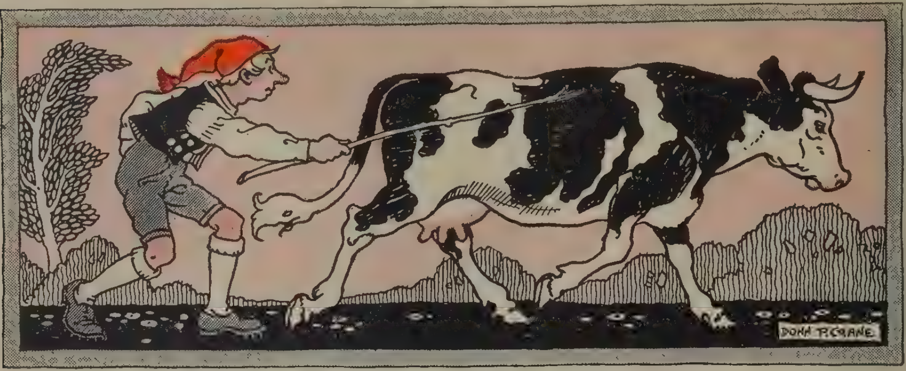
At midnight the little men came skipping in, and were about to set to work; but, instead of the leather ready cut out, they found the charming little clothes.

At first they were surprised, then greatly delighted. Quickly they put on and smoothed down the pretty clothes, singing:

'Now we're boys so fine and neat,
Why cobble more for other's feet?"

Then they hopped and danced about, and leapt over chairs and tables and out at the door. Henceforward, they came back no more, but the Shoemaker fared well as long as he lived and was successful in all his efforts.

—*Adapted from Grimm*



HANS IN LUCK

Hans had served his master for seven years, when he one day said to him: “Master, my time is up, I want to go home to my mother; please give me my wages.”

“His master answered, “You have served me well and faithfully, and as the service has been, so shall the wages be”; and he gave him a lump of gold as big as his head.

Hans took out his pocket-handkerchief and tied up the gold in it, and then slung the bundle over his shoulder, and started on his homeward journey. As he walked along, just putting one foot before the other, a man on horseback appeared, riding gaily and merrily along on his capering horse.

“Ah!” said Hans quite loudly as he passed, “what a fine thing riding must be. You are as comfortable as if you were in an armchair; you don't stumble over any stones; you save your shoes, and you get over the road you hardly know how.”

The horseman, who heard him, stopped and said, “Hello, Hans, why are you on foot?”

“I can't help myself,” said Hans, “as I have this bundle to carry home. It is true that it is a lump of gold, but I can hardly hold my head up for it, and it weighs down my shoulder frightfully.”

“I'll tell you what,” said the horseman, “we will change. I will give you my horse, and you shall give me your bundle.”

“With all my heart,” said Hans; “but you will be rarely burdened with it.”

The horseman dismounted, took the gold, helped Hans up, put the bridle into his hands, and said: “When you want to go very fast, you must click your tongue and cry 'Gee-up, Gee-up.' "

Hans was delighted when he found himself so easily riding along on horseback. After a time it occurred to him that he might be going faster, and he began to click with his tongue, and to cry "Gee-up, Gee-up." The horse broke into a gallop, and before Hans knew where he was, he was thrown off into a ditch which separated the fields from the high road. The horse would have run away if a peasant coming along the road leading a cow had not caught it. Hans felt himself all over, and picked himself up; but he was very angry, and said to the peasant: "Riding is poor fun at times, when you have a nag like mine, which stumbles and throws you, and puts you in danger of breaking your neck. I will never mount it again. I think much more of your cow there. You can walk comfortably behind her, and you have her milk into the bargain every day, as well as butter and cheese. What would I not give for a cow like that!"

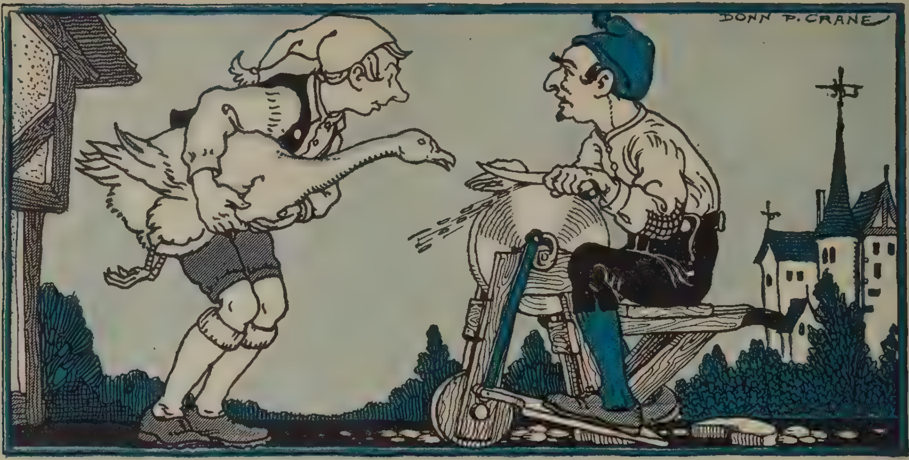
"Well, said the peasant, "if you have such a fancy for it as all that, I will exchange the cow for the horse."

Hans accepted the offer with delight, and the peasant mounted the horse and rode rapidly off.

Hans drove the cow peacefully on, and thought what a lucky bargain he had made. "If only I have a bit of bread, and I don't expect ever to be without it, I shall always have butter and cheese to eat with it. If I am thirsty, I only have to milk my cow and I have milk to drink. My heart! what more can you desire?"

When he came to an inn he made a halt, and in his great joy he ate up all the food he had with him, all his dinner and his supper, and he gave the last coins he had for half a glass of beer. Then he went on further in the direction of his mother's village, driving his cow before him. The heat was very oppressive, and, as midday drew near, Hans found himself on a heath which it took him an hour to cross. He was so hot and thirsty, that his tongue was parched and clung to the roof of his mouth.

"This can easily be set to rights," thought Hans. "I will milk my cow and sup up the milk." He tied her to a tree, and as he had no pail, he used his leather cap instead; but, try as hard as he liked, not a single drop of milk appeared. As he was very clumsy in his attempts, the impatient animal gave him a severe kick on his forehead with one of her hind legs. He was stunned



by the blow, and fell to the ground, where he lay for some time, not knowing where he was.

Happily just then a butcher came along the road, trundling a young pig in a wheel-barrow.

"What is going on here?" he cried, as he helped poor Hans up.

Hans told him all that had happened.

The butcher handed him his flask, and said: "Here, take a drink of water, it will do you good. The cow can't give any milk I suppose; she must be too old, and good for nothing but to be a beast of burden, or to go to the butcher."

"Oh dear!" said Hans, smoothing his hair. "Now who would ever have thought it! Killing the animal is all very well, but what kind of meat will it be? For my part, I don't like cow's flesh; it's not juicy enough. Now, if one had a nice young pig like that, it would taste ever so much better; and then, all the sausages!"

"Listen, Hans!" then said the butcher, "for your sake I will exchange, and let you have the pig instead of the cow."

"God reward your friendship!" said Hans, handing over the cow, as the butcher untied the pig, and put the halter with which it was tied into his hand.

Hans went on his way, thinking how well everything was turning out for him. Even if a mishap befell him, something else immediately happened to make up for it. Soon after this, he met a lad carrying a beautiful white goose under his arm. They passed the time of day, and Hans began to tell him how lucky he was, and what successful bargains he had made. The lad told him that he was taking the goose for a christening feast. "Just feel it," he went on, holding it up by the wings. "Feel how heavy it is; it's true they have been stuffing it for eight weeks. Whoever eats that roast goose will have to wipe the fat off both sides of his mouth."

"Yes, indeed!" answered Hans, weighing it in his hand; "but my pig is no light weight either."

Then the lad looked cautiously about from side to side, and shook his head. "Now, look here," he began, "I don't think it's all quite straight about your pig. One has just been stolen out of Schultze's sty, in the village I have come from. I fear, I fear it is the one you are leading. They have sent people out to look for it, and it would be a bad business for you if you were found with it; the least they would do, would be to put you in the black hole."

Poor Hans was very much frightened at this. "Oh dear! oh dear!" he said. "Do help me out of this trouble. You are more at home here; take my pig, and let me have your goose."

"Well, I shall run some risk if I do, but I won't be the means of getting you into a scrape."

So he took the rope in his hand, and quickly drove the pig up a side road; and honest Hans, relieved of his trouble, plodded on with the goose under his arm.

"When I really come to think it over," he said to himself, "I have still had the best of the bargain. First, there is the delicious roast goose, and then all the fat that will drip out of it in roasting will keep us in goose-fat to eat on our bread for three months at least; and, last of all, there are the beautiful white feathers which I will stuff my pillow with, and then I shall need no rocking to send me to sleep. How delighted my mother will be!"

As he passed through the last village he came to a knife-grinder with his cart, singing to his wheel as it buzzed merrily round—

"Scissors and knives I grind so fast,
And hang up my cloak against the blast."

Hans stopped to look at him, and at last he spoke to him and said, "You must be doing a good trade to be so merry over your grinding."

"Yes," answered the grinder. "The work of one's hands has a golden foundation. A good grinder finds money whenever he puts his hand into his pocket. But where did you buy that beautiful goose?"

"I did not buy it; I exchanged my pig for it."

"And the pig?"

"Oh, I got that instead of my cow."

"And the cow?"

"I got that for a horse."

"And the horse?"

"I gave a lump of gold as big as my head for it."

"And the gold?"

"Oh, that was my wages for seven years' service."

"You certainly have known how to manage your affairs," said the grinder. "Now, if you could manage to hear the money jingling in your pockets when you got up in the morning, you would indeed have made your fortune."

"How shall I set about that?" asked Hans.

"You must be a grinder like me—nothing is needed for it but a whetstone; everything else will come of itself. I have one here which certainly is a little damaged, but you need not give me anything for it but your goose. Are you willing?"

"How can you ask me such a question?" said Hans. "Why, I shall be the happiest person in the world. If I can have some money every time I put my hand in my pocket, what more should I have to trouble about?"

So he handed him the goose, and took the whetstone in exchange.

"Now," said the grinder, lifting up an ordinary large stone which lay near on the road, "here is another good stone into the bargain. You can hammer out all your old nails on it to straighten them. Take it, and carry it off."

Hans shouldered the stone, and went on his way with a light heart, and his eyes shining with joy. "I must have been born in a lucky hour," he cried; "everything happens just as I want it, and as it would happen to a Sunday's child."

In the meantime, as he had been on foot since daybreak, he began to feel very tired, and he was also very hungry, as he had eaten all his provisions at once, in his joy at his bargain over the cow. At last he could hardly walk any further, and he was obliged to stop every minute to rest. Then the stones were frightfully heavy, and he could not get rid of the thought that it would be very nice if he were not obliged to carry them any further. He dragged himself like a snail to a well in the fields, meaning to rest and refresh himself with a draught of the cool water. So as not to injure the stones by sitting on them, he laid them carefully on the edge of the well. Then he sat down, and was about to stoop down to drink when he inadvertently gave them a little push, and both the stones fell straight into the water.

When Hans saw them disappear before his very eyes he jumped for joy, and then knelt down and thanked God, with tears in his eyes, for having shown him this further grace, and relieved him of the heavy stones (which were all that remained to trouble him) without giving him anything to reproach himself with. "There is certainly no one under the sun so happy as I."

And so, with a light heart, free from every care, he now bounded on home to his mother. —*Adapted from Grimm.*

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES

A lark and her young ones had their nest in a field of corn which was almost ripe. She was in great fear that the reapers would come and cut down the corn before her young ones could fly.

When she left the nest to go for food, she gave them this order—that they were to tell her when she came back what they heard while she was away.

When she was gone, they heard the owner of the field say to his son, "I think this corn is ripe enough; go and tell our friends and neighbors to come early tomorrow morning to reap it."

When the lark came home, the young ones told her what they had heard. The mother told them to be easy. "For," said she, "if the farmer depends on friends, he will not have his corn cut."

The next day she went out again, and on her return they told her that nobody came to help the farmer. He then said to his son, "Go and ask our uncles and cousins to help us to reap it."

"If that be all," the old bird said, "you will be safe tomorrow."

The next day again the farmer and his son had no one to help them. "Go, son," he said, "and get a couple of sickles; as none will help us, we must reap it ourselves."

"Now," said the lark, "we must be gone indeed, for when a man resolves to do his work himself, it will be surely done."

THE STORY OF THE YEAR

It was the first day of January. A heavy snow was falling. It drifted against the windows and piled up in the areas. The sparrows twittered and chirped and hunted noisily for corners under the eaves out of the way of the storm. At evening it stopped snowing, but it grew very, very cold.

"A pretty kind of New Year this is," chirped a little sparrow. "For my part I wish we might have kept the old year. This new one is far colder and stormier than the old. When I heard the bells ringing last night I thought, 'Now the New Year has come and we shall have some fine warm weather', but it is colder than ever. I cannot see why people make such a fuss."

"People are stupid. They follow a calendar," answered the white-headed sparrow, who was very old and so of course very wise. "The New Year begins when Spring comes."

"That's all very well to say, but when will Spring come?" twittered a young sparrow.

"Spring will come when the storks fly back. It always has —therefore it always will."

"Let us fly into the country and meet the storks," chirped the sparrow.

But in the country it was even colder than in the city. There were no friendly eaves where one might fly for warmth and shelter. Bitter winds swept over the snow-covered meadows. The trees were gaunt and bare, and ice covered the streams. "Tweet, tweet," cried the sparrows. "This is dreadful. Why is Spring so slow in coming?"

On a hilltop near by was a throne of glittering snow. Here sat an old man, robed in white. He had white hair and a flowing white beard. A raven hopped about near him.

"Who is the old man on the snow throne?" asked a young sparrow.

"He is King Winter," answered the raven. "He is the old man of last year. Day and night he watches and waits for the coming of Prince Spring."

"Well, we can't wait with him," answered the sparrows. "It is too cold here"—and they flew back to town.

Several weeks passed by. The sunshine grew warmer. The snow melted and ran away in gurgling streams down the gutters. The sparrows flew back to the fields. "Cheep! cheep! Is Spring coming now?" they cried.

"Can you not see for yourselves?" answered the raven. Sure enough, over the hills two storks came flying. A little girl sat on the back of one stork and a little boy upon the other.

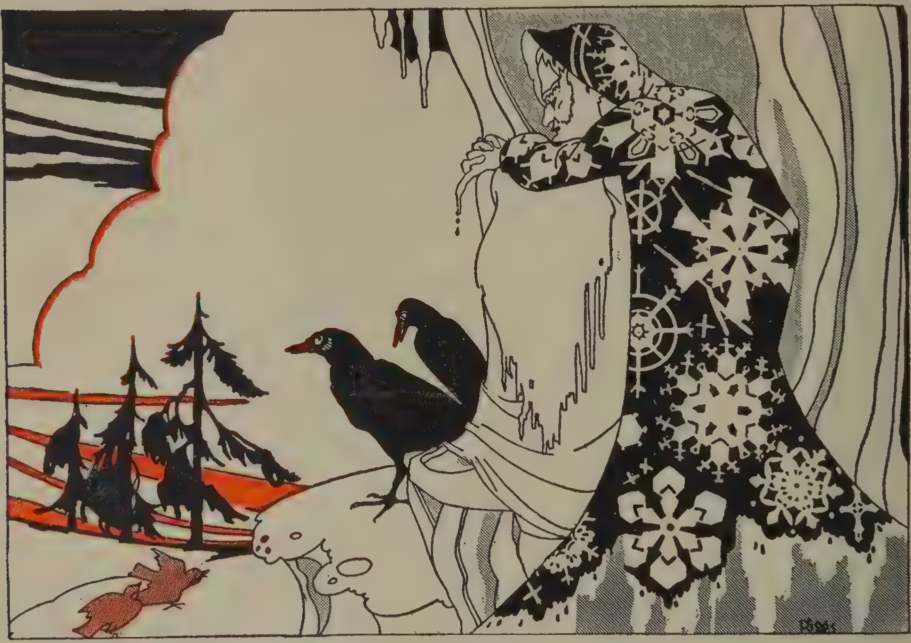
The storks alighted just in front of King Winter's throne. The children sprang down and ran toward King Winter. Little flowers sprang up in their footsteps. Up to the throne ran the children and threw their arms about King Winter; but suddenly he vanished, and the little ones sat on his throne instead.

"The storks are here! This is Spring at last," cried the sparrows. "The King and Queen of the Year have come."

Then the little maiden ran about the meadows scattering blossoms from her apron till the world looked like a flower garden. The hedgerows burst forth into green, and everywhere was heard the sound of singing birds. Children played in the fields. Old people crept out of doors. "Ah, how sweet the Spring is," they said. "It makes us young."

The days passed until the children grew to be man and woman. Then came the fierce heat of summer. The fields lay blazing in the noontide sun. The grain yellowed and ripened. Children came with pails to gather berries from the roadside bushes. Spring was now a strong man whose name was Summer. He and his beautiful wife walked in the fields, rejoicing in the glowing heat and the refreshing showers.

By and by the days grew cooler. The fields that were cov-



ered with waving wheat were quite bare, for the grain had been gathered in. Golden pumpkins gleamed in the corn fields; great red apples fell thudding in the orchards, and children laughed as they gathered them up.

But the wife of Summer was sad. "It is not like our beautiful home in the sunny South. Do you remember how bright the world was when we first came? Then we brought flowers and green leaves and singing birds. Now we grow old. I heard some one call you Autumn."

"Yes," answered the King. "I am Autumn now. But what matter! I cannot bear to see you so sorrowful. I will make the leaves more beautiful than ever!" he cried. "They shall be golden and scarlet and tawny orange." He waved his hand, and the forests burst into a glow of color.

But the Queen of the Year only shivered. "Ah," she said, "I am cold—I long for the home land. Dearest husband, I must go."

The next day the storks flew southward, and the Queen of the Year went with them.

Autumn was alone. Then indeed the days seemed dark and dreary. The leaves fell from the trees and winds blew colder and colder.

Autumn was now King Winter, and his hair and beard were white as the snow that covered the hills. Then the church bells rang for Christmas.

"Ah," said King Winter, "the new king and queen will soon come. Then I may go to find my dear wife."

"There is still work for you to do," said the Christmas Angel. "You must cover the seeds with snow. You must guard the world till Prince Spring shall come."

"Yes, I will wait for the coming of the little Prince," answered King Winter, "but I long to be gone."

"Be patient," whispered the Christmas Angel. "When the storks return, then the spring will come."

So old King Winter sat upon his throne looking toward the south.

"Who is the old man on the throne?" chirped the sparrows.

"He is King Winter, the old man of last year," answered the wise raven.

"When will Spring come?" asked the sparrows. "We long for some warm, bright days. The old year was no good at all."

Old Winter heard them and his thoughts were sad, but he waited patiently for the coming of the little Prince.

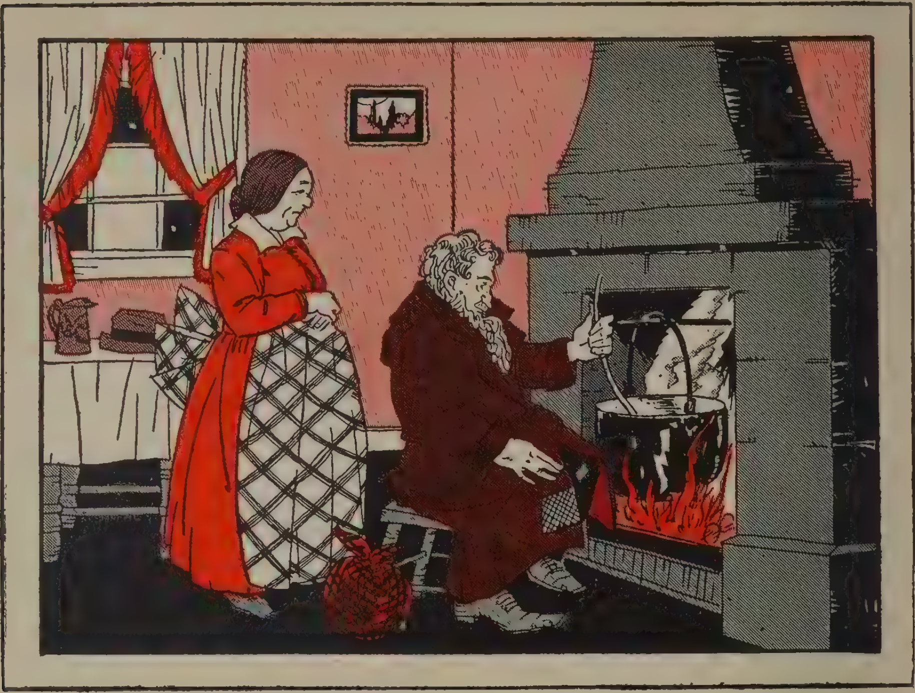
At last the sun shone bright and warm again. The South Wind came hurrying by, and with her came the two storks with the little boy and girl. The little ones leaped down, kissed the earth and ran to King Winter. They threw their arms about him, but as they kissed him he was gone.

This is the end of the story of the Year.

—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

For life is a mirror of king and slave;
It's just what you are and do;
So give to the world the best that you have
And the best will come back to you.

—*Bridges.*



STONE SOUP

One cold, rainy night an old man was walking along a road. He was wet and hungry, for he had walked a long way. All at once he saw a light ahead. Soon he came to a house by the side of the road. The old man went to the back door and asked the housewife for something to eat.

"Go away," said the woman. "I have nothing for you."

"May I not come in and dry myself by the fire?" asked the old man. "I am wet and shivering with the cold."

"You may sit by the fire, but you must not get in my way," said the housewife.

"Thank you," said the old man.

Soon he was dry and warm, but he was still very hungry. How was he to get food? He thought and thought. At last he said, "I am a good cook myself. I can make the best kind of soup. It is very cheap, too. It is stone soup."

"Stone soup!" cried the woman. "Who ever heard of stone soup? How do you make it?"

"Allow me to show you how," said the old man. "Just let me have a pot with some water in it."

"I should like to know how to make stone soup," said the woman to herself. "It is something poor people should know." So she gave him a pot with some water in it.

The old man put the pot on the fire. Then he took a clean, white stone out of his pocket and put it into the pot. When the water was hot the old man tasted it and said, "This is going to be fine stone soup. But it would be a little better if I had a small piece of meat to put into it."

"I think I have some," said the woman. She got the meat and gave him a piece.

The old man put this into the pot, and began stirring again while the woman sat staring, now at him and now at the pot.

By and by the old man tasted the soup again. "This is certainly good," he said. "If I had only some potatoes to put in, it would be fit for fine people."

"Well, I think I have a few potatoes," said the woman. She got two potatoes, and gave these to the old man. He went on stirring while she sat and stared as hard as ever.

Soon the old man tasted the soup again and said, "This soup will be grand enough for the best in the land."

"Well, I never!" said the woman, "and all with a stone."

"If I had only a little butter and a drop of milk to put in, we could ask the king himself to have some of it."

"I think I have a little butter," said the woman, "and I have a pitcher of milk."

Then she went and brought both the butter and the milk. The old man put them into the soup and went on stirring, while the woman sat staring harder than ever.

Now the soup was done. The old man took out the stone and put it back into his pocket. He gave a bowl of soup to the woman and took one for himself.

Never had the woman tasted such soup, and all made with a stone! She did not know how to thank the old man who had taught her so much.

By this time the rain had stopped and the moon was shining brightly. "I must be going now," said the old man. "Thank you very much, kind woman. I think you now know how to make stone soup." And away down the road he went, humming a happy song.

—*An Irish Story.*

DOROTHY TODD

THE SINGING MAID

One day as a king in a faraway country was riding along the road, he heard some one singing. The voice was so very sweet that he stopped his horse to listen. When the song was ended, he sent one of his men to find out who the singer was. Soon the man came back and said.

"Your Majesty, the voice is that of a little singer called Romaine. Her eyes are as dark as the night, and her hair is as black as a raven's feathers. She lives with an old aunt in yonder cottage. Would you speak to her, Your Majesty?"

"Yes," replied the king, "I'll go to the cottage myself and talk to the aunt. Perhaps I can take the maid to the palace to sing for me." The aunt was very proud to have her niece live at the palace and sing for the king; so the maid went gladly.

Now the king had a daughter just about the age of the singer, Romaine. The princess was as fair as the maid was dark. Her eyes were as blue as the bluest sky, and her hair shone like gold. She was very beautiful. She could dance, and she could play on the harp, but she could not sing. Often, after hearing the little maid sing, she tried to sing, too; but only a horrible sound came from her throat. And because of this, the princess did not like the dark little singer whom everyone else in the palace had grown to love.

Romaine loved to watch Princess Altheda play the harp, or dance in the garden, or ride out in her beautiful coach; but never would the princess speak to, or even look at the singer, Romaine. And as the days went by, Princess Altheda grew more and more beautiful, so that every one in the kingdom talked of her beauty.

But they did not know how selfish and unkind she was to the singing maid.

Several years later the king prepared a big celebration for Princess Altheda's birthday. The palace was gaily decorated, a big feast was made ready, and people came from far and near for the birthday celebration. Many of the guests came not only to do honor to the beautiful princess, but also to hear Romaine sing; for as the princess had become famous throughout the whole kingdom for her beauty, so had the singing maid become famous for her beautiful voice. But no one heard Romaine sing; for the princess had requested that Romaine should not be heard, or even seen, at the birthday celebration. Now the king felt very sorry about this, but as his daughter had requested this especially on her birthday, he said nothing, and the princess had her way.

Therefore, when Romaine's birthday came a few weeks later, the king was anxious to do something to atone for this slight, and called Romaine to him. "Here is a gold piece for your birthday, Romaine. And you may go away, anywhere you wish, for a week; but be sure to come back at the end of the week."

Romaine thanked the king and went into the garden. She sat down by the pool to think. What should she do with the gold piece? She needed nothing to wear, and what could she buy?

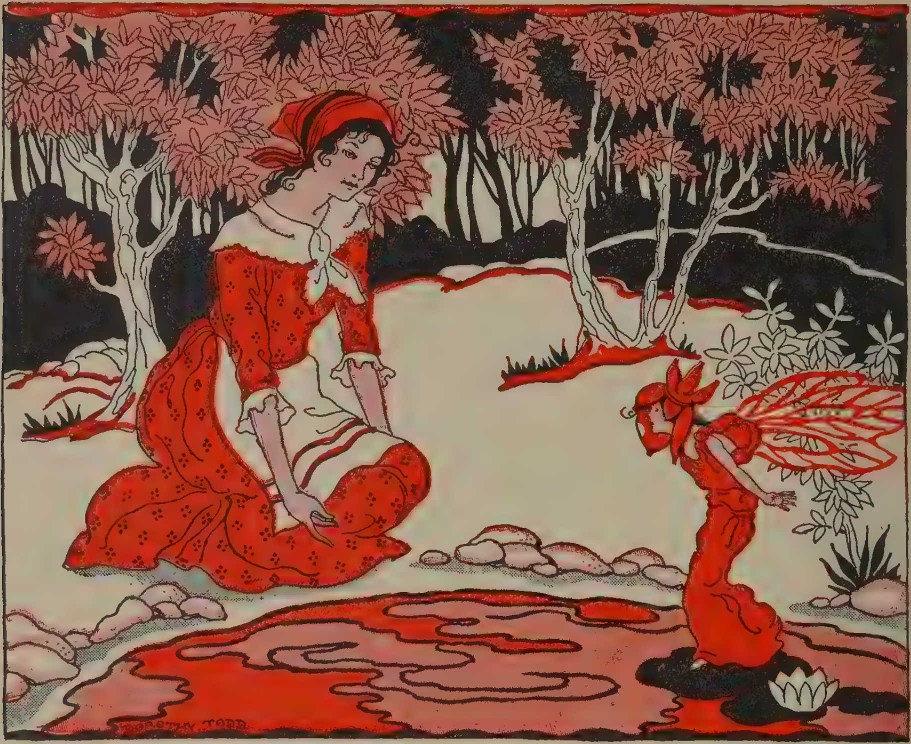
"There is just one thing in the whole wide world that I want, and money can't buy that," sighed Romaine. "Oh, I wish—" And just then the daintiest little fairy you ever saw stood before Romaine.

"What is it you wish for that money can't buy, Romaine? I am your fairy godmother, and I will grant your wish if you will tell me what it is."

"Oh, will you, will you?" cried Romaine, in surprise and delight. "Well, then, let me be just like the beautiful Princess Altheda for one whole week."

"Oh, Romaine," answered the fairy, "I wonder if you know just what you are asking for? Although Princess Altheda is so beautiful, we fairies know that she is not always happy. If you wish to be just like the beautiful Princess Altheda; you will have not only her beauty, but her faults as well. Think well before wishing again."

"Oh, but I do want to be like her—more than anything else in the world, dear Fairy. Please give me my wish."



"Very well," replied the fairy godmother, "you may have your wish. I will give you this little bell which you must ring if you need me before the end of the week."

Then the fairy tapped three times with her stick and Romaine was in Fairyland. There was a beautiful palace with the garden and pool, just like the king's. And Romaine found herself wearing a dress just like the one the princess wore.

"Can I really be like Princess Altheda?" Romaine exclaimed. She ran down the hall to a big mirror and looked—and lo!—she did look just like the princess, with eyes as blue as the bluest sky and hair that shone like gold.

"Oh, oh," cried Romaine, "I really do look like her! And I can be like this a whole week!" And she was very happy; so happy that she wanted to sing the most beautiful song she knew. But alas! Only a horrible sound came from her throat! Try and try as hard as she would, not a note could Romaine sing. What did she care for fine clothes, playing the harp, dancing, or even for being as beautiful as the princess, if she could not sing?

After three days had passed, Romaine was so unhappy that it seemed as if her heart would break. Finally she went out into the garden and sat by the pool. Suddenly she remembered that the fairy had given her a bell with which to call if need be. But where was the bell? She couldn't remember a thing about it after the fairy had given it to her. Then Romaine ran into the palace and looked everywhere for the little bell, but she couldn't find it. At last she went back to the pool and sat down.

"Pity me!" said Romaine. "I cannot find the bell, and so I must stay here four more days. How can I ever stand it? I've been here only three days, and I'm so unhappy! Oh, if I could only sing!"

Just then Romaine started to get up from her seat and her foot touched something. She looked down—and there was a little bell! Yes, the very same one the fairy had given her. Probably she had dropped it in her excitement at finding herself in Fairyland. Quickly Romaine rang the bell and at once her fairy godmother stood before her.

"Oh, Fairy Godmother," said Romaine, "please send me back to the king's palace and let me be just myself again."

"What, Romaine? After only three days? Are you not happy in having beauty like Princess Altheda's?"

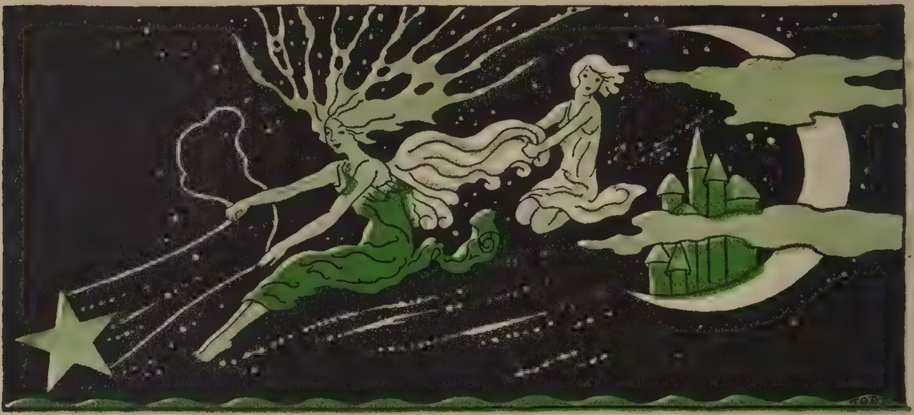
"Oh, no!" answered Romaine, "I can not sing. That is why I am so unhappy. I'd love to be like the beautiful princess, but my heart will break if I can not sing."

"But," said the fairy, "the princess cannot sing, Romaine. And if you are just like her, of course you cannot either."

"I didn't know that, dear Fairy. Poor Princess Altheda! I shall never envy her again. Please send me back and I shall be content to be Romaine, the singing maid." So the fairy tapped three times with her stick, and Romaine found herself back in the king's palace.

Romaine was very happy now. Her heart was filled with pity for the princess who could not sing, and soon Romaine began to love her. And so it happened that, as time went by, Altheda grew very fond of Romaine. And although everyone in the palace noticed that the princess and the singing maid were becoming friends, only you and her fairy godmother and I know why; for Romaine never told a soul about her visit to Fairyland.

—*Anne Gage.*



BY A MOON CHILD

Last night while I was sleeping a moonbeam fairy whispered softly in my ear, "Come with me by the light of the moon to the Palace of Night on the crest of the moon. There you will meet the Moon Goddess, and she may become your Godmother." She gave me her hand and told me to hold tight. We flashed through the witching blackness of the night, whizzed through a window and slid down long shining banisters to the fairies' great white social hall in the Palace of Night. She presented me to the Moon Goddess.

Now that we had ceased our giddy speeding, I could for the first time accurately observe the moon fairy who had conducted me hither, and I saw how nearly she resembled the Moon Goddess. For long silvery feather-wings clung closely to the sides of their beautiful bodies. Filmy net gowns, woven by moon-fairy fingers from wavering moonbeams, fluttered about their willowy forms. Their eyes and hair were darkly luminous like moonlight on Stygian waters. Oh! it would bring beauty and the peace of quiet forests to the heart of any child to see the moon fairies! I loved them!

The Moon Goddess gave me her hand and led me to a great solid-appearing reddish-yellowish chest, which I wanted to kick, because it looked as if it were made of—well, I do not know what, but I had a faint recollection of once having seen something similar on earth. I did want to know what the great chest was made of, and I was about to ask the Moon Goddess when suddenly she turned to me and questioned, "Would you like to be a moon child?"

I was entranced, I was dazzled, I was dazed! Would I like to be a moon child, and live forever and ever upon the moon? Why, yes, of course! What fun! But Mama and Papa?

Yet before I had time to reply, she asked, "Are you afraid?"

I had not thought of fearing, so I said, "No!" immediately.

Then she said that that was well, and that even now I was a moon child. So she told me to choose a moonstone, a token of adoption. She had once more asserted her right to God-mothership and to naturalize a little earth child, for I had no fear of the night and its dark electric beauty.

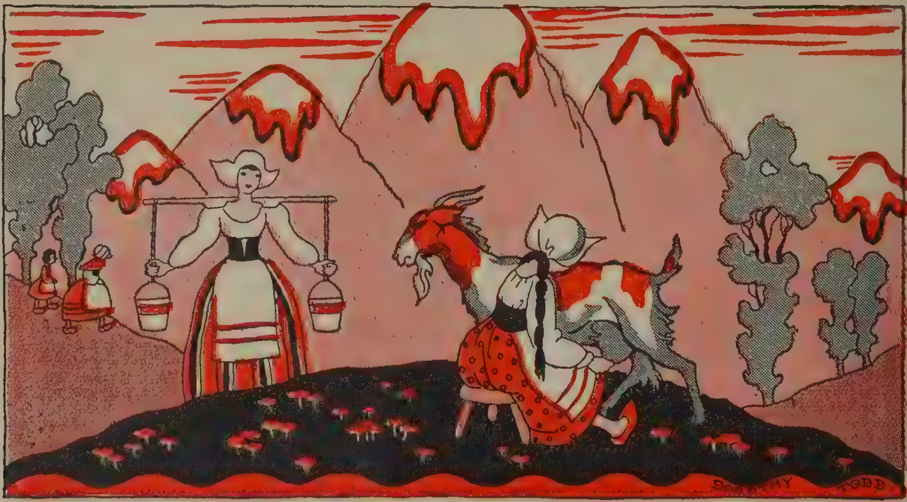
As the Goddess of the Moon said, "Night is only the other half of day, and though it may be awful—enough to fill the soul with wonder—it is not fearful, but something fit for a wee helpless baby to welcome. For night hushes all the earth-child's senses and lulls little tots to sound slumber. Without night there would be no sweet sleeping!"

When the Moon Goddess finished speaking, she looked into the great chest and waited for me to choose a moonstone. From the mass of misty moonstones within the hard and rocky chest I chose one slightly flaming with a picture of something white in it —I could not tell just what it was.

I thanked the Goddess of the Moon kindly for her token, then I asked her if she would please tell me how such a great, heavy, reddish-yellowish chest got into such a silvery-white, light and airy palace. She replied, smiling a trifle wistfully, that one time a long time ago beautiful trees with great, round, brown trunks and gracefully arching branches of bright green leaves grew in the valleys and along the sides of the mountains of the moon. But tonight no green thing grew on the moon, because the sun burned too hotly in their valleys and along their mountain sides. Many, many trillions of moon-months had passed since they had tasted sweet liquid from lunar springs, golden gruel or toasted wee-berry cakes! The supplies of the earth, though they were grateful for them, were not quite sufficiently satisfying, she said.

She smiled again, but not wistfully this time, and tinkled a little silver-white bell. I wanted to laugh. The sound pleased me so, and I wished she would ring it again.

Immediately, however, in came trooping a host of moon fairies, brightly looking, lightly laughing, gleefully, merrily walking and talking, some almost gaily capering. Following them and wind-



ing in and out among them were moon fairy bakers and caterers and purveyors of good things to eat. They served us with sweet goat's milk from earth's Alpine meadows and deliciously-toasted dream sandwiches of Swiss cheese on black rye bread.

I was munching and sipping my food and drink contentedly when the Moon Goddess asked me how I liked earth's fare in the sky. I said I liked it well, but would she please continue—? I thought perhaps she had not quite finished telling me all about the great, reddish-yellowish chest.

"Oh, I forgot!" she said, and laughed a clear soft laugh that reminded me of fine subtle lights gliding over crystal glass. "This is petrified wood from our petrified forest—all that remains of our big trees of long ago. And we, to remind us of our past glory, had this piece of petrified wood placed in our palace."

"But do tell me!" the Moon Goddess questioned. "Where do you live on the earth? Do you often lunch on goat's milk and toasted dream sandwiches, or do you daily drink the tea-blossom beverage and eat the little rice patties we often have in autumn and in winter?

"You see," she continued, "our moonbeam buyers purchase where they are most warmly welcomed, and as near our kitchens as possible. In spring and in summer we like to visit the people who live in little humble huts on the Swiss Alpine crags and meadows. Their cabins are nearest our kitchens. We can easily shine into their country. And they like fairy folk, and enjoy talking about and to fairies. During the fall of the year, however, and in the winter, we cannot penetrate through the thick ice and snow of the earth's high altitudes. So we are forced to visit the small and very courteous people of old Japan and China. There we purchase tea leaves and blossoms, almond cakes and little rice patties.

"We travel, as you know, by moonlight, and at times earth's foggy oceans and falling snow curtains hide our provender from us. The swift, biting wind plays us tricks. We are sorry sometimes, and hungry, but we do not fear, because, you see," continued the Goddess of the Moon, "moonbeams are life-rays. Moonbeams are simply dimmed and far-distant sun-rays caught by the moon and flashed on in a path of light to the shadowed earth. So fear not while the Goddess of the Moon reigns thoughtfully in the Palace of Night, while the moon rides lightly through the turbulent, foaming breakers of the sky, or glides nakedly over the plain depths of immeasurable distance."

When she had finished speaking, I heard music in the air, the tones of a deep echo-organ. I began to hum, and all the moon fairies began to sing. Their voices sounded like fairy bells ringing through high, clear weather. The words were those of the old, old song of the moon fairies.

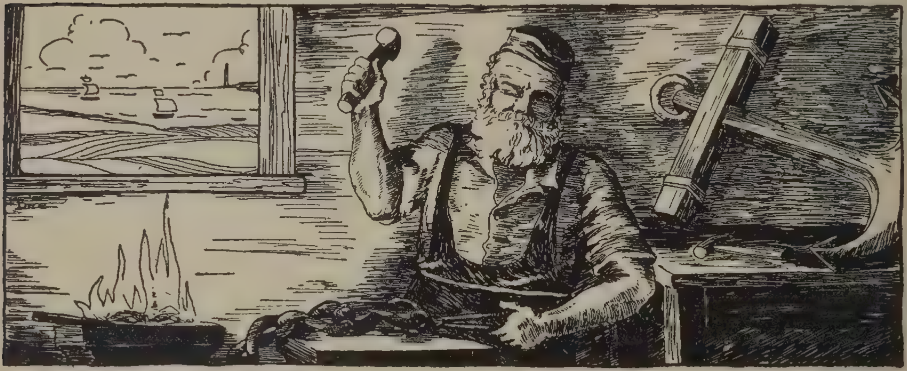
Dance! Dance! Dance!
By the light of the moon,
To the tune of night's choir,
Singing, burning, in fire.

Prance! Prance! Prance!
In the light of the moon.
It will soon be sun-day,
When no fairies can play.

"Hold tight!" quickly cautioned the Moon Goddess. "And don't forget your bit of solidified moonlight." She laughed as she pressed ever so slightly the moonstone in my hand. And suddenly I found myself looking back at the white crystal-crag palace on the crest of the moon as I, over a silver-burning strand of moon-reflected sun-ray, slid earthward.

When I awoke this morning, I held in my hand the slightly-flaming moonstone the Goddess of the Moon had given me. In the moonstone was a picture of the white crystal-crag Palace of Night. I also found on my pillow this morning a soft pearly-white feather. I think the moonbeam fairy lost it when she whispered softly in my ear.

—*Ruby Thompson.*



HONEST WORK

Men said the old man was foolishly careful when he wrought on the great chain he was making in his dingy shop in the heart of the great city. But he heeded not their words, and only wrought with greater painstaking. Link after link he fashioned and welded and finished, and at last the great chain was completed.

Years passed. One night there was a terrible storm, and the ship was in sore peril of being dashed upon the rocks. Anchor after anchor was dropped, but none of them held. At last the mighty sheet anchor was cast into the sea, and the old chain quickly uncoiled and ran out till it grew taut. All watched to see if it would bear the awful strain. It sank in the wild storm as the vessel's weight surged upon it. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The ship with its thousand lives depended upon this one chain. What now if the old smith had wrought carelessly even one link of his chain? But he put honesty and truth and invincible strength into every part of it, and it stood the test, holding the ship in safety until the storm was over.

—*Frank W. Gunsaulus.*

STEFAN THE GREAT AND HIS MOTHER

Upon a gloomy rock near an ancient castle in Moldavia a fair lady passes the night in weeping. It is the bride of Stefan, Duke of the Moldavians. Her blue eyes glitter like two violets beneath the morning dew; and she dries her tears with her long hair. Her husband has been gone some days to the wars, and she has not heard from him. As she still weeps, a horn is heard to sound at the castle-gate.

"Open! mother mine," cries the faint voice of a spent horseman. "My army is scattered, and I have fled hither from the field! Open the gate quickly, for the wind blows keenly; my wounds are painful, and I am surrounded by foes."

At these words the young princess flies to the lattice. But the warrior's mother asks him boldly:

"What dost thou here, my son? I command thee to remain without." She speaks, and going upon the terrace, thus sternly addresses the fugitive:

"What wouldst thou, stranger? It is in vain that thou seekest to enter this castle, pretending to be my son. My son is with his braves, where duty calls him. He has never returned to his hearth in shame! Or, if thou art my son, I am not thy mother. If God has reserved such a disgrace to embitter the rest of my days, if thou indeed art my son, then know that thou shalt never enter this castle with thy brows unlaureled. He who knows not how to die for his country is like those ill-omened nightbirds who see only in the dark. If thy soul has lost its noble courage, go back then to the realms of Night, from whence thou camest, for the Morning breaks."

Recalled to his duty by these burning words, the duke returns to his army, and the combat is renewed. The Turks are either routed or cut to pieces, and Stefan the First returns in triumph to his castle.

—*A Rumanian Legend.*

* * *

The Spartan mother said to her son when he went off to war, "Come home with your shield on or on it."

NATURE STORIES

THE MOUSE WITH WINGS

The evening was warm for October. A great golden moon hung low in the eastern sky. Toby and Beth were on the porch.

"It's bedtime. Come, dears," called Mother.

"Oh, let us stay just a minute longer. There's a mouse out here," begged Toby in an excited voice.

"A mouse? Daddy, do go see," urged Mother.

Out came Daddy, quick as a wink. "Where is your mouse?" he demanded.

Toby and Beth were bending over a small object scrambling clumsily along the porch floor.

"I think it's a bird," said fat little Beth. "It was flying around a minute ago."

"Who ever saw a bird with ears and fur? It's a mouse with a rubber cape," declared Toby.

"Who ever saw a mouse fly?" Beth generally agreed with Toby, but she couldn't this time.

Daddy laughed, "You're both wrong," he said. "It's a bat."

"A bat! Then it likes bacon and cakes. Let's feed it," begged Beth.

"Why, what put that into your head?" asked Daddy.

"My Mother Goose Book says:

Bat, bat, come under my hat,
And I'll give you a piece of bacon;
And when I bake, I'll give you a cake—"

Beth was very much in earnest.

Daddy had set the top of an old cage that the canary no longer used over the bat, so it could not get away, and now he lifted Beth to his knee.

"That's only a funny old jingle, honey bunch," he said. "Bats eat insects. They eat the mosquitoes that like to bite sweet, tender things like you and Toby. Bats have mouths like little bags. They fly with them open to catch everything in the way. And did you notice the part of the 'rubber cape' between the hind legs? Bats can fold insects up in that as in a net."

"Does the mother bat carry insects to the little ones?" asked Toby, thinking of the robins.

"No, her wings make a cradle for the little bats. She holds them, while they suck the milk from her breasts."

"That's the way Tabby feeds her kittens," said Toby. "And what does the mother bat do with them when they are not eating?"

"She just hangs them up by their hind feet to a twig somewhere, when she doesn't want to carry them clinging round her neck."

"With their heads hanging down? What a queer mother!" said Toby.

"Oh, that's a bat fashion," answered Daddy. When it gets colder, all the bats will hunt up caves or hollow trees, or places of that sort. There they will hang themselves up by their hind feet, fold down their wings close to their bodies so that they look quite small, and go to sleep."

"And when will they wake up?" inquired Toby.

"When there are insects flying around again," said Daddy.

"Do I like bats?" Beth asked very seriously. She was puzzled.

"I heard cook say they were dirty," said Toby.

"People think so, but it isn't true. The bat uses its rubber cape, as you call the wings, for a wash cloth, and keeps itself very clean. And I think a creature that eats the mosquitoes, that like to eat you, is your friend, eh, Beth?" Daddy kissed her round cheek.

"Then we'll let the bat go to catch some more mosquitoes," nodded Beth drowsily.

Daddy lifted the cage, and like a flash the bat was gone, its wings showing dark against the moon.

—*Elizabeth K. Peeples.*

(Reprinted by Courtesy of Nature Magazine, Washington, D. C.)

"I took a piece of plastic clay
And idly fashioned it one day;
And as my fingers pressed it, still
It moved and yielded to my will.
I came again when days were past;
The bit of clay was hard at last;
The form I gave it still it bore,
But I could change that form no more."

"I took a piece of living clay
And gently formed it day by day,
And moulded, with my power and art
A young child's soft and yielding heart.
I came again, when years were gone—
It was a man I looked upon.
He still that early impress bore.
And I could change it nevermore."

THE QUEEN OF THE BEES

The Queen of the bees, one day, took a notion she would like to go to housekeeping. So she said, "All you bees who would like to keep house with me, may follow me."

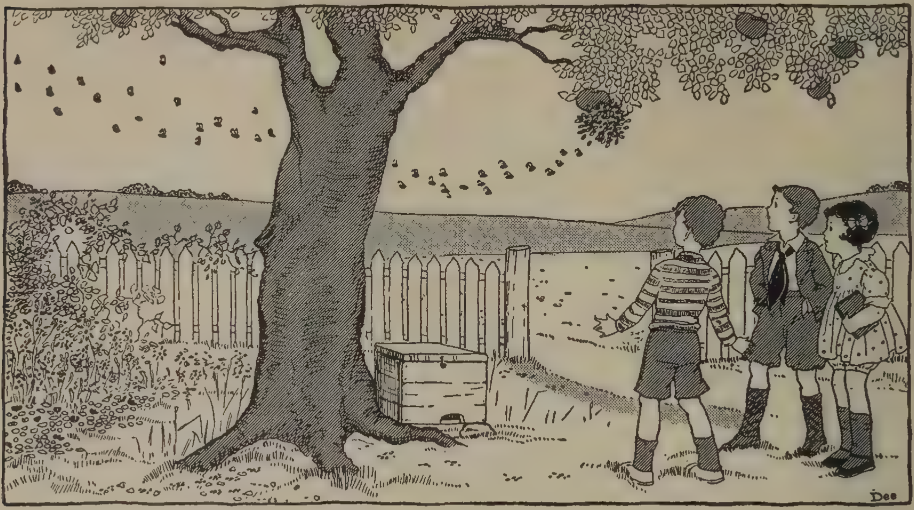
And then she flew and caught hold of the rotten apple on the apple tree in the kindergarten yard. And then a great swarm of bees said, "We will! We will! We'll keep house with you!"

And so they flew to the rotten apple, too, and when there wasn't any more room for them on the rotten apple, they just clung to each other's backs—until they looked like a big brown knot as large as your head—clinging to the rotten apple. And that is just where the kindergarten teacher and the children found them. But you know a rotten apple isn't any place to keep house, and the kindergarten teacher knew it, too, so she called to the hired man to bring the beehive quickly; there was a swarm of bees that wanted to go to housekeeping. So the hired man came hurrying around the side of the yard with a beehive under his arm, and he opened it and held it right under that big brown knot of bees, and then the kindergarten teacher shook the rotten apple, and tumbled all of those bees right down into the beehive and the Queen bee seemed very much pleased with her house, indeed. The children peeped through the little glass window and saw her crawling about, talking to the other bees. They could tell she was the Queen, because she did not look like the other bees; her body was longer and she had short wings.

"I am so glad we found them in time," said the kindergarten teacher, "because if some one had not brought the Queen a little house to live in, she would have flown away to the woods, and found a hollow tree, and maybe we could not have watched how she keeps house."

Well, the Queen bee certainly knew all about it, because she began to give orders right away, and all the bees listened to what she had to say, because they wanted to do just as she told them.

"Now," said the Queen bee, "first of all, I do not want any lazy bees in our house—everybody must work and keep busy in a bee-hive. I shall give each one of you your own special work, and I shall expect you to do it, and to do it well! You papa bees, there, hang yourselves up on the wall, and keep out of the way until I call you to go out visiting with me later."



Then when all of the papa bees had crawled up on the wall out of the way, the Queen said, "Now, part of you bees must be carpenters, and stop up any little cracks you find about the house; part of you must make wax for the honey-comb—you must make just as many little rooms as this house will hold, and all of them must be six-sided, you understand. I do not like the four-sided rooms people so often have. Part of the small bees must be my nurses to take care of the eggs and nurse the babies when they are hatched. Part of you must be chambermaids and clean up the hive every morning; part of you must stand by the door and fan in fresh air if it gets too warm inside. Part of you must gather pollen dust from the flowers, so the nurses can make bread for the babies, and all of the others must gather nectar juice and make honey to store away for the winter time."

Well, by and by, when she had talked and talked, everybody knew just exactly what they had to do, and everybody went to work just as the Queen had told them to. The little carpenter bees crawled all over the walls of the hive—over the top and down the sides—and sure enough, they found some little cracks that the rain or the little robber ants might get through. So away they flew to the poplar trees and to the hollyhock plants, and gathered some of their sticky gum, to stop up the little cracks with—which they did so nicely that not even a drop of rain could get through. While the little carpenters were at work, the little wax workers were doing their part. Each one of them had eight little pockets full of wax, and they bit it and worked it and worked it, until it was just right; then they began the little six-sided wax rooms, by pasting a long bar of wax along the wall, and then another and another, with little halls between. When they had used up all of their wax, they went out to the flowers and made some more from nectar juice, and when they had filled their pockets, they hurried back to the hive with it, to build more wax rooms. As soon as they would paste a bar of wax up, the little nurse bees came right behind them and helped to punch the little six-sided rooms—some for the Queen to lay her eggs in, some for the baby bees to sleep in, some for the bee bread and some for the honey—enough for the people and enough for themselves.

"Well, well," said the Queen bee, "I am very glad to see you all are such busy, good workers. I thank you very much. Things are getting on so nicely, if the papa bees will go with me, I believe I will fly out in the fresh air a little bit; then when I get back, I must get to work myself—you know I said there must be no lazy bees in this house."

So out she flew, and all the papa bees with her, and they flew high up in the air and back again, and when they flew past the children's garden beds the Queen said: "See the pretty, pretty flowers—how could we ever keep house without them? I hope my bees will help them, and I hope they will help my bees."

Do you know how bees help flowers? Well, do you know how flowers help bees?

—*Madge A. Bigham.*

Through the Courtesy of Mentzer, Bush & Company.

"The busy bee is small to see;
The ant is little, too.
They teach us all, however small,
We have some task to do."

FINE FEATHERS

"Tomorrow's Thanksgiving! What are you thankful for, Toby? inquired fat little Beth.

"Turkey! Just come look!" promptly answered Toby, leading the way to the window from which a great bronze gobbler and smaller bronze hen could be seen out in the yard. As they stood watching, the gobbler spread his tail like a round fan, lowered his wing feathers until they scraped the ground, threw back his head against the glittering ruff of feathers about his neck, and strutted slowly before the hen.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" he said.

The sun shone upon his feathers and on the red decorations of his head.

"Why does he do that?" asked Beth.

"To show the hen how beautiful he is," Mother answered. "Father birds generally wear more beautiful feathers than mother birds, and they generally seem proud of them, too."

"Did the father robin?" queried Beth.

Toby thought for a moment. "Well, he had a redder breast," he said. Then his brown eyes sparkled, "Oh Beth, don't you remember how much fancier the father chicken is than the hen?"

"He has a longer tail," admitted Beth.

"And a larger, redder comb, and brighter feathers!" exclaimed Toby.

"Think of the cardinals that come to the porch for crumbs each morning," reminded Mother.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Cardinal is much redder than his wife," said Toby.

"Then why doesn't daddy have a red suit?" asked Beth.

That was a puzzler. Toby rubbed his curly head.

"Well, that's funny," he said at last. "Daddy's clothes are all black, and brown, and dark blue, and Mother—you are the one who has a red dress! Why?"

"Yes, why don't the mother birds have the pretty clothes?" demanded Beth.

"Well, dears, you'll soon see, if only you ask yourselves a few questions," answered Mother. "What is the most important thing the mother hen, or cardinal, or turkey ever has to do?"

Beth thought making a nest, but Toby was sure it was laying eggs and hatching them into young birds, and when he said so, Beth agreed with him.

"Now you remember that the hen's nest was on the ground," said Mother. "So is the turkey's. Enemies can reach them easily. Even nests in trees are within reach of many creatures."

"Cats and snakes," suggested Toby.

"Br'er Fox likes to eat chickens. My Uncle Remus book says so," added Beth.

"Then can you tell why mother birds don't wear bright feathers?" asked Mother.

"I know! I know! shouted Toby. "It's so cats and foxes and hawks won't see them when they're on their nests."

"That keeps the little birds safe too," commented Beth thoughtfully.

"But why are the father birds so fancy?" persisted Toby. He was watching the turkeys again.

"To be beautiful in the eyes of the mother birds," explained Mother.

Beth seemed a bit troubled. "I think my Daddy is beautiful in his brown suit," she said.

—*Elizabeth K. Peeples.*

(Reprinted by Courtesy of Nature Magazine, Washington, D. C.)

THE ANT AND THE DOVE

An Ant went to the bank of a river to quench its thirst, and, being carried away by the rush of the stream, was on the point of being drowned. A Dove, sitting on a tree overhanging the water, plucked a leaf, and let it fall into the stream close to her. The Ant, climbing onto it, floated in safety to the bank. Shortly afterwards a birdcatcher came and stood under the tree, and laid his lime-twigs for the Dove, which sat in the branches. The Ant, perceiving his design, stung him in the foot. He suddenly threw down the twigs, and thereupon made the Dove take wing.

The grateful heart will always find opportunities to show its gratitude.

—*Aesop.*

HELPING THE BIRDS

When the Thomas family moved to their new home in the outskirts of the city, one of the first things Mr. Thomas and Joe did was to make a pool and bird bath. Mr. Thomas hired a man to help dig the pool and cement it.

The pool was irregular in shape and three feet deep at one end. At the other end there was a little bay that was only a few inches deep. This shallow part was for a bird bath or bathing beach, while the other part was made deeper so that tubs or pails of soil could be sunk in the water where cattails, pond lilies and sedges could be planted. They stretched heavy woven fence wire around the sides of the pool and then plastered it with cement mortar. The wire helped hold the cement. A few layers of stone were cemented around on top of the wall and a concrete floor was laid on the bottom.

Before cementing the pool, however, they put in a drain pipe that could be opened or closed, and also a feed pipe laid from the water pipes in the house. In this way they could fill the pool or drain it as they pleased. Around the pool they planted iris, lily-of-the-valley, wild columbine, wild phlox and ferns. They put a few fish into the pool to eat the mosquito larvae and other insects that might breed in the water.

They had hoped for a few birds to come, but they were certainly surprised at the number that did patronize the pool during hot, dry weather. Some days there was really a waiting line; at least several birds would be perched among the bushes waiting for those at the pool to leave and give them a chance.

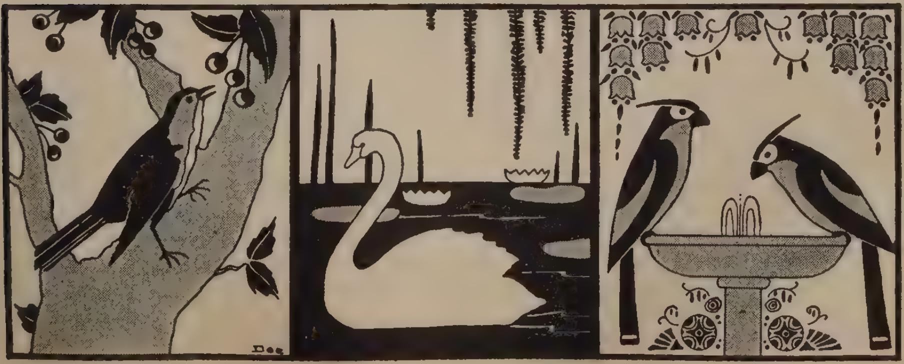
The birds that seemed to make most use of the bathing beach were Robins, Catbirds, Brown Thrashers, and English Sparrows.

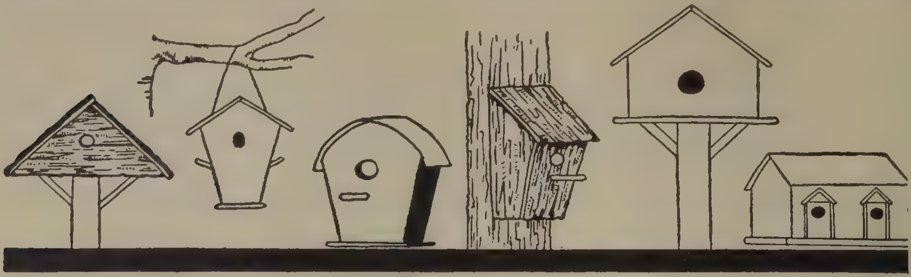
During the summer quite a number of birds built nests in the bushes and trees in the yard. A pair of Baltimore Orioles built their hanging nest far out on a limb of the elm tree. Joe helped the Oriole by putting a miscellaneous collection of strings and coarse fiber from an old car cushion out in the yard. The Orioles seemed glad to get this material and began using it immediately.

A robin built a nest of grass and mud, supported by the flat top surface of the eave spout where it turned horizontally under the eaves. Joe and Mary could watch the birds at close range from a window as they came to feed their young.

They kept a careful record of the events and had a complete "History of the Raising of a Robin Family." Here are some of the high points in their record:

April 4th—Nest begun.
April 9th—Nest completed.
April 10th-13th—Little interest taken in the nest by the birds.
April 14th—Laid an egg during pouring rain, then left.
April 15th—Laid second egg and left, but returned after dark.
April 16th—Laid third egg.
April 17th—Laid fourth egg and began incubating.
April 27th—One egg pipped at 4 p. m.
April 28th—Two eggs hatched—5 p. m.





April 29th—All hatched, sprawly, yellowish skin, two tufts of down on the head. Eyes large, but closed; fed occasionally.
May 1st—Regular feedings—eyes still closed.
May 2nd—Eyes open—pin feathers growing—sleep between meals.
May 11th—Left nest—fly fairly well—continue to be fed.
May 29th—Parent birds start new nest, still feed the young occasionally—bathe three or four times a day.

A Catbird built a nest in the mock-orange bushes and a Brown Thrasher made a similar nest in the lilac bush near the pool.

The first summer not many of the birds that live in cavities came to nest in the yard. This was because the Thomases did not move into their suburban home early enough in the year to get bird houses put up. The only ones they had this year were a pair of House Wrens that nested in a tin can someone had fastened under the eave of the garage, and some English Sparrows that packed an armload of litter back of a trellis wire, where it was fastened to the side of the back porch. Mr. Thomas tore this nest out.

The next winter, however, Joe and his father made quite a number of bird houses. Two were made from a hollow limb of a tree. They sawed the limb into sections about ten inches long and nailed a board on the top and on the bottom. One of the sections already had a doorway made by a knot-hole. In the other sections they had to bore a hole on the side near the top for a doorway.

One nesting house was much larger than the others. It was eighteen inches deep and nine inches square and had an entrance hole three inches wide placed near the upper part of the box. This was intended for a Flicker, and the Flicker used it, too. A Wren house was made with a rather narrow, slit-like doorway, so narrow that the English Sparrows could not squeeze through and long enough to enable the wrens to get the many sticks used in their nest building through more readily. The hardest bird house of all to make was the one for Purple Martins. Joe's father did most of the work on this. It contained twelve compartments, or rooms, and had a platform, or veranda, extending all along, just below the doorways to the rooms. This house was put on a pole twenty feet high and placed at the end of the garden where no trees were near. Mr. Thomas said the Martins liked to circle about the house before alighting, and trees would interfere.

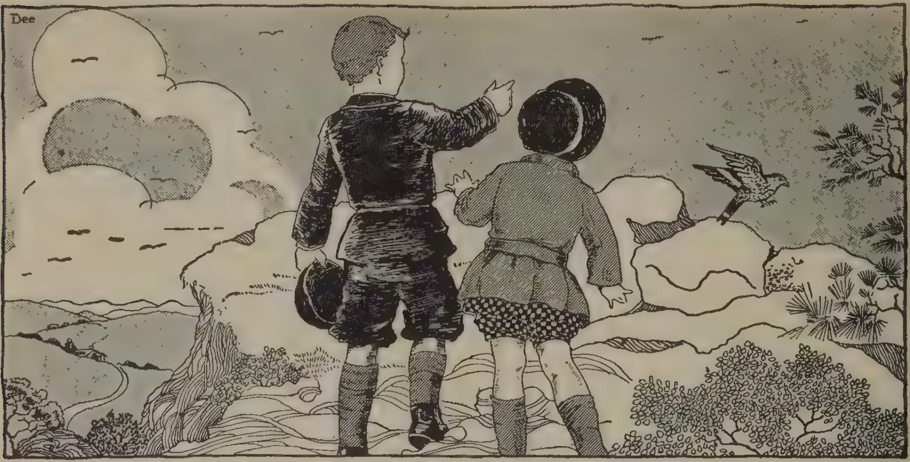
Perhaps the best bird houses of all were made out of long-necked gourds grown in the garden. When he planted the seeds, Mr. Thomas told Joe and Mary they were bird house seeds, and that bird houses would grow on vines that grew from the seed. The children thought he was joking and it was not till late in the summer when the gourds grew quite large that they saw the point, and realized how they really could be made into bird houses. A pair of Chickadees nested in one gourd, and Bluebirds used another.

The Flicker was often seen sitting on the ground. One day it was so busy picking food from the ground that Joe became curious and walked up to see what it was eating. The bird flew away and Joe then walked close to where it had been and found an ant mound and a lot of ants running about.

The Wrens were often seen flitting about the bushes and vines. Their sharp eyes could find very small caterpillars and other insects, even if they were on the under side of a leaf and greenish colored.

The Red-headed Woodpecker would sit on the telephone pole and occasionally dart off and pick up a moth flying through the air. The Robins hopped about on the ground and found worms in the sod by looking and listening for them. After watching one pull out one worm after another one day, Joe got down on his hands and knees and looked all about to see if he could find any, but there were none there. He said he guessed the Robins had gotten them all. When he had got back into the house, however, the Robins came down to the grass again and seemed to have no trouble in finding more worms.

—*A. E. Shirling.*



SOME TRICKS OF A NIGHT HAWK

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas planned for a picnic to the country on the Fourth of July. Mr. Thomas thought they would enjoy a little outing by themselves in the woods where there were flowers and birds and other interesting things to see, more than they would to join the crowd at the band concert in the park. Mrs. Thomas, and even the children, Mary and Joe, agreed that a picnic in the country would be best.

"I know a good place to go," said Mrs. Thomas. "Let's go to the bluff on the north of the river. You know where the rock cliff is and where we found that good, cool spring a few years ago."

"That will be fine," agreed Mr. Thomas.

So that is where they went. They took a well filled lunch basket and wore clothes and shoes that were suitable for climbing among the rocks or hiking.

The spring was such a delightful, cool spot. Ferns and moss bordered the cool water and a big tree overshadowed it. There were pretty patches of flowers in the open spaces nearby, where sunlight sifted through the branches of the trees. A little way beyond where the spring flowed out from the cliff, there was a clear pool, where birds came to drink and to bathe.

The children soon found a steep path they could climb to get up to the top of the cliff, and their father and mother followed in order to see the fine view from the top.

In some places the rocks were nearly bare of trees and shrubs.

In other places, trees and shrubs found crevices where they could send their roots down to soil and moisture.

Mary and Joe were exploring these patches of sunshine and shade for flowers. All at once a rather large brownish-gray bird fluttered up in front of them. It didn't fly, but just spread out its wings and wobbled along. After going a few yards it stopped, turned about facing them, opened its mouth very wide, showing a brilliant red throat and uttered a hissing sound.

The children hardly knew whether to be frightened or not.

"I never saw a bird act that way before," said Mary. "What do you suppose is the matter with it?"

"I guess it is crippled," replied Joe. "Let's go pick it up and see where it is hurt."

They walked toward the bird, but when they got within a few feet of it, it spread its wings and flew quietly but swiftly away.

"Well, what do you think of that!" exclaimed Joe.

"Let's go tell father and mother about it."

They hurried back to where Mr. and Mrs. Thomas were sitting and told their story.

"That must have been a Night Hawk," said Mr. Thomas. "It was just trying to fool you, and lead you away from its eggs or its young. It wanted you to do just what you did; that is, to follow it until you were some distance from its nest, and then it flew away. Now see if you can find just where it first fluttered up and we will try to find its nest, though I doubt if we succeed."

They went back slowly and cautiously to an open place on the bare rock.

"I think it was here, wasn't it, Mary?"

"Yes, I know it was. I remember the bird stopped just in front of that crooked little tree growing out of the rock."

"And it flew up first right near that little bunch of grass. I'll bet the nest is in that bunch of grass."

"I don't think it is," replied Mr. Thomas, "but it may be near. Now, don't take a single step without looking first where your foot will be, for fear you will step on the eggs."

They moved forward cautiously a few steps. All of a sudden the Night Hawk again fluttered up from right in front of them and went tumbling along, then stopped as before.

"That's just the way it did before. Look at its big mouth. Doesn't it look ferocious?"

"Now, instead of following it we will look very carefully all around where it flew up. Maybe, if we have sharp eyes, we can find something."

They took another step, when Joe cried out:

"Here it is; here they are! Two fuzzy little birds, but I don't see any nest."

"You are right," replied Mr. Thomas. "They are young Night Hawks. There would be no nest. Night Hawks do not make nests. They lay their eggs on bare rocks or sometimes on the flat graveled roofs of tall buildings, and trust to their colors to keep them from being found."

The young birds were only recently hatched, and could not move about much. They were light gray and somewhat streaked and blotched with darker color, looking exactly like the chips of rocks lying about.

"I wouldn't have seen them if the wind hadn't ruffled up their fuzz a little," said Joe.

"Look here what I found," said Mr. Thomas, and he pointed to the broken halves of two egg shells. They were grayish color, blotched with a darker shade and probably would not have been seen if they had not been broken.

"You children have had a pretty good lesson in how a Night Hawk protects her young," said Mr. Thomas. "If you come back away from these young birds and go over to that clump of trees where we can sit down in the shade, I will tell you a story about another way in which I have seen a bird care for her nest."

They found good seats on the rocks in the shade of some oak trees and Mr. Thomas told the following story:

"One day when I was a boy working on a farm, I saw a bird fluttering excitedly over a certain spot in a meadow. It chirped and fluttered its wings and remained in the one place, just a few inches above the tops of the grass stalks.

"Once I thought I saw something rise up from the ground and strike at the bird, which at that time dodged back a little. I went closer quietly and kept watching for anything that might be in the grass. When I got near, the bird flew away and I saw a movement of the grass stalks and knew something was running along on the ground, so I hurried to see what it was.

"It was a large spotted snake. I saw that it was a harmless snake as far as people are concerned, but of course it would not be harmless to birds, and I guessed that the bird had a nest in the grass and that it was trying to attract the snake's attention to itself and to lead it away from its young in the nest.

"I could not help but admire the bravery of the mother bird in trying to save her young. How frightened she must have been to fly in the very face of her greatest enemy.

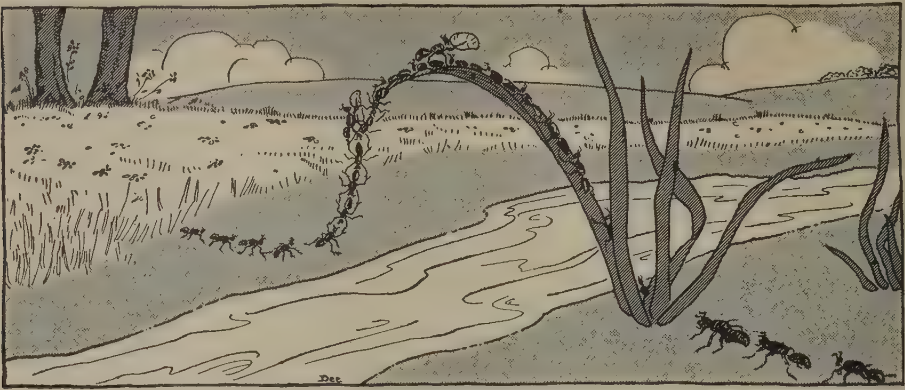
"I let the snake go without trying to kill it, because snakes do a great deal of good, even if they do sometimes eat young birds. I went back to see if I could find the bird's nest. Sure enough, it was there. A neatly made nest of grasses, and in it were four birds about half grown."

"I can tell you a story about how a Mocking Bird tried to protect her babies," said Mrs. Thomas. "One time when I was visiting in a southern city, I passed under a large live-oak tree whose branches hung low over the sidewalk. All at once I was startled by something striking me in the back. I turned quickly, but saw nothing. Then I saw a mocking bird dart at me and try to strike me again, and I had to dodge. I took a few steps and looked among the branches of the tree and saw a mocking bird's nest that was just a little way above where my head was as I passed along."

"That reminds me of how I saw mocking birds chase squirrels and dogs and even cats out of a small city park the summer I was in the South," added Mr. Thomas. "They went about it so viciously that the cat was glad to get up and run clear away and hide. It certainly made me laugh to see how a little dog tucked its tail between its legs and ran yelping away when the mocking bird took after it."

"It all goes to show a mother's love for her children," said Mrs. Thomas. "I believe I could be very brave and do anything to save you children if you were in danger."

—A. E. Shirling.



THE ANTS' BRIDGE

Bright-Eyes thought a great deal about the family of black ants Busy-Wings had told her about; she wondered and wondered about them and wished she might go and see them.

"These red ants are kind to me," said Bright-Eyes to herself, "but I would rather live with black ants, because I am a black ant. I believe, like Busy-Wings, that red ants ought to live together, and black ants ought to live together. Maybe those very black ants he told me about are my brothers and sisters, and maybe mother is there, too. I should like very much to see them, if they are."

But, of course, Bright-Eyes knew that the red ants would not like to have her go. They had sent their soldier ants to get her when she was a tiny baby—just to be their little black servant—and they had never let her go away.

"Well," said Bright-Eyes, "I must not worry about it, but keep on being the very best little servant that I know how to be, and things will come out all right—at least I shall be happy, because I try to do my best."

Early the next morning Bright-Eyes' mistress called her and said, "I should like the nurses to take the babies in the woods today. The sun is so warm and bright it will do them good, so go right away and spend the day—unless it gets cloudy; then hurry home, because I do not want the babies to get wet, you know."

Then Bright-Eyes told the other nurses, and they bathed and fed the babies well, and hurried through the little round door out into the sunshine; and if you had been watching that day, why, you most surely would have seen Bright-Eyes carrying a big fat ant baby—almost as large as she was. Sometimes she would put the baby down on the ground and rest; but she never left it even for a minute—because it would never do to let anything happen to the red ant's baby. The nurses went into the woods, a long way from the little round door, and crawled on and on and on and on. They even crawled over a little gully, with white sand on the bottom, and rested there and ate their lunch, and then crawled up the little ridge and farther and farther into the woods. They were having a fine time, but all at once it got very cloudy, and Bright-Eyes said to the other nurses, "Hurry! hurry! it is going to rain, and we must get the babies home before they get wet!"

But though the nurses hurried their very best, the merry raindrops came pattering down, and they had to hide under a log to keep the babies dry. It did not rain very long, though, and as soon as the sun came out each little nurse picked up her baby and away they went, trying to get home before another shower. By and by they came to the very same little gully that they had passed in the early morning; but now, instead of the pretty white sand, the bottom was covered with water.

"Dear me," said the little nurses, "what shall we do now, and how shall we ever get across this water with the babies? We shall be sure to fall in if we try."

What would you do, if you came to a stream of water and wanted to get across?

Well, I'll tell you what Bright-Eyes did. The other nurses said, "We can't get across this big water, and we are not going to try! We haven't any boat!"

"Oh, yes," said Bright-Eyes, "Let us try to get across anyway. We haven't any little boat, it is true, but maybe we can make a bridge that will reach across the water. And just as we moved the big nut away from our little round door, by working all together, so we can make a bridge across the water. One of us will stay with the babies and watch them, and the rest of us must catch hands and stretch out across the water until we reach the other side. None of us can fall, because we will all be holding hands. That will make the finest kind of an ant bridge, and then the nurse who has been left on this side can walk across the bridge and bring the babies."

Well, all of the nurses said they were willing to catch hands and help make the bridge, but not one of them would stay behind and take care of the babies, and then bring them safely across the bridge—all of them said they were afraid to do that, because they might tumble in the water, and let the babies fall, too.

There was one little ant that said she would do it whether she was afraid or not, because the night was coming, and the red ants would be worried about their babies. You know the name of that brave little ant without my telling you. So all the other nurses put their babies down by Bright-Eyes, and then they all caught hands and reached out across the water, floating about until the end ant caught on a little blade of grass on the other side. She held tightly to it and the bridge was all ready.

"Hold tight!" said Bright-Eyes. "Here I come with my mistress' baby!" So she crawled across so carefully, and she didn't fall either. And then she went back and brought over another baby; and then she went back again and brought over another baby—and another, and another, and another, until she had brought every baby safely across. Then she helped pull the nurses over, and everybody picked up a baby and away they went. And Mrs. Red-Ant was standing at the little round door waiting for them when they got home, and when she saw Bright-Eyes and the other nurses and heard about the little bridge they had made, why, she was very proud indeed, and said they were very, very smart little servants.

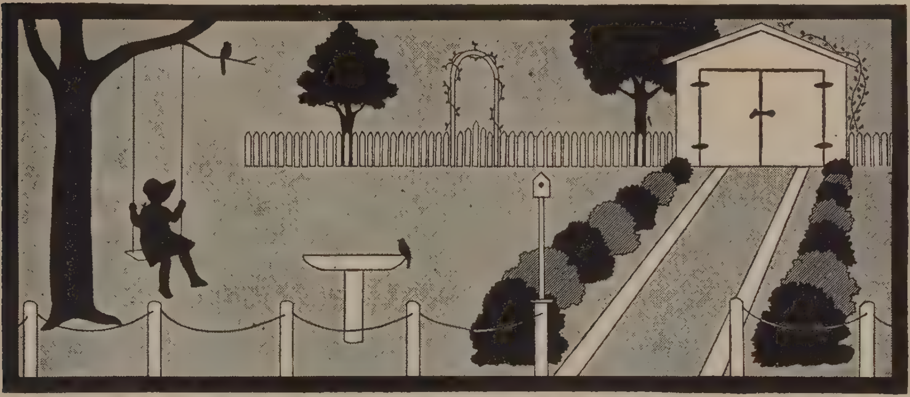
What do you think about it?

—*Madge A. Bigham.*

Through the Courtesy of Mentzer, Bush & Company.

THE ANTS AND THE GRASSHOPPER

The Ants were employing a fine winter's day in drying grain collected in the summer time. A Grasshopper, perishing with famine, passed by and earnestly begged for a little food. The Ants inquired of him, "Why did you not treasure up food during the summer?" He replied, "I had not leisure enough. I passed the days in singing." They then said in derision: "If you were foolish enough to sing all summer, you must dance supperless to bed in the winter."



FINDING A PLACE TO PLAY

"Mother, may I go over to the park to play? I am so tired of being in the house all the time. I want to play in the sun and then sit in the shade and get cool."

"Not now," replied Mrs. Thomas. "I am busy getting lunch and can't go with you."

"Why can't I go alone?" begged May. "It isn't far. I am so tired staying indoors, with no chance to run and play."

"I am afraid for you to cross the street alone," replied her mother. "There is too much traffic and the cars go so fast you might get confused and I should not have any little girl any more."

"Why can't we live in a house to ourselves instead of in this big apartment? I wish we had a little house and a big yard instead of living in a great big house with no yard at all. Wouldn't it be fine if I could run out in the yard whenever I wanted to. Wouldn't I like to have a doll house under the trees?" There were almost tears in May's eyes as she complained.

"If you promise to cheer up and try to be happy, I will tell you a secret," said Mrs. Thomas. "Your father is thinking of buying a home in the south part of the city so that you and Joe will have a better chance to get out of doors. Your father and I also want to get a little more sunshine and out-door exercise. I want to have some flowers and your father can do some work in the garden in the evening."

"Oh, how wonderful," exclaimed May. "When are we going? Where is it to be? How far is it from here?"

"Don't get so excited," replied her mother. "The place is not bought yet, we are only thinking about it. Perhaps your father will come home early enough today to take us out to look at a place."

Just then Mr. Thomas came in. "I hurried home," said he, "so that this afternoon we could all go look at a cottage that I am thinking of buying."

May jumped up and down and clapped her hands. "That is just what mother and I were talking about. O, I am so glad. I do hope you will buy it."

After lunch, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and May and Joe went to look at the house. It was a small six-room cottage with a yard big enough to have trees and grass and flowers, and a small vegetable garden.

Joe and May were not interested in the house. They ran out to the yard. There was a rope swing hanging from a big limb of a tree. They got into the swing and "pumped up" till they touched the branches with their heads. They rolled on the grass. They shouted and laughed.

After going through the house, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas walked out into the yard.

"We must really try to get a place like this," said Mrs. Thomas. "Just see how the children enjoy it."

"It is too bad to keep them shut up in an apartment house, isn't it?" replied Mr. Thomas.

"Just see how pretty this place could be made. Here I could make a pool where we could sink a few tubs and grow some pond lilies and water plants and have a few goldfish. We would leave one part shallow where the birds could come for a bath and to drink."

"That corner would be a good place for a small pergola covered with vines. The tamarix and mock orange bushes would make a good background for it. We could have a border of perennial flowers in front of the shrubs and along the side of the pool."

Just then they heard Joe shouting. "Father, mother, come here. Here is a bird's nest with five eggs in it."

"Be careful," said Mr. Thomas, "don't disturb it or get too close. The bird may not come back."

"It looks like the nest of a Catbird," he continued, after seeing it more closely. "Catbirds build large, coarse nests like this. See, the outside is made of twigs and shreds of bark from a grape vine. There are also some strings and fine rootlets of grass used in it. The Catbirds will certainly want to have a bird-bath."

"They will want fruit also," said Mrs. Thomas. "Let us see what kind of trees are already on the place."

"The swing is on a hackberry tree," said Mr. Thomas. "The Robins will like to eat the hackberries in the autumn. There is a mulberry tree by the garage. All birds like mulberries. With mulberries and plenty of dense shrubbery we are sure to have Brown Thrashers and Catbirds about the place. There are two cherry trees at the side of the garden and a hard maple in the front yard. Then there are elm trees along the street."

"Just think, May," said Joe to his sister, "what all there will be to see—birds, a bird pool, flowers, mulberries, cherries. Won't it be fine!"

"And I will get father to make me a play house under the cherry tree," said May.

"There will be much work to do, before it is as good as we can make it," said Mrs. Thomas. "We shall want vines over the garage and flower borders and more shrubs planted."

"Yes, indeed," replied Mr. Thomas, "we must have a group of about three small spruce trees, or else juniper trees, so the birds will have shelter for night and during winter. I should also like to have a redbud tree somewhere in the yard, and we shall want bird houses."

"I will make some bird houses at school," said Joe. "I made two last year in Manual Training, but didn't know what to do with them when they were finished, so just left them in the shop."

"I will help you make a Martin box," said Mr. Thomas. "That will be too much for you to make alone. We will get a set of tools, fix up a bench in one corner of the basement and have a work shop. We will make the pergola and the trellises and grape arbor and do as much of the work as we can. It will be fun, and we shall also feel better because of the exercise."

"You had better buy the place first, before you build too many castles in the air," said Mrs. Thomas, "and besides that, I don't see where you are going to find time for doing all those things."

"O, we will work at such things of an evening instead of going to the picture show. Also, we can use Saturday afternoons."

"Well, all right," replied Mrs. Thomas. "I am willing if you are. Really, I like to make plans myself. I shall be only too glad to get out in the fresh air and sunshine and work among the flowers and shrubs. We shall all enjoy planning the changes and improvements we wish to make in the place."

"You will buy the place, won't you father?" pleaded May. "Please do, so that I won't have to cross a busy street every time I want to sit on the grass."

"Yes, please, father," added Joe, "So that I can have a place for the bird houses I make and so that I can climb trees."

"And have flowers to pick and take to school for my teacher," said May.

"And so that father can work in the garden and get the backache and get his hands dirty," laughed Mrs. Thomas.

"And so that your mother can get some color on her face that does not have to be put on with a puff," added Mr. Thomas.

"Well, we will see about it. I want to be sure first that I can make the payments."

—*A. E. Shirling.*

THE FOX AND THE CROW

A Crow having stolen a bit of fish, perched in a tree, and held it in her beak. A Fox seeing her, longed to possess himself of the flesh: and by a wily strategem succeeded. "How handsome is the Crow," he exclaimed, "in the beauty of her shape and in the fairness of her complexion! Oh, if her voice were only equal to her beauty, she would deservedly be considered the Queen of Birds!" This he said deceitfully; but the Crow, anxious to refute the reflection cast upon her voice, set up a loud caw, and dropped the flesh. The Fox quickly picked it up, and thus addressed the Crow: "My good Crow, your voice is right enough, but your wit is wanting."

—*Aesop.*

WIGGLERS

"Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
But all the water that he had
Was in his mother's pail,"

sang Daddy one May afternoon. In one hand he had a bucket, in the other an old saucepan. Toby and Beth trotted after him down the lane that led to the pond.

"Somebody else is singing too," said Toby as they neared the pond.

From all directions across it came sweet voices calling. The children listened quietly.

"Such dirty water!" objected Beth in a low tone.

"But see the cowslips and pond-lilies that grow here," whispered Daddy. "Go softly; we may see who's singing."

They tiptoed nearer. In the shallow water near the edge were dozens of little brown creatures, like lumps of earth, their throats puffed out like toy balloons as they sang.

"Just common toads!" Toby was disappointed.

"They have double chins," whispered Beth.

Daddy and Toby laughed aloud, and at the sound, splash! splash! splash went the toads into deeper water, and swam away.

"Come," said Daddy, "now we'll go fishing."

In the shallow water along the edge of the pond the children could see long strings of something like gelatin, with tiny black balls in them.

Daddy showed them how to scoop up the toads' eggs, for that was what he said they were. Toby and Beth took turns with the saucepan, and soon the bucket was half full of eggs and pond water.

"Won't the mother toads miss them?" Beth was troubled.

"Little toads take care of themselves," explained Daddy, "and besides each mother toad lays many eggs, thousands of them."

Reaching home they emptied the eggs and water into an old aquarium.

"Who will sit on the eggs?" inquired Toby. "Their mother isn't here."

"The sun keeps toads' eggs warm," explained Daddy. "We'll put the aquarium in this sunny window."

Many times each day Toby and Beth watched it. In three days the eggs had changed to little tadpoles wriggling in the jelly. Two days later they were out of the jelly, clinging to the waterweeds Daddy had planted in the sand of the aquarium.

"How do they hang to the waterweeds?" Toby asked.

"They have sticky stuff where their mouths will be later on," answered Daddy.

"Mouths full of glue!" Toby was critical.

Later they noticed that the tadpoles had tassels on their necks, which Daddy said were for breathing.

Soon the tadpoles were real pollywogs, as black as bits of coal. Each day they moved about more and more, their small mouths in search of something to eat. Toby and Beth gave them fish food.

"Their poor tails must get so tired of wiggling," said fat little Beth.

"Why, our tadpoles have hind legs to help their tails swim!" rejoiced Toby one day.

"What big mouths, and big eyes they have!" he marveled a few days later.

Front legs came next.

And then the strangest thing of all happened! The wiggling tails began to grow shorter and shorter.

One day in July Daddy said, "We must put these tadpoles back in the pond."

As they turned homeward, hundreds of tiny toads hopped through the grass, and across the land.

"They grew here in the pond," said Daddy, "and now they are setting out to seek their fortunes."

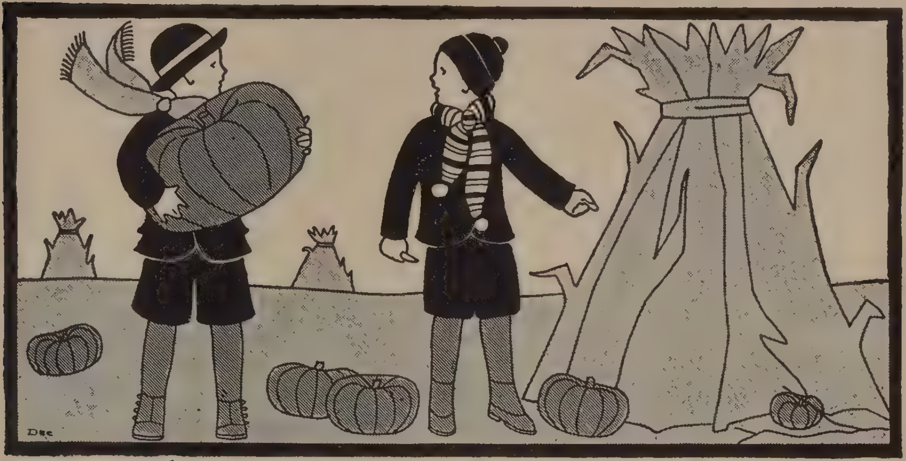
—*Elizabeth K. Peeples.*

(*Reprinted by Courtesy of Nature Magazine, Washington, D. C.*)

Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember, day by day,
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way.
For the pleasure of the many
May often be traced to one
As the hand that plants the acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

HOLIDAY STORIES



LITTLE JACKO'S HALLOWEEN

The little orange pumpkin in the corner of Farmer Brown's corn field was very unhappy. Bob and Billy had come to get the pumpkins they wanted for Jack-o-lanterns, and now they had gone and this little orange one was left on the vine. Poor little pumpkin! He had heard every word the boys had said, and had even watched them make a Jack-o-lantern right there; and how he wished they would turn him into one, too. Once he thought they were going to take him, for Bob had said,

"There's a nice little pumpkin about big enough for Betty. Let's take him, Billy."

"No, we can't," Billy had answered. "You know Mother said it wouldn't be safe for Betty to have a real Jack-o-lantern, for she might tip it over and set the house afire. What's the use of making one if you can't have a real candle burning inside?"

"That's so," replied Bob. "Well, here's mine, all done. Now wait till I light this candle and see him laugh. Oh—isn't he funny?" And how the boys laughed! Little Orange Pumpkin laughed too, and wished, oh so hard, that he might have such funny eyes and nose and mouth, and a burning candle inside, and make people laugh like that. He even rolled himself right up to Bob's foot, but both Bob and Billy were too busy even to see him.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said the little orange pumpkin as he saw the boys leaving the field.

"Why, what's wrong?" asked a big pumpkin near by.

"Oh, I do so want to be a Jack-o-lantern," sighed the little orange pumpkin.

"But we can't all be Jack-o-lanterns, little pumpkin. Wouldn't you rather be made into a good pie for Thanksgiving dinner?"

"No, I'd rather be made into a laughing Jack-o-lantern, and have a real candle lighted and make children happy."

"But you might be made into a little pie for Betty; who knows?"

"Wouldn't *you* like to be a Jack-o-lantern?" asked the little pumpkin.

"Well, I suppose it is lots of fun," admitted the other, "but I'm really too big for that. I shall be glad to be used for food for the cow that gives milk to Betty and Bob and Billy."

Of course the big pumpkin was trying hard to comfort the little one, but after all was said and done, Little Orange Pumpkin didn't feel a bit better. In fact, the more he thought about it the more unhappy he was; and he wriggled and twisted around until snap! he broke from the vine, rolled along on the ground a little way, and then stopped.

"Well, Well!" exclaimed the pumpkin, quite surprised to find himself loose from the vine. Then an idea came to him.

"Why can't I just roll along until I find someone that does want me for a Jack-o-lantern?"

And off he started, rolling along through the corn field till he came to the edge of a wood. He rolled quite a way and didn't find anyone, so he called out:

"Who will come and take me,
And a Jack-o-lantern make me?
And I will give you light
For Halloween to-night."

Nobody answered; all was quiet. But Little Orange Pumpkin was not to be discouraged so soon. On and on he rolled through the woods. After going a long way, he saw a woodchuck eating his supper. So the little pumpkin called again,

"Who will come and take me,
And a Jack-o-lantern make me?
And I will give you light,
For Halloween to-night."

But the woodchuck answered,

"I don't need a lantern for light;
I'm going to bed very early to-night."

So the little orange pumpkin rolled on.

After a while he saw a red squirrel running up the trunk of a tree, and the pumpkin called out,

"Who will come and take me,
And a Jack-o-lantern make me?
And I will give you light
For Halloween to-night."

Red Squirrel answered,

"I've been gathering nuts all day,
And so I'm much too tired to play."

And the little orange pumpkin rolled on.

Soon he saw a field mouse with her seven baby mice. Surely Mother Mouse would like to make a Jack-o-lantern for her seven children; so Orange Pumpkin called out,

"Who will come and take me,
And a Jack-o-lantern make me?
And I will give you light
For Halloween to-night."

But dear, oh, dear! The little mice had never seen a pumpkin rolling along like that, and they were so frightened that they ran away as fast as they could go. And Mrs. Mouse said,

"You see I cannot stop to play,
My children have all run away."

So the orange pumpkin rolled on.

He was tired now. It was beginning to get dark, so he stopped and rested against a log. After a while he said to himself, "This will never do! It is Halloween now, and if I am to find someone to make me into a Jack-o-lantern, I'll have to hurry along." So the little orange pumpkin rolled on. After a long time he came to a clearing. Just then he heard the sweetest, softest music. He stopped to listen. In the distance he could dimly see tiny creatures dancing on the grass.

"Brownies and fairies!" exclaimed the little orange pumpkin, and rolled nearer to them. Just then one of the brownies saw him and cried out,

"Who has come to our party on Halloween?
Let's take him to our Fairy Queen."

And before Little Pumpkin could catch his breath, a dozen or more brownies were rolling him right to the Fairy Queen.

"This is my only chance," he thought. So when he found himself in front of the Fairy Queen, he said,

"Won't you please, please take me,
And a Jack-o-lantern make me?
And I will give you light
For Halloween to-night."

And then the brownies all said, "Please, dear Queen, may we make a Jack-o-lantern out of this little orange pumpkin?" And the queen smiled and said, "Yes! let's have a jolly laughing lantern to light our party to-night."

How happy the little orange pumpkin was! Why, this was better than he ever had dreamed! So the brownies made him into the jolliest Jack-o-lantern you ever saw, and put a fairy candle inside and lighted it. Then he was brought to the Fairy Queen. And you can imagine how happy he was as they all danced 'round him singing,

"See our jolly lantern bright
Made to shine for us to-night;
Loveliest lantern ever seen,
Made for our dear Fairy Queen;
Round our lantern we will play
Till the breaking of the day.
Here's to our dear Fairy Queen,
And this happy Halloween."

—*Anne Gage*

THE CANDY CANE

It was the lovliest little candy cane in all the world! Its red and white stripes were as gay as the stripes of a candy cane should be. The candy maker had been especially happy when he made this particular one, so he had made it very carefully. The red was exactly the right shade, neither too light nor too dark; the white stripes were as sparkling as the snowflakes that were falling outside the candy shop window. It had quite a comfortable place in the shop window and looked for all the world as if it were happy. In fact, it was the brightest, gayest thing in the window. Even the proud chocolate turkey at its side had said so.

But you will be surprised when I tell you that the little candy cane was not happy. He was the saddest little candy cane that ever lay in a candy shop window. To be sure, there were many things that might have made him happy. He knew that the golden and scarlet leaves had left the trees long ago. He knew that the whirling snowflakes were making a soft warm blanket for the flowers of spring. He knew that bright fires in fireplaces were making funny little shadows on the walls of people's houses. And he and the chocolate turkey knew well enough that an interesting day was coming, a day that might take them from the window of the candy shop into the home of some little boy or girl.

But something that the chocolate turkey had said one night had made the little cane fairly tremble with fear and disappointment. And because you like little red and white striped candy canes, I shall tell you just how it happened.

The candy shop man had turned out all of the lights except the one that shone so brightly on the chocolate turkey and the candy cane. Then he had locked the shop door and the turkey and the little cane could talk without being heard.

"It can't be many days until Thanksgiving," the turkey had said.

"I, for one, shall be very glad to get out of this window. People stare at me so rudely. I only hope I go to the home of some little boy or girl who has clean hands so that my feathers may not be soiled."

"Yes, I shall be glad, too," the little candy cane had replied. "Won't it be fun to bring happiness to some little child who has passed our window every day?"

And then the chocolate turkey had said a terrible thing!

"Why, you foolish little candy cane! Do you think for a minute that you will ever leave this window for Thanksgiving? Surely you must know that people buy only chocolate turkeys for that day. They always have and I suppose they always will. They know we are good to eat and you will agree we are very fine to see. Who ever heard of mothers and fathers buying red and white striped canes for their children on Thanksgiving?"

The chocolate turkey had stood straighter and prouder than ever!

"Oh! Doesn't anybody like a candy cane for Thanksgiving?" the little cane had cried. "Not even the very little boys and girls? Why, look at my lovely red stripes. And I know I am good to eat. The candy maker said I was."

"Pooh! Does anyone want a candy cane for Thanksgiving? Of course not! They're only for Christmas and birthdays and parties and things like that. I'm surprised at you, little cane. I'm sorry for you, too."

And then, to make matters worse, the chocolate turkey had whispered in the candy cane's ear, "I imagine it will be quite lonesome for you here when some fine lady takes me home to her little boy or girl. Well—we can't all be chocolate turkeys."

"But I want to make somebody happy on Thanksgiving," the little cane had repeated over and over again. "That's why I was made. I don't want to stay in a candy shop window until my red stripes are faded."

The turkey ruffled his feathers ever so little.

"Candy canes don't make anyone happy as far as I can see. They're too common and cheap. Goodness me! Those gaudy stripes of yours hurt my eyes if I do say it. I can't imagine anyone with a humped back like yours making anyone happy."

So it was no wonder that the little candy cane was unhappy when he listened to such foolish words. He cried softly to himself (so no one could hear him) and said to himself over and over again, "I want to make someone happy, I do, I do, I do!"

And now on the day before Thanksgiving he was so unhappy that the proud chocolate turkey was almost sorry he had made fun of the red and white stripes of the little candy cane.

"I shall be sold today," said the turkey as he and the candy cane watched the snowflakes play tag with each other. "I wish you might be sold, too. But you are only a candy cane. Maybe—"

"Sssh! I think you are going to be sold now," whispered the candy cane.

He had seen a lovely lady come into the candy shop.

"Oh! What a lovely smiling lady! I wish I were a chocolate turkey so I might go, too."

The candy shop man was coming toward the window. The lovely lady was bending over the chocolate turkey.

"Oh! Here is just what I want," she was saying. "It's too good to be true. I've looked everywhere for them. But the shop keepers all say the same thing. You don't know how glad I am that I passed your window."

He reached for the proud chocolate turkey.

"Good luck to you, little candy cane," whispered the turkey. "You see I was right. It pays to be a turkey on Thanksgiving."

But what was the lovely lady saying? The candy cane and the turkey were too astonished for words.

"Chocolate turkey?" cried the lady. "Oh, no! Not the turkey! You didn't understand. You see, Billy has half a dozen turkeys—cookie turkeys, candy turkeys, fruit turkeys—but he hasn't a dear little red and white striped candy cane. You can buy turkeys everywhere. But he would rather have that little candy cane than all the turkeys in the world! This will be a happy Thanksgiving for him, Mr. Storeman. How did you ever happen to make this little cane?"

The store man said very softly—so softly that the turkey and the candy cane could scarcely hear, "A little boy I once loved was always wanting candy canes."

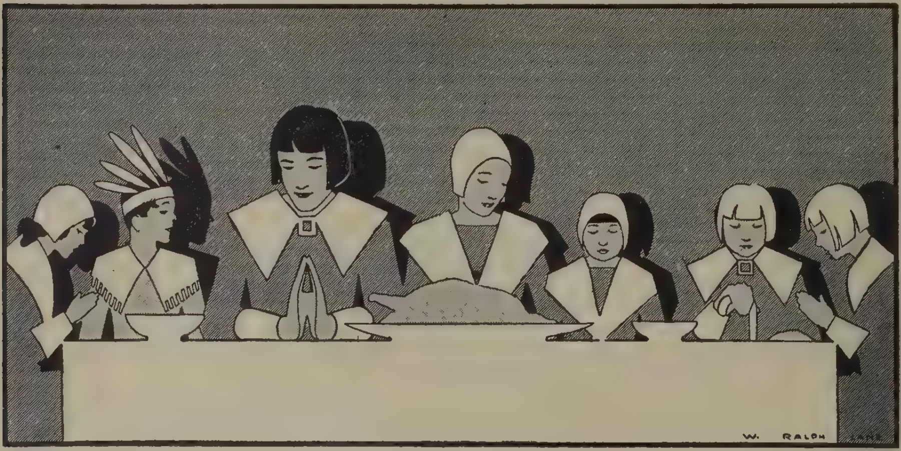
The little candy cane was so excited he almost fell from the shelf. That would have been a calamity! But he took time to whisper to the chocolate turkey, "I hope some lovely lady buys you, too."

That night as the children stopped at the candy shop window they said, "Why, where is our little candy cane? He isn't any place in the window. Yes, the little chocolate turkey is still there. But the window isn't half so pretty without the little candy cane."

Then the very smallest one said, "Look at the chocolate turkey! He looks all melted, just as if he'd been crying!"

And maybe he had. Who knows? Do you?

—*Kathryn E. Kayser.*



TWO THANKSGIVINGS

"Woo--ee! Woo--ee!" shrilled the north wind around the corner of the large colonial home where the King family lived. It rattled the shutters, and sang down the chimneys. It whirled the snowflakes through the air, and pushed the heavy gray clouds here and there in the sky. It piled the drifts high, and blew every snowflake off the roofs, leaving them brown and bare.

From out of the large living-room window, five pairs of eyes gazed anxiously. Five little noses were pressed hard against the pane. Five little mouths were so turned down at the corners that they were just like new moons turned upside down in the sky.

Mrs. King came into the cozy living-room. As she lit the bridge lamp, a warm glow spread over the room. It was soon transformed to a rosy hue, as the flames from the logs in the fireplace flared higher and higher.

"Come children," said Mrs. King. "I will tell you a story while we wait for Father."

So there by the fireplace, Mrs. King told the story of the very first Thanksgiving. She told how brave the little Pilgrim children were. How cheerfully they met their disappointments. As she finished, Mary cried:

"Oh, Mother, don't you think we can go to Grandmother's tomorrow?"

"I'm afraid not, my dear. This storm will, no doubt, last several days. It is a real northern Minnesota blizzard."

Just then Mr. King came in, rubbing his tingling ears. He stretched his hands out to the welcoming blaze. The children gathered round him.

"Father, do you think this blizzard will be over tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow!" exclaimed Mr. King. "The roads will be blocked for a week."

The five eager faces were filled with disappointment.

"What's this?" cried Mr. King. "My big-girl Mary, and my right-hand man, Charles, letting a snowstorm make them blue?"

"But, Father, we have never missed a Thanksgiving at Grandmother's," answered Mary.

"We have such fun," added Charles.

"She hath thuch nithe pepperminths," lisped four-year-old Ruth.

Not even the favorite joke of Ruth's weakness for Grandmother's peppermints could bring a smile to the sober faces, altho' Father and Mother laughed heartily.

"I'll tell you," said Mother. "Why not play the story I just told you." It was about the first Thanksgiving," she added to Father.

"How shall we play it, Mother?" questioned the children.

"Well, we will plan a dinner as near like the first Thanksgiving as possible. Then we will all have to be the people in the story."

"What could I be?" asked Father.

"Why!" exclaimed Mrs. King. "You can be the little Pilgrim boy."

At this the children all laughed happily. So Mrs. King went on: "Mary can be the mother. Charles can be the father."

"We must have Indians," suggested Charles.

"Billy will have to be an Indian," continued Mother. "And Tommy can be the grandfather. Ruth can be the grandmother. You must all find your own costumes. Now let us plan the dinner."

The next day, at exactly two o'clock, the Pilgrim family sat down to a real Thanksgiving dinner. The huge table was filled with fragrant foods. An enormous turkey had the place of honor. Browned potatoes, corn bread and cranberries, not forgetting to mention wild grape jam, pumpkin pie, nuts and cambric tea (milk), surrounded it. What a merry time it was, and how they laughed at each other.

There sat Charles in Father's place, very stately in his sober black coat with stiff collar and cuffs of white paper. Father sat near him, looking very much like a small boy, in costume like Charles'. His eyes were sparkling and his merry small-boy tricks kept everyone laughing. Mother looked like a sweet school-girl with a soft shawl collar of white framing her face. Her cheeks were very pink, her blue eyes sparkled, and her yellow hair hung down over her shoulders in two prim-looking plaits. Mary, very dignified, as Puritan mothers always were, sat in Mother's place. She helped serve the plates, and poured the cambric tea. Billy was the lone Indian, but Father said he made enough noise for the whole tribe with his wild war whoops. He looked very fierce in his Indian head-band with its brightly-colored feathers. Tommy drew a great laugh when he hobbled into the room with his cane, and cotton batting wig. Ruth wore a grandmother cap and make-believe glasses. She tried very hard to do everything just as Grandmother did, even to sipping her tea.

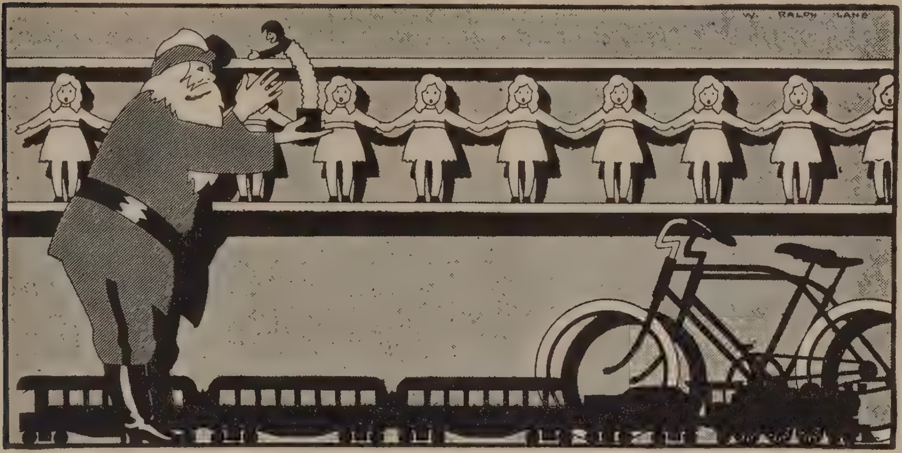
Later in the evening, after they had played many games, such as the Pilgrim boys and girls might have played, they roasted apples and popped corn in the fireplace. Just when it was bedtime the telephone rang and who was it but Grandmother. Each one helped to tell her about their gay Thanksgiving.

"Well," she laughed. "I'm glad you had such a good time. The roads are to be opened by Sunday, and I want you all to come then and have another Thanksgiving."

"Whoopee!" yelled Billy. "We shall have two Thanksgivings."

"Two Thanksgivings! Two Thanksgivings," sang the children happily as they scampered up the broad stairs to bed.

—*Clara Maple Sinnett*



THE SECRET OF MRS. SANTA AND SKEESIX

The barn door opened suddenly. With a crash, bang, and bumpety bump, Santa's reindeer came galloping through the snow! They stopped right in front of the toy shop. Then Santa's merry voice shouted, "Whoa, Prancer! Whoa, Dancer! I declare these reindeer haven't been so frisky since last Christmas Eve. If they keep this up, I know what will happen to old Santa and his sleigh. There will be a big spill in a snowdrift, and what a spill it will be! Electric trains, dolls, pop-guns, candy, and drums, all mixed up in a pile with Santa Claus."

Santa hitched his reindeer to the post in front of the toy shop, shook the snow from his fur coat and cap, and went inside. What a sight! Everything was ready. Just one more thing was to be done. You see old Santa wouldn't dream of packing any of the toys into his sleigh until he had carefully looked at each one. This was a task that he didn't let his helpers or Mrs. Santa do.

So Santa put on his spectacles, took the toy list from the wall, and started to inspect the toys.

The first things on the list were the By-lo Babies. How sweet they were! They smiled broadly tonight. Santa smiled too, for he knew the dolls were dreaming of the time when dear little girls would hold them in their arms and rock them to and fro as if they were real babies. Santa tried each Baby. Wouldn't it be a terrible thing to give some little girl a By-lo Baby that couldn't say, "Ma-ma"? That was why Santa bent each smiling head. Only one doll wouldn't cry. It only looked at Santa and smiled. So he shook it ever so gently, and then it said, "Ma-ma", in such a loud voice that Santa jumped. When all the Babies had been packed in lovely Christmas boxes, Santa drew a line through their names on his list.

The electric trains came next. And such wonderful trains you never saw! Perhaps you have seen trains a little like them in the windows of stores in big cities. They had long, shiny tracks, and engines with real whistles and bells. There was an end coach with a conductor who waved a lantern. You could almost hear him say, "All aboard." Santa pressed the button and away went a little train, the reddest one of them all! The whistle went, "Toot-toot," the bell went, "Ding, dong," the conductor waved his lantern, and they were off. Chuck-a-chuck, chuck-a-chuck, chuck-a-chuck. Faster and faster it flew. It shot through a long tunnel in a mountain, over a high bridge, past the little red depot. Santa was so dizzy he shut off the train.

"Electric trains are in fine shape," he said. He checked them from his list.

The horns came third on the list. My! There were shelves and shelves of them. Big horns, little horns, and some not so big and not so little. There was a big brass horn for somebody's Big Brother. Santa tried to blow it, but he was so fat he could only puff out his cheeks like Fourth of July balloons! Then he tried the baby horns. They were for little folks, ever so much smaller than you. He played a scale on the tiniest one, "Do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-ti-do," played Santa. The toy soldiers were so surprised they rattled in their boxes. They were really sorry when Santa checked the horns from the toy list.

Then Santa looked over the drums. If there is one thing Santa likes to do, it is to play on a drum. It seemed there must be a drum for every little boy in the world this year. Santa took some drum-sticks and played a merry little tune. Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat! The clown doll in the corner could scarcely keep his feet still.

"Drums are better than ever this year," said Santa to himself.

Now for the Walking Ducks—My goodness! The helpers could have played all day with those toys. They would wind them up, then how they would zig-zag over the floor! As Santa wound them up tonight, he had to be sure that every one would work. He jumped this way and that as they ran across the floor and flapped their wings and said, "Quack, Quack." Santa's fat stomach shook and his sides ached, he laughed so hard.

Santa loved the Jacks-in-the-Boxes more than any other toy. Although he had made thousands of them, he just had to jump when he opened the boxes. He would stand a little way from a box, press the hook, and out would jump a Jack! Santa jumped so quickly once that his pencil fell from behind his ear and his spectacles slipped over his nose!

Santa checked everything in his shop. All the things were checked from the list. Suddenly, he remembered Skeesix! Why, he wasn't even on the list! That was queer. Maybe the helpers were playing a joke on him. Perhaps Mrs. Santa had him. She loved him more than any of the other dolls. She might want to keep him.

"Skeesix," called Santa in his jolly voice.

But there was no answer.

"Mrs. Santa, do you know where Skeesix is?" called Santa.

"Yes, Santa dear. I have him. I'll be through with him in just a minute," answered Mrs. Santa from her room upstairs.

Whatever did she mean? Skeesix had been finished for two weeks. He had seen Mrs. Santa fixing his little yellow curl himself. He expected her to be crying when she came down stairs. She always did that when Skeesix left.

But to his surprise he saw that she was smiling and it was a strange smile—one he had never seen on Mrs. Santa's face before. She handed Skeesix to Santa.

"Here he is, Santa. I don't mind his going at all. He and I have the lovliest secret. Nobody in the world knows it but just us two."

Santa wanted to know the secret very badly, but he was too well mannered to ask what it was. He was glad it was a secret that made Mrs. Santa smile.

She helped him put on his great fur coat. She tied a scarf around his neck so he wouldn't get tonsilitis. She pulled his cap over his ears. She tucked in his great sack of toys. Such a packed sleigh had never left the shop! You couldn't have squeezed in a red gumdrop. Skeesix had to ride in the pocket of Santa's coat. A crack of the whip and Santa was off.

"Goodbye, Santa. I'll see you in the morning. Don't let Skeesix get cold," said Mrs. Santa.

All through that ride Santa wondered about that secret. He thought so hard he almost bumped into six stars. He dodged them just in time. He wished he might ask Skeesix. But Mrs. Santa had said it was a secret.

Skeesix was the last doll to be put into the last Christmas stocking. As Santa pushed him down into the toe he just couldn't help saying, "Is it a funny secret, Skeesix?"

But Skeesix looked straight ahead as if he didn't hear Santa's question.

And do you know Santa never did find what the secret was? But I'll tell you if you promise never, never, never to tell him. You see it happened just like this.

Mrs. Santa loved Skeesix so dearly she didn't want him ever to forget her. So right in the inside of the pocket of Skeesix's little red jumper she had embroidered something that wasn't too hard for Skeesix to read and something that would make him always remember dear Mrs. Santa.

When the little boy who found Skeesix in his stocking Christmas morning saw the words Mrs. Santa had embroidered in his pocket, he said to his mother, "Mother, see what is on Skeesix's pocket! I can read it. It says, 'Forget-me-not.' Santa must have put it there!"

Skeesix didn't wink an eye or shake his little yellow curl. He knew the secret. And we do, too, don't we?

—*Kathryn E. Kayser.*

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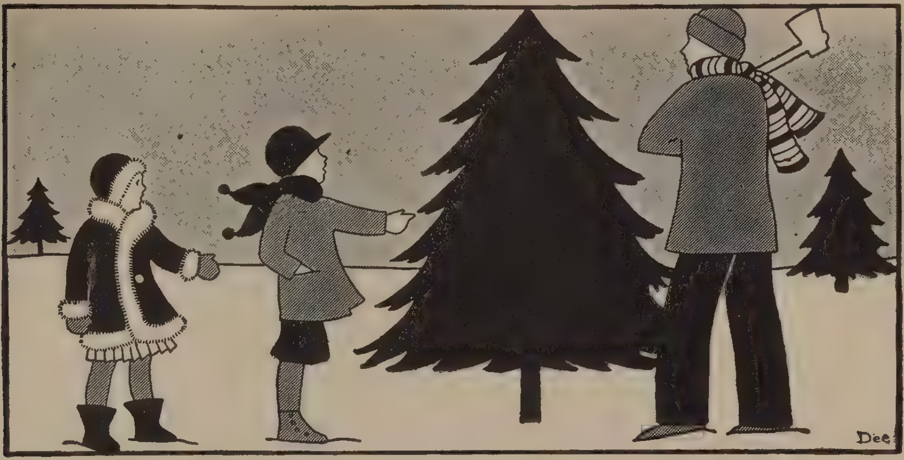
In "The New Creative Art Book" we are shown how to prepare for Santa. On page 319 in "Creative Teaching" a lovely poster in silhouette is given and a complete Christmas program planned.



CHRISTMAS TREES

"Who wants to help get a Christmas tree?" called Daddy.

"We do! We do!" cried Toby and Beth running after him as he strode down the lane, an axe over his shoulder.

"We want a green tree," said Beth looking at the pines with their green needles, and the bare branches of other trees close by.

"There's a pretty one. Let's get it," exclaimed Toby pointing to a little pine tree.

"No, it isn't ours," said Daddy. "We must get one from our own woods, not from Farmer Brown's."

"But suppose we hadn't any woods," said Toby.

"Then we'd buy a Christmas tree," Daddy answered.

Soon they reached their very own woodlot. Toby and Beth ran about in great excitement looking for the pine tree they liked best.

"Our Christmas tree must be very straight, so it will point right to the stars," said Toby.

"It must be just as big on one side as it is on the other, so it will hold all our red balls," said Beth.

"Here is a good one," cried Toby, but just as Daddy swung the axe, he darted away with a shout, "Here's a better one."

Daddy stopped his axe in mid-air.

"This won't do, Toby mine," he said quite seriously. "We can cut only one tree. Be sure you know which one you want."

"Why the wood is full of trees. What difference does it make?" asked Toby in surprise.

"It takes years to grow these little pine trees, more years than you and Beth have lived," answered Daddy. "Everybody wants a Christmas tree. If everybody takes one it is all right, but if everybody takes two or three, what will happen?"

Toby and Beth looked soberly at Daddy. Then they said, "There won't be any!"

"I'll be careful this time," added Toby as he pointed out the tree he wanted.

On the way home what should they find in the woods but a holly tree full of bright red berries.

"Oh! so pretty!" murmured fat little Beth. "Let's take it home to Mother."

"That's what people have done until there is very little holly left growing. Let's leave this pretty tree in the woods, and bring Mother here to see it," suggested Daddy.

Just then a little bird with brown feathers, a tuft on its head, a yellow band across the end of its tail, and tips like red sealing-wax on its wings, flew into the holly tree, and began eating berries.

"Why, the holly tree is a Christmas tree for the birds!" whispered Toby, his eyes shining. Then all at once he began to clap his hands and jump up and down. "Oh, goody!" he cried, "I'm going to make a Christmas tree in our yard for the birds. We can tie suet and peanuts on it, and little baskets of crumbs."

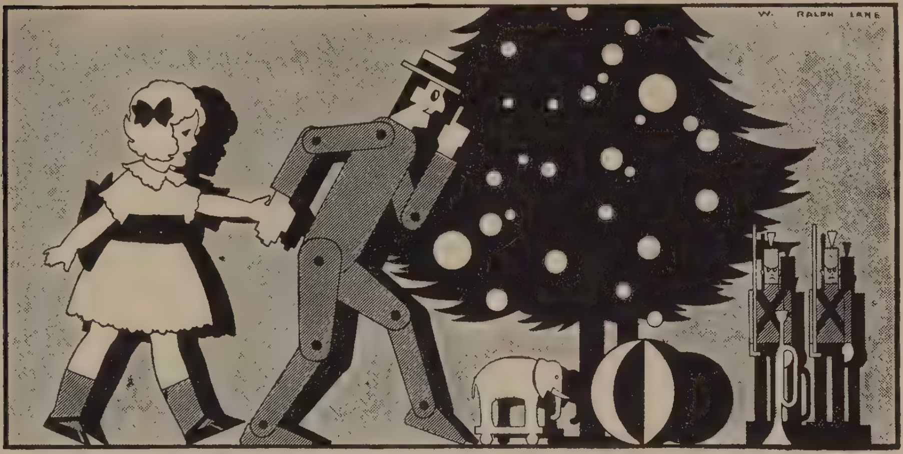
Beth looked imploringly at him. She loved Toby and she loved the birds, but,—

"I want my Christmas tree with red balls."

"Never mind, we'll have both," said Daddy. "First we'll put the little pine tree indoors. Then when Christmas is over, we'll put it outside, too."

—*Elizabeth K. Peeples.*

(Used by courtesy of Nature Magazine, Washington, D. C.)



CHRISTMAS EVE IN OLD PETER'S TOY SHOP

It was Christmas Eve in Old Peter's toy shop. He had just closed the store and gone home when Toytina, the fairy queen of Toyland, appeared. Each night after Old Peter had left the shop, Toytina would come and waken the toys and let them play awhile.

"There will not be time to play long tonight," said Toytina, "for Old Peter kept the shop open so late. This is my busiest night in the whole year, so I shall have to go at once. Good night, dear toys."

And before the toys knew it, the fairy queen had gone.

"Where is she going?" Jumping Jack asked Mama Doll, who stood in the window beside him.

"Now I know you are a brand new toy, and this is your first year in Old Peter's shop. No wonder you look so shiny and pretty," said Mama Doll, looking at Jumping Jack admiringly.

"Well, you are pretty, too," said Jumping Jack. "Aren't you new?"

'I have been called pretty," said Mama Doll, who was very pretty indeed, with golden hair and brown eyes with real lashes. "But I am not new. O, I wish some one would buy me. I want to belong to someone, and have a real home."

And poor Mama Doll's voice trembled and her eyes filled with tears. This distressed the kind hearted Jumping Jack, who couldn't bear to see anyone cry.

"O, please don't cry, dear Mama Doll," he begged. "If you spoiled your pretty dress, Old Peter surely couldn't sell you. Why don't you like to stay in Old Peter's shop? I've had such a jolly good time here. I think it's a fine place to be."

"Yes, it is fun at Christmas time, when our dear fairy queen lets us play at night," answered Mama Doll. "But that is only during the holidays. After Christmas Old Peter will pack many of us away for another year. Last year I came new to the shop, but I was so expensive that no one could afford to buy me. So Old Peter packed me away until this Christmas, and still I am not sold."

"Well, I shouldn't want to be packed away either," said Jumping Jack. "I'd get so stiff I know I could never jump so high as I can now. Can't Toytina help us? O, I forgot she has gone. Where did she go, Mama Doll?"

"This is Christmas Eve, you know," Mama Doll replied, "and she goes every year to help Santa Claus get ready for his visit to the children." And then Mama Doll told Jumping Jack all about Santa Claus and how Toytina helped him.

"I wonder why we all were not left with Santa Claus instead of being sent to the toy shop," said Jumping Jack.

"Why, Jumping Jack! Santa Claus isn't the only one that gives toys at Christmas time. Big people and children have to go to the toy shops to get the toys they want to give to their friends; so some of us have to go to the toy shops, you see."

"That's so," said Jumping Jack, "I hadn't thought of that. I'm really glad I was brought to Old Peter's; aren't you, Mama Doll?"

"Yes, I've had a good time here, but I'd like to go now. Do you remember the lady that bought that nice electric train today? Well, I'd like to belong to her little girl. And she wanted me, too, Jumping Jack. I heard her ask her mother to buy me, but her mother said to wait till after Santa had come."

"Yes, I remember that lady," said Jumping Jack. "She had a little boy, too, and he wanted me. I heard him tell his mother so."

"O dear!" sighed Mama Doll, "if only that lady had bought us, and we could always live together."

CRASH! BANG!—a snowball came right through the window and fell to pieces in front of Mama Doll and Jumping Jack.

"O, O," cried Mama Doll. "What's happened?"

Then a crowd of boys ran past the shop, and all was quiet again.

"I believe one of those boys threw that snowball," said Mama Doll.

"Yes, I believe so, too," said Jumping Jack, brushing the snow off Mama Doll and himself. "And it broke the window, too. Look!" and Jumping Jack stuck his head through the hole in the window and looked out.

"It's all quiet outside now," he said.

"Let me look into the street, too," said Mama Doll.

So Jumping Jack held on to Mama Doll's dress so she could not fall.

"O, it's so pretty outside, Jumping Jack. There are stars in the sky and snow on the ground, and it's so quiet. If I could only take a walk without getting my pretty slippers wet."

"O, I know what let's do!" exclaimed Jumping Jack. "Let's go to the house where that little girl and boy live, and see if we can't belong to them! Will you, Mama Doll?"

"I'd like to, but what about Old Peter and our dear Toytina?"

"O, they won't care a bit, I'm sure," answered Jumping Jack. "They would be glad to have us so happy, and we'd be making that little girl and boy happy, too."

"That's so," replied Mama Doll, "but do you know where to go?"

"I remember the lady told Old Peter to send the train to 305 Fourth Street and said it was not far. I can find it."

"But I'll get my slippers wet in the snow."

"I'll carry you. Come on," said Jumping Jack.

And Jumping Jack crawled through the hole in the window and jumped to the ground. Then Mama Doll squeezed through the hole, and Jumping Jack took her in his big, long arms and started up the street.

"This is Second Street," he said, looking up at the street sign, "so it can't be far," and on he went, taking big high jumps, so he wouldn't get his feet wet.

Soon he came to another street sign that read, "Third Street." Street."

"Are you sure I'm not too heavy for you to carry all the way?" asked Mama Doll.

"No, no, I'm strong, and not a bit tired," answered Jumping Jack, as he went on.

Soon they came to a sign that read "Fourth Street," and then Jumping Jack began looking at the numbers on the houses.

"Oh," said Mama Doll, "I wish it might be the house that's all lighted down stairs."

"Let's look at that number, Jumping Jack."

And he did, and what do you suppose it was? Yes—305!

"O, O," said Mama Doll, "I'm so happy. Let's look in the window."

So Jumping Jack went up the steps, put Mama Doll on the porch, and they looked in the window. There stood a beautiful tree decorated with popcorn strings, tiny colored electric lights, and at the very tip top of the tree was a beautiful silver star. And there was the lady who had been in Old Peter's toy shop! And a man was helping her trim the tree.

"O, O," whispered Mama Doll, "there's the mother, and I suppose that's their daddy. Let's hurry in, Jumping Jack."

"We can't do that. We'll have to wait till they go away. Listen! Some one's coming up the street. Sit down here and be still."

Mama Doll and Jumping Jack sat down against the storm door and watched the woman coming up the street. When she came to the house, she turned and came in. Just as she went to open the door she saw Mama Doll and Jumping Jack.

"Well, well, well," she said, as she picked them up and went into the house. "See what I found on the porch as I was coming in," she said, giving Mama Doll and Jumping Jack to the mother.

"Why, they look like the doll and jumping jack that we saw in Old Peter's toy shop today. Robert and Jane wanted them. I wonder how they ever got here."

"I guess a Christmas fairy must have brought them," laughed Daddy. "Well—anyway they're here, so let's put them under the tree."

"O, I'm so happy," said Mama Doll.

"So am I," said Jumping Jack.

And soon they fell asleep. And you can imagine how happy and surprised Robert and Jane were the next morning when they found Mama Doll and Jumping Jack sitting side by side under their Christmas tree.

—Anna Gage

AROUND THE WORLD WITH GOOD ST. NICHOLAS

Have you ever wondered how that faithful old fellow ever does it? Often I've thought about how tired those eight miniature reindeer must be with the whole world to circle in one short night and such a heavy load to carry. And I am sure that you have thought about it, too.

Would it surprise you to know that good St. Nicholas does not come on Christmas eve at all in Germany and Holland but on a very special day of his own called St. Nicholas' day? December sixth is St. Nicholas' day in far away Europe and you may be sure that it is a widely celebrated occasion.

If you were a boy or girl in Germany you would be wondering anxiously whether you had been good enough to receive a visit from this jolly old gentleman who acts as an advance courier and examines the children of all German households, and who promises further rewards of good conduct which the Christ Child is to bring to the deserving children at the Christmas season.

In he comes on St. Nicholas' eve, bringing with him his big, black servant, Jan, and he distributes goodies to the little ones, who enjoy his visit greatly. Later comes the real Christmas celebration which is to do honor to the Baby Jesus.

First of all, there is the German market, where there are many toys on display, for nowhere else in the world can be found toys that compare with those sold in the German Christmas market. Here too, are many sweets which may be purchased for a small sum.

Everywhere is the sweet odor of the evergreen trees, for no German household would think of celebrating the season without a Christmas tree.

In the very old days before the Savior had come, the German people worshiped the Oak, which they thought was the very special tree of the thunder god, Thor, but when a Christian monk showed them that there was no thunder god and told them the beautiful story of the Nativity, they took as their tree the enduring evergreen, which to them seemed as lasting as the beautiful love of the Christ child.

Under the Christmas tree German parents often build miniature church or market scenes, The tree itself is decorated with gilded walnuts, candles, apples and sweets, which are fastened to its branches with bits of gold cord or bright colored ribbons. At the top is placed the Christmas fairy, and underneath are the gifts, which each member of the family has had such fun selecting and making for the other members of the household.

In some parts of the country on Christmas eve the little peasant boys and girls place a shoe by the chimney, which they hope the Christkind will fill if they have been very good.

In Holland St. Nicholas does not come with his reindeer, but brings with him his faithful horse. Perhaps he is saving the reindeer for his long, long ride upon Christmas eve. Because many of the Dutch homes do not have fireplaces, but porcelain stoves, he enters by way of the door and leaves his treat of "Marsepein" or sweet cakes for the little ones.

The "Fete de Noel" in France is a very beautiful celebration. Each year the family builds a creche or manger scene about which they gather at dusk upon Christmas eve and sing the many lovely carols which have come to us from across the big ocean. It is at this time the Yule log is lighted. This log is quite large and is cut from oak or pine and placed in the fireplace in readiness. Every night from Christmas eve until January sixth the children gather about the Yule log and sing the same sweet carols again and again. Nor do they forget their feathered friends without, for they prepare many special treats of suet and grain for them. The household pets are well remembered at the Christmas season also, and both cats and dogs present sleek well filled coats at the holiday season.

There is a story told among the peasants of France that if

Jean Noel should chance to visit them on the eve of Christmas perhaps as an old man or again as a little child, singing as he comes through the woods, and they turn him not from their door, he will bring them much happiness and prosperity in the following year. No wayfarer is turned away from the humble homes of France upon that great night.

In Italy the Yule log is lighted at two o'clock in the afternoon on Christmas eve and when the shadows begin to fall, for it grows dark quickly after the Italian sunset, the Presepio or manger scene is lighted. Later comes the Christmas feast of nuts and fish and macaroni. The Italian boy or girl draws his present from the Urn of Fate, and the gifts no doubt prove very queer at times.

There is a very charming custom in Italy that has come down through many, many years, and that is the singing of the Pifferaro, who are Italian peasants carrying Zampogin or Italian bag pipes upon which they play their accompaniment. They sing before all images of Mary and the little Christ Child placed in any open place upon the road. The tune is supposed to be the very same one that the Shepherds played as they came into Bethlehem that morning after hearing the glad tidings. The music to the beautiful old songs has never been written, but is taught by one Pifferaro to another, which is considered a sacred duty, lest it should be forgotten. The Pifferaro do not ask for alms, but the people who live in the villas along the road give them food and shelter and sometimes presents.

Christmas in Spain centers around the beautiful midnight mass or Misa del Galco, meaning Cock-crow mass. The children of Spain do not receive their gifts upon Christmas, but wait until the Feast of the Three Kings, in January, for their presents.

Christmas day for them is a time for giving, when they remember all of the family servants and any poor people who may live about the neighborhood. They are very happy waiting for their own day of celebration when they will fill their shoes with straw for the horses of the Magi, as the three Kings were called.

If you were a Swedish boy or girl you would be celebrating the Festival of Light, in honor of Balder the Beautiful, who was supposed to be the god of light. Balder's mother loved him so much that she made all the plants and stones of the earth promise never to harm her son, but there was one plant which she forgot and that was the mistletoe. Loki, the god of evil, found this little plant and one day when the other gods and goddesses were having a game he guided the hand of Balder's little blind brother to toss the mistletoe at Balder, who fell to the ground pierced to the heart by the sprig of mistletoe. This was thought to have occurred upon December 21, which is the longest night of all the year.

There are many quaint customs which are a part of the Swedish celebration. They, like the German children, have their tree and presents upon the eve of the holiday, but chief among their decorations are the Julbachen and Julgrisen, the Yule goat and the Yule pig, each made of gingerbread and representing the goat of Thor, the thunder god, and the golden porker of Frey, the sun god.

December 24 is dipping day in Sweden. Then every family gathers in the kitchen among their servants and they all sit down at dinner together, where a big iron kettle filled with pork is passed about, into which each person dips his bread, in token of friendship and good will.

The children work the year around in Sweden making the gifts for the tree, and on Christmas eve the servants put on masks and deliver the gifts from door to door, having a jolly time dancing about the streets upon their cheerful errands.

Christmas, as we know it, is not celebrated in Japan, but there is a day every year near our Christmas season which, to the Japanese boy, is one of the happiest times of the year and that is New Year's Day. That is the time when the New Year's tree is decorated with cotton balls and glittering rice paste. On the week preceding the festival the Mochi man sets up his stoves in the streets of the Japanese villages and towns and announces himself ready for business. The children gather about his steaming pots of rice eager to shape the funny little cakes, which make up a part of their New Year's feast.

If you were a boy or girl in England you would probably be doing just what you will be doing here at home this very next Christmas, laying aside your school books for the holiday season. The English Christmas is very much like our Christmas over here. It is a time of fun and gift giving. In England no table is complete without its plum pudding, decorated with its sprig of Holly.

The English boy and girl know many Christmas carols, which they sing over and over again during the happy season. Many years ago there used to be the custom of singing about the Christmas Candle, but that was in the days when each household made its own candles, The Christmas candle was dipped with the other candles in the early fall. A quill of powder was tied to the wick before dipping and the wick divided, so that when dipped the candle had three legs upon which to stand. On Christmas eve this candle was lighted and at every sputter the children would almost hold their breath in their excitement. When it had burned quite low there would come the expected explosion and the happy suspense would be over and the festivity at an end.

If you spent Christmas in Denmark, you would almost think you were in your own America, for Santa Claus makes use of the chimney there, just as he does here. If you were a Swiss child, the Lebkuchen cake would be a part of your Christmas treat.

There are ever so many ways of celebrating the Yuletide and ever so many homes into which old St. Nicholas must take a peek before he whistles his trusty steeds to the homeward road, but our very own Christmas pleases us because we can celebrate it right in our very own home, and I suspect if we traveled all over these forty-eight states of ours we might find many of the customs of old Europe right here in our own country, because not so very long ago our own grandparents weren't Americans at all, but boys and girls in many, many lands.

—Gladys Eloise Brierly.

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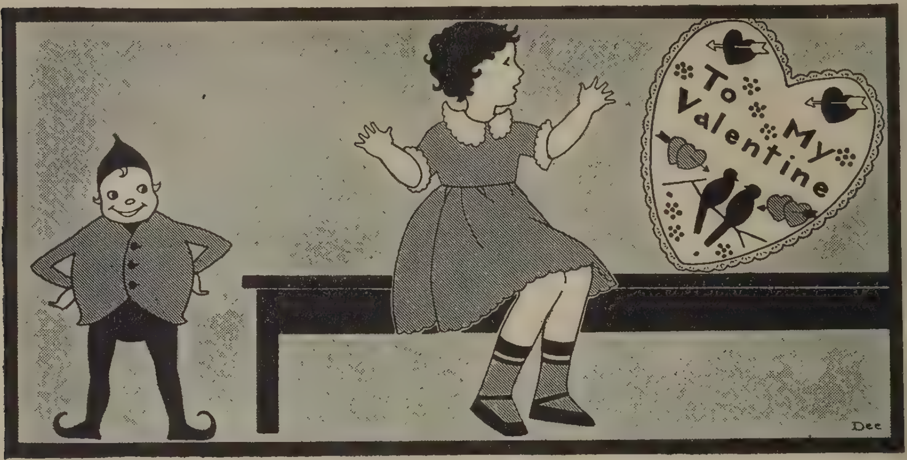
In "Creative Teaching," pages 389, 392 and 395 many suggestions are given for the making of our own toys, so that we may be very happy right in our own home.

Perhaps you will want to decorate your room with a pretty border like the one shown on page 384 in "Creative Teaching."



To My Valentine

JUMBO'S VALENTINE

Once upon a time, the fairy queen offered a gold forget-me-not ring, as a prize to the little brownie who could make the prettiest valentine.

Of course, all the little brownies wanted the prize, but Jumbo, a fat, fat little brownie wanted it most of all. This was because he did not have any ring at all, you see.

So, with paint and scissors and paste and bright colored papers, Jumbo set to work. He made many valentines, and each time he finished one, Jumbo would smile and say, "Maybe I can make a prettier valentine than this one. I'll try." And when he had finished that one, why, Jumbo would say again, "Maybe I can make a prettier valentine than this one. I'll try."

Well, Jumbo kept on making valentines and working and working, even while the other brownies were at play, until at last he made one he believed might take the prize. It was full of bluebirds and golden hearts and flowers and lace—a most beautiful valentine!

But then, all valentines made by the brownies are pretty, because they never saw an ugly one. You know they would make pretty ones, because valentines mean love. How could they make them ugly?

Oh, yes, I know that down in the earth world, sometimes you will see ugly valentines in the stores. That is, unless you turn your head and walk quickly away—as a brownie would do.

Well on the very day—St. Valentine's day—on which little Jumbo and the other brownies were to show their valentines to the queen, Jumbo was hopping around among the flowers in the earth world. He often went there on Halloween and other occasions to see what the children were up to. But hiding in among the flowers, of course, they never saw him.

This time he was in a pansy-bed near the porch and all at once, Jumbo heard somebody crying. It was Marigold, a dear little girl with sunny hair and blue, blue eyes. Somebody had sent her an ugly valentine—a great big nose, great big mouth and wide-spreading ears! It was a most horrible looking valentine, and Marigold was sobbing and sobbing and sobbing.

Of course little Jumbo did not know that was why Marigold was crying so, and he tripped up behind her. The valentine was lying wide open on her lap, and when Jumbo peeped over her shoulder, he shut his eyes quick, quick and turned his head away! This was the first ugly valentine Jumbo had ever seen. He did not know what to think of it!

"I shall take it away and give her my beautiful valentine," said little Jumbo all at once. "What a shame to send an ugly valentine!" Then, forgetting all about the queen and the forget-me-not ring, Jumbo quickly dropped his prettiest valentine on Marigold's lap, and snatched the ugly one away and tore it up.

Oh, but Marigold was surprised and happy when she opened her eyes. She smiled and smiled when she saw the lovely valentine so full of birds and hearts and flowers. She wondered who could have sent it. But no one ever tells who sends valentines, and of course Jumbo did not.

Indeed, little Jumbo was already back in brownieland, by the time Marigold had stopped crying. For the first time he remembered that he had no valentine now, to show to the queen. All the other little brownies were scampering away to the palace to show theirs—each one hoping to win the prize.

Standing still in his tracks, Jumbo wondered what to do. He had given his prettiest valentine away to the little girl he found crying. He had given all the others away, too. He had slipped them underneath the doors, rung the bells and had run, run,

run! There was no time to make any more. And then what do you suppose?

Something touched little Jumbo's toes as he stood in the damp clay. Looking down at his feet, he saw a lovely little plant with rich green leaves shaped like a heart.

"Oh, now I know what I shall do," laughed Jumbo. "I shall make a little jug-vase of this brown clay for my valentine, and put some of these pretty heart-leaves in it. And won't that be a lovely valentine for the queen?"

Laughing as he so quickly worked, that is just what little Jumbo did. He rolled the clay and formed it exactly like a small jug, and placing the pretty heart-leaves in his vase, skipped away with the other brownies to show his valentine to the queen.

She smiled and smiled when she saw the cunning little jug and fresh, sweet heart-leaves. The queen thought it was the most beautiful valentine of all, and she told Jumbo so, as she listened to his story about the little girl he had found crying.

So it was that little Jumbo received the prize, and when the queen slipped the blue forget-me-not ring on his finger—all the little brownies in brownieland clapped and clapped and clapped!

Today, if you search in the woods of early spring, you may find the lovely heart-leaves, yourself. And tucked among them, close to the brown earth, a little jug like Jumbo's, nestles.

Perhaps the fairy queen asked old mother Nature to hide them there, that the earth world children might learn to make only beautiful valentines.

—*Madge A. Bigham.*

* * *

NOTE—Similar tales may be found in "Fanciful Flower Tales," Little, Brown Co., Boston.

SUGGESTIONS FOR JUMBO VALENTINE PARTY

Invitations:

From five inch squares of cardboard cut two red hearts, and one heart from white paper. Tie together like a booklet. Decorate the outside red heart with a brownie cut from white paper and holding aloft a heart leaf. On the inside heart write the following verse:

Come to my brownie valentine party,
On Friday at half-past four.
There's sure to be a surprise for you,
But I can't tell any more.

As the guests gather, the little hostess wearing a brownie cap decorated with hearts, places on each child a similar brownie cap. While waiting for all to arrive, seat the children at tables or group on the floor. Give to each child a dissected colored heart in an envelope. It is fun to put them together and then exchange for some other color.

When all have arrived, let a good story-teller tell—not read—the story of "Jumbo's Valentine."

Finish by saying the children are going to do the same thing the brownies did. And the child making the best valentine in a period of fifteen minutes will receive a ring. Distribute valentine materials such as paper, crayons, scissors, paste and pencils. No patterns or pictures. Neatness and originality the main points.

Table Decorations:

A white cloth sprinkled with red hearts and bordered with brownies chasing small hearts. For the centerpiece, use a stuffed brownie about eight inches high, called Jumbo. Let the brownie hold ribbons reaching to each child's place, the ends connected with heart-shaped boxes or baskets filled with valentine candy.

Place a big red apple at each place, the center hollowed out to hold red lighted candles. Small heart-shaped cakes and cream frozen in heart moulds complete the refreshments.

Games:

Heart Hunt. Hide candy hearts in all sorts of places about the halls and rooms. Give ten minutes in which the hearts are to be found. Blow a whistle at the close, and to the girl or boy having the greatest number, give a fat little brownie made of tarlatan and stuffed with candy.

Pinning the heart on Jumbo. Blindfold games are always a joy. Draw the outline of a brownie on a piece of white cloth, and pin to the wall. Blindfold each child and let him attempt to pin a heart in the brownie's hand. A pretty valentine is given to the most successful.

Jumbo's Magic Garden. From a ten-cent store buy a number of miniature toys. Also several kinds of small artificial flowers with wire stems. Now fill a long, shallow box with sand or sawdust. Plant the flowers with the small gifts fastened to the stems and buried in the sand. Each child is told to pick a flower from Jumbo's magic garden to carry home with him. The surprise of the toy sends each one home happy, and completes Jumbo's valentine party.

—*Madge A. Bigham.*

The children in Atlanta, Georgia, spent many happy hours making Valentine Hearts and Candy Sleds. On page 341 in "Creative Teaching" you will find a picture of what they made.

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining.
And so I turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out
To show the lining."

—*Ellen Fowler.*

"Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden minutes, each set with sixty golden seconds. No reward offered for they are gone forever."—*Horace Mann.*

EASTER CUSTOMS FROM NEAR AND FAR

Have you watched the tiny green shoots come up out of the dull brown earth and whispered to yourself, "Spring is here?" Have you almost shouted with glee when you saw that first jolly robin that told you it was really true, that the miracle of miracles had happened, and have you said to yourself, "Easter will soon be here"? And then right away you wanted to know just when Easter was, so you consulted your calendar to find out.

But how do you suppose the people who made the calendar knew? You can figure it out for yourself, because Easter is always the first Sunday after the first full moon after March twenty-first. It is the oldest of Christian festivals and of them all it is the happiest, because it is a time when the earth awakes from winter's spell and puts on her garments of freshest green.

It is a time of hope and resurrection for at the Easter festival the Christian countries of the world remember the last days of the simple Carpenter of Nazareth.

In Moscow, Russia, the festival begins with the midnight mass. In the tower of Ivan Veliki hangs a deep toned bell, and in the gallery half way up hang many smaller bells. Just at midnight the huge bell rings forth its Easter message, followed by the thousand smaller bells of the city. The whole Ivan tower, from the base to the tip of the cross at the top, becomes a blaze of light and the organ begins the most beautiful chant in all the world, "Christ Is Risen, Yea, He Hath Risen."

In Rome, the Easter mass at St. Peter's is one of the most beautiful sights in the world, for at the Easter mass, when the silver trumpets sound, the whole Cathedral is lighted by thousands of tiny oil lamps and then suddenly the "silver illumination" as it is called, fades into one of gold. This is done by setting fire to numerous little pans of resinous matter which outshines the lamps in its brilliance. The men who take care of this illumination perch along the ledges of the great building and if you are any distance away, you might think it happened without any apparent human aid at all.

Throughout Italy, Easter is a time for feasting, after the long gloomy days of the lenten season. Upon Holy Saturday the hard boiled eggs which make up such an important part of the feast are beautifully gilded and taken to the Priest to be blessed. Easter morning they are placed in the center of the best room of the house, surrounded by flowers, plates of meat, dishes of rich food and any especially magnificent articles the family may own. They are left here for a week and any guests who may visit the household during that time are asked to enter and partake of the eggs and food.

If you were a German boy or girl, you would be helping to dye the colored eggs which form such a great part of the Easter celebration and perhaps you would be hearing again the old German folk tale of the first Easter eggs:

> Many years ago, so the story goes, a noble lady was forced to seek refuge in the mountains with her two little children and her faithful servant, because it was a time of war and her husband was many miles away fighting for his country.
>
> She came at last to a little mining village, where the people were very kind to her. They helped her to build a house and gave her many things to put into it, so that she might not suffer through the long winter.
>
> When spring came again, and all the world was green, she began to think of some way that she might repay them for their kindness. And then a very beautiful thought came to her. In all the village no one had ever seen an egg or heard of a chicken, because in those days fowls were very expensive and only the wealthy could afford them. She thought about how nice it would be to give them an unusual Easter treat, so she sent her faithful servant back to her old home by night and had him bring her a coop full of chickens. Each day she saved the eggs and when Easter time came, she colored them all prettily and then she invited the village children to come to her home.
>
> When they were all there she led them into the garden and told them each to make a nest of grass. After a time they went into the garden again and there in each child's nest was a beautiful colored egg. How they shouted and skipped about when they saw them.
>
> "I should like to know where they have come from," shouted one little boy.
>
> "I know," cried a little girl. "See, just as I was peeping into my nest a little bunny ran forth and I am sure it must have been he." And the children decided that it was.

In France a long time ago the villagers of Dieppe used to gather every Easter morning at the foot of a small hill. Here they formed a circle and danced around a big basket in which there were one hundred eggs. Each person in turn would pick up an egg and carry it to the top of the hill and place it in another basket while one man ran to the village and back. If he got back before the last egg was put in the basket, the prize for the day was his.

About a league from Lake Constance in a little village in the Swiss mountains the Tyrolese keep the Easter festival in a very beautiful manner. Bands and musicians traverse every valley singing the lovely Easter hymns to which they play an accompaniment on their guitars, calling the people to their doors to join them in the choruses.

They make a pretty picture as they go about, followed by crowds of children, their wide brimmed hats decorated with bouquets of flowers. At dark they carry lighted torches of pine wood which throw fantastic shadows over the wooden cottages of the village. The Paschal eggs are not forgotten; some are dyed bright colors, others have quaint mottoes written on the shells. These are given to the singers in return for their carols.

In Japan there is a season that is much like our Easter time, which comes for three days in July. At this time the spirits of loved ones who have been dead are supposed to return to the Japanese homes. In their honor lovely sprays of Lotus are placed throughout the homes, lighted torches are placed upon the sands to show the weary traveling spirits the way.

At the end of three days, tiny ships of delicate straw freighted with dainty foods and lighted lanterns are put on the sea for the return journey, making of the Japanese waters a veritable fairyland. Incense burns in the homes and the water is a mass of tiny, twinkling stars as the little vessels put out to sea.

If you were a boy in England, you would spend Good Friday playing marbles, for it is considered wrong not to do so. Old and young alike take part in the game, which is played in the streets and yards from sunrise until sunset. In the English village of Brighton everyone skips rope on Good Friday.

If you had been a boy in the famous Blue Coat School in West Smithfield, London, you might have been chosen to attend church on Good Friday morning and been lucky enough to receive a bag of raisins and a new penny, according to the will of Good Peter Symonds, who died in 1665.

Have you seen the hot cross buns in the bakery windows upon Good Friday, with their little black raisins poking out of them just to make your mouth water?

In England everybody eats hot cross buns on Good Friday; on the streets of London men carry baskets of them about, singing as they go:

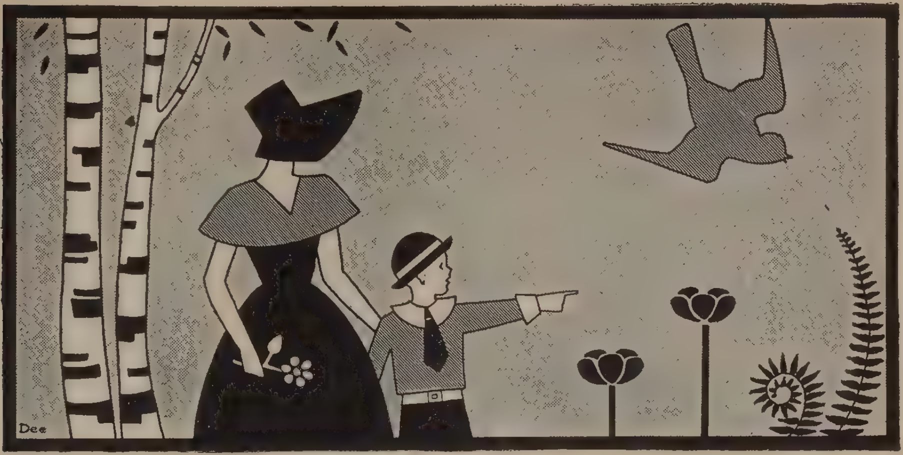
"One-a-penny
Hot cross buns;
If your daughters don't like them
Buy them for your sons."

Many years ago in Chelsea the famous royal bun houses dispensed smoking hot buns to the people who came from miles around to purchase their wares. It is from England that our own happy custom of eating hot cross buns upon Good Friday has come to us.

If you lived in the city of Washington upon Easter Monday you would be one of the line of children pouring into the White House grounds from Pennsylvania Avenue for the annual egg rolling. There they come, rich and poor, black and white, to join in the happy game. And it is beautiful to watch the riotous mass of color they make as they roll the gaily painted eggs along the slope back of the White House.

There are ever so many happy Easter customs, but the same beautiful spirit prompts them all. For wherever we may go at Easter time we feel its presence and we know that Easter is indeed a time of hope and joy and reawakening life, in the valleys, in the hills, and in the heart of all mankind.

—*Gladys Eloise Brierly*



THE SPRING SONG

Sonny and his mother were walking in the woods, one lovely Spring morning. Sonny's mother was humming a gay little tune.

"What are you singing, Mother?" asked Sonny.

"Oh, I don't know, Sonny, just a little song."

"But what are the words, Mother?"

"It hasn't any words, dear. Maybe we could find some."

Sonny smiled up at his mother. She was always thinking of such lovely things to do. "Where could you find them?" he asked soberly.

"Oh, right here in the woods, Sonny. You help me find some pretty things and I'll make a song," answered his mother. "I see something right now."

Sonny looked the way his mother was looking and he saw a mass of golden buttercups. "How could you put that into a song?" he asked.

"Oh, let me see," said his mother slowly. Then she added, "Buttercups yellow and oh, so bright."

"Oh, I like that, Mother. Say some more."

His mother laughed. "That's where you have to help me, Sonny. Now, you look for something white, and then I can make another line."

They walked along for some time. It was a beautiful day. Sonny looked and looked for something white. "Surely," he thought, "Mother must be wrong. Why everything in the woods is green." But just then he saw some white trees—standing slim and tall in the sunlight.

"Oh, Mother, there are some white trees."

"Those are birches, Sonny. Well, you found them. I must do my part."

They walked along. Sonny finally looked up at his mother. She smiled down at him. "I'll soon be ready," she said.

Sonny forgot about the song for a few minutes, while he watched a big bee who was eating his breakfast of honey from a tiny flower. When the big bee flew away, Sonny's mother said, "Now I have another line. Tiny leaves on birches white."

"What next should I look for?" asked the little boy eagerly.

"Oh," said his mother. "You just tell me all you see. I'll sit here under this tree and rest."

"Mother, Mother," called Sonny in an excited voice, a few minutes later. "Come and see! They're just like the snails Daddy and I saw."

Sonny's mother went over to a shady green place where her little boy was.

"There, Mother, aren't they like snails?"

"Why, they are, Sonny. I wonder if we could put that in our song. Dear little spring ferns, how pretty they are."

On the way home, they found two more lines and then at dinner-time, they told Sonny's father. Here is what Sonny and his mother sang together:

"Buttercups yellow, and oh so bright,
Tiny leaves on birches white,
Spring ferns curled like snails so tight,
Bird notes warbled sweet and light."

"I like it very much," said Sonny's father, "but it doesn't sound finished. Didn't you see something else?"

"Well, we saw the lake, Daddy."

"The water was just the color of the sky today," added Sonny's mother.

"Can't you put them in the song too," asked Sonny.

His mother didn't answer him just then, but Sonny knew she was trying to finish the song. Finally, she looked up with eyes shining.

"I know now," she said softly.

"Say it all, Mother," said Sonny's father. And this is the way she finished their little song of Spring:

"Buttercups yellow, and oh so bright;
Tiny leaves on birches white;
Spring ferns curled like snails so tight;
Bird notes warbled, sweet and light;
Sky-blue water, and blue sky, too;
God made all these, and gave them to you."

—*Clara M. Sinnett.*

* * *

AN ARBOR DAY TREE

Dear little tree that we plant today,
What will you be when we're old and gray?
"The savings bank of the squirrel and mouse,
For robin and wren an apartment house;
The dressing room of the butterfly's ball,
The locust's and katydid's concert hall;
The schoolboy's ladder in pleasant June,
The schoolgirl's tent in the July noon;
And my leaves shall whisper then merrily
A tale of the children who planted me."

—*Author Unknown.*

* * *

PETITION OF THE BIRDS

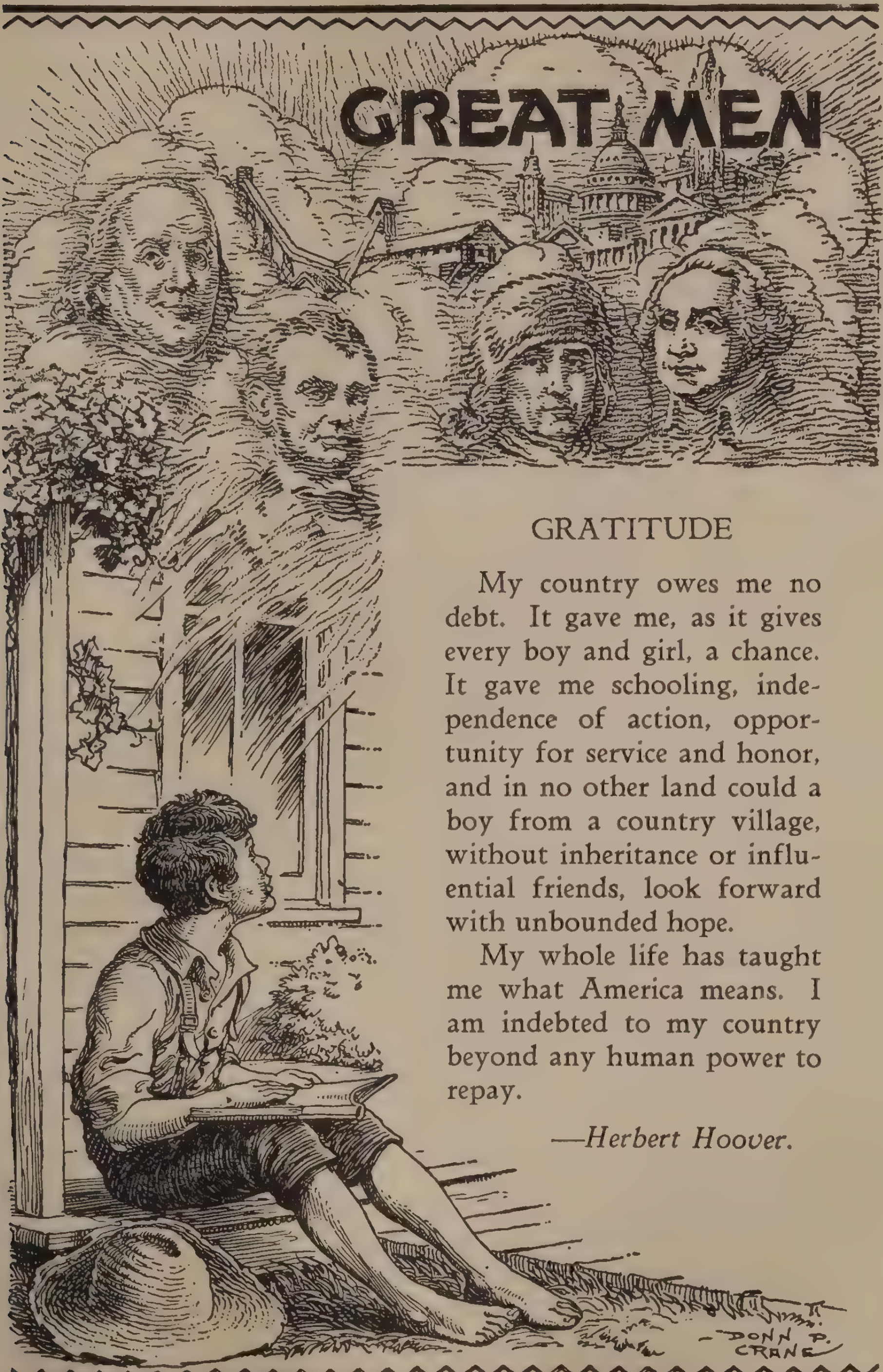
To the Great and General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, we, the song birds of Massachusetts and their playfellows, make this humble petition. We know more about you than you think we do. We know how good you are. We have hopped about the roofs and looked in at the windows of the houses you have built for poor and sick and hungry people, and little lame and deaf and blind children. We have built our nests in the trees and sung many a beautiful song as we flew about the gardens and parks. Every year we fly a great way over the country, keeping all the time where the sunshine is bright and warm. And we know that whenever you do anything the other people all over this great land between the seas and the Great Lakes find it out, and pretty soon will try to do the same. We know. We know.

Now we have a sad story to tell you. Thoughtless or bad people are trying to destroy us. They kill us because our feathers are beautiful. Even pretty and sweet girls, who we should think would be our best friends, kill our brothers and children so that they may wear our plumage on their hats. Sometimes people kill us for mere wantonness. Cruel boys destroy our nests and steal our eggs and our young ones. People with guns and snares lie in wait to kill us; as if the place for a bird were not in the sky, alive, but in a shop window or in a glass case. If this goes on much longer all our song birds will be gone.

Now we humbly pray that you will stop all this and will save us from this sad fate. You have already made a law that no one shall kill a harmless song bird or destroy our nests or our eggs. Will you please make another one that no one shall wear our feathers, so that no one shall kill us to get them? We want them all ourselves. Your pretty girls are pretty enough without them.

If you will, we know how to pay you a hundred times over. We will teach your children to keep themselves clean and neat. We will show them how to live together in peace and love and to agree as we do in our nests. We will build pretty houses which you will like to see. We will destroy the wicked insects and worms that spoil your cherries and currants and plums and apples and roses. We will give you our best songs, and make the spring more beautiful and the summer sweeter to you. Every June morning when you go out into the field, oriole and bluebird and blackbird and bobolink will fly after you and make the day more delightful to you.

—*Senator George Frisbie Hoar.*



GRATITUDE

My country owes me no debt. It gave me, as it gives every boy and girl, a chance. It gave me schooling, independence of action, opportunity for service and honor, and in no other land could a boy from a country village, without inheritance or influential friends, look forward with unbounded hope.

My whole life has taught me what America means. I am indebted to my country beyond any human power to repay.

—*Herbert Hoover.*

CHARLES LINDBERGH

On May 20, 1927, a bashful, modest, determined boy in his twenties, awoke at two o'clock in the morning, purchased two sandwiches and carefully supervised the inspection of a giant monoplane that rested on the runway at Roosevelt Field, New York.

The news had been flashed around the world that this unknown boy would fly across the ocean from New York to Paris. No one had ever flown so far; but Charles Lindbergh had confidence in himself. He believed that a boy can do just what he undertakes if he is determined and prepared.

Charles had trained himself thoroughly; he could fly better than an eagle; he had performed all the stunts known to aviation; he had jumped from planes thousands of feet in the air.

Charles had helped to make his monoplane, "The Spirit of Saint Louis". He knew every bolt and joint in it; it was part of him and he was part of it. He spoke of his airplane as "We", because he knew it and loved it so dearly. For days he had studied the maps of the land and sea over which he was to fly.

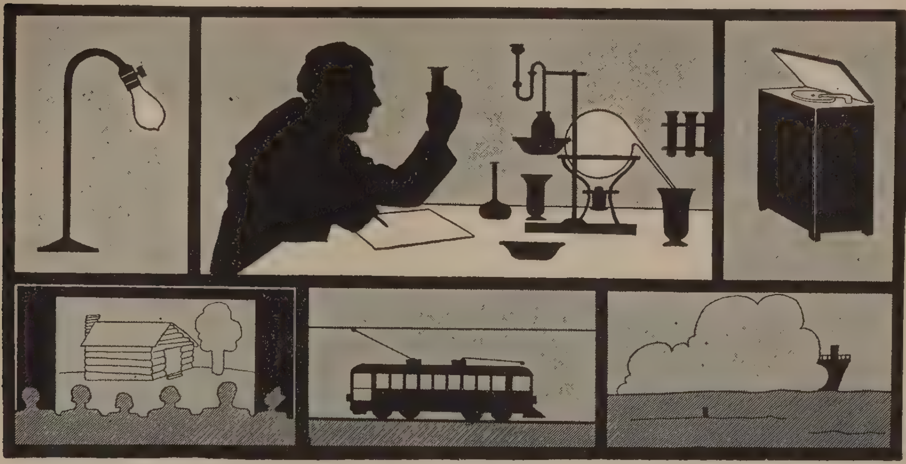
A light rain was falling the morning of May 20th. A fog covered the field. People shivered and said it was foolish for a boy to undertake such a trip. Of course he would fail.

The great motor was being warmed. Charles walked around the plane several times, said goodby to his friends, took his seat in the cockpit and closed the door between himself and the hundreds who said he could not succeed. He jerked the throttle wide open. The giant motor roared as the plane sped down the runway. A few dips in the marshy field and the five-thousand-pound plane was in the air. The Boy Knight was on his way to Paris.

Charles flew along the rock bound coast of North America, and darkness found him out over the North Atlantic Ocean. There was a storm with sleet and rain and cold winds, and not a speck of light to be seen. But Charles was not afraid.

When daylight came he was still headed toward Paris. The early morning found him over Ireland; at ten o'clock the second night, thirty-three hours after he left New York, a great silver monoplane appeared out of the dark sky; a hundred search lights gleamed and the voices of thousands of French people rent the air as a welcome to Charles Lindbergh, our Knight of the Air.

—*Thomas G. Nichols.*



THOMAS ALVA EDISON

"The Wizard of Electricity"

On February 11, 1847, there was born in the little town of Milan, Ohio, a boy who was to become the greatest inventor that the world has ever known. His father, Samuel Edison, was of Dutch descent and his mother, Nancy Elliot, was of Canadian Scotch ancestry.

As a small child, Thomas Alva showed that he had a very active brain. He was never content to be idle and was very curious about everything that he saw going on about him. He was always asking the question "How?" and was never satisfied until it had been answered. He could not understand how it was, for example, that young goslings hatched out of goose eggs. The story is told that when he was six years of age, his mother missed him one day and, becoming uneasy, went out to find him. She found him in the barn sitting on a nest of goose eggs. When his mother asked him what he was doing, he told her that he was going to stay there until the eggs were hatched so that he might find out just how it was that goslings came out of eggs. Much to his disappointment, he was not allowed to finish the experiment.

When he was seven years of age, the Edison family moved to Port Huron, Michigan, and there for the first time, young Thomas Alva was placed in school. He did not, however, get along well in school and according to his own statement was always at the foot of the class. He found that his teachers did not understand him and his father thought that he was stupid. His mother, however, was sympathetic and kind and understood, better than anyone, the active mind of the young child.

He testifies to what his mother did for him in these words: "My mother was the making of me. She was so true, so sure of me; and I felt that I had someone to live for, someone I must not disappoint. I did not have my mother very long, but in that length of time she cast over me an influence which has lasted all my life. The good effect of her early training I can never lose. If it had not been for her appreciation and her faith in me at a critical time in my experience, I should very likely never have become an inventor."

Because of his difficulties, the boy remained in school only a short time, but he was very fond of reading, an activity in which he was encouraged by his mother. Among the books which he read at ten or twelve years of age were Hume's "History of England," "The Penny Encyclopedia," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Ure's "Dictionary of the Sciences," and Newton's "Principia".

Finding it necessary to earn money, young Edison took a position as train boy on a Grand Trunk Railroad, running between Detroit and Port Huron. He was agreeable and obliging and soon won many friends among the passengers and the railroad employees. He, therefore, made considerable money selling books, papers, candy, nuts and toys. At fifteen years of age, he conceived the idea of starting a paper of his own. He bought a hand printing press from the Detroit Free Press and on February 3, 1862, he published the first number of the Weekly Herald. The paper was twelve by sixteen inches in size and was newsy and interesting. The boy soon built up a subscription list of five hundred and sold two hundred additional copies on the train. In four years he earned two thousand dollars on the paper and gave all of the money to his parents.

The printing office and workshop were in one corner of the baggage car. In this workshop he had set up a laboratory in which he had telegraph instruments and some bottles of chemicals. One day, a bottle of phosphorus fell on the floor and set the car on fire. The conductor became very angry and boxed young Edison's ears so severely that his hearing was permanently affected. The boy and his laboratory were thrown off on the platform at the next station.

Young Edison moved his laboratory and print shop into the attic of his father's home. There he continued to publish his paper, the name of which he had changed to "Paul Pry". He also continued to experiment with telegraphy and set up a home telegraph system. A neighbor's cow, however, having become entangled in the wires, he was forced to take the telegraph wires down.

About this time an event occurred that was, perhaps, a turning point in the life of Edison. The two and a half year old baby of Mr. J. U. Mackenzie, station agent of Mount Clemens, wandered out on the railroad track in front of a moving train. Young Edison, seeing the danger the child was in, rushed out upon the track just in time to save the child's life. The father was so very grateful to the boy who had risked his life for the child, that he offered to teach him telegraphy. In three months' time, according to Mackenzie, the boy knew more about telegraphy than did the teacher. Mr. Mackenzie recommended him for a position and he was appointed as night operator at Port Huron.

Later, he was telegraph operator in Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Memphis. During all of this time, Edison was putting in a great amount of his time reading. He tells that when he was a train boy in Detroit, he started out to read the Detroit Public Library through, but gave up the task after he had read "fifteen feet of books." He was especially interested in scientific works and spent much of his earnings for books and magazines. Between his reading and his experimenting, he stayed up the greater part of every night. He seemed able to get along with very little sleep. When he became tired and sleepy he would lie down and take a nap for a few minutes and then he would wake up refreshed and ready for work again. He has continued these habits throughout his life and possibly has never averaged more than five hours of sleep each day.

When a young man, he said to a friend, "I have so much to do and life is so short that I am going to hustle."

He obtained a night position with the Western Union Telegraph Company in Boston. He spent most of his time during the day in the public library, in book shops and working in his laboratory. In 1869 he went to New York and applied for a position with Law's Gold Reporting Company on Wall Street. At the time he went into the office, the employees were attempting to repair the stock quotation printer which had broken down. Edison volunteered to locate the trouble and, because of his efficiency in doing so, was given a position as manager of the service department at a salary of three hundred dollars a month.

During these earlier years Edison had made a number of inventions. The first one to be adopted was a device by which a single submarine cable could be used for two circuits. In New York, he invented several stock printers and telegraph appliances. Greatly to his astonishment, he was offered forty thousand dollars for these inventions. With this money he opened a factory in Newark, New Jersey, in which he employed a force of three hundred men.

In 1869, Edison invented the duplex system of telegraphy, by which two messages can be sent at the same time in opposite directions over the same wire. In 1874, he invented the quadruplex system, by which four messages can be sent over a single line, two in each direction. These and other inventions in telegraphy were purchased by the Western Union and resulted in the saving of millions of dollars to that company.

In 1876, Mr. Edison moved to Menlo Park, New Jersey, where he built a well equipped workshop and an extensive laboratory. At Menlo Park, Edison made some of his greatest discoveries. Among these inventions were the incandescent lamp, the talking machine or phonograph, and the kinetoscope, from which the motion picture machine has been developed.

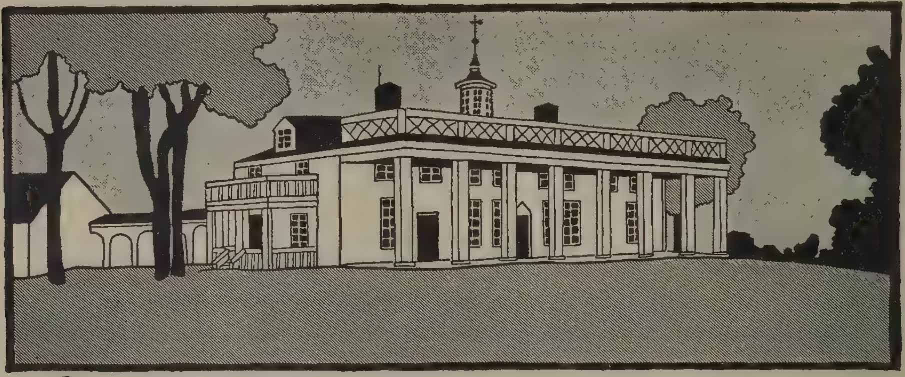
So marvelous have been the inventions of Mr. Edison that he is sometimes called the "wizard of electricity." He is not a wizard, however, but a great student and thinker and an indefatigable worker in his laboratory. In making his inventions, he tries out every possibility, rejecting those that will not work. An example of this is the incandescent lamp. Realizing the possibilities of lighting with electricity, he began to look for the means by which it might be accomplished. He tried substance after substance that might be used as a filament that could be heated to incandescence. After many months of experimenting and apparently failing to accomplish his purpose, he unexpectedly discovered the possibility of a carbon filament being used in a vacuum.

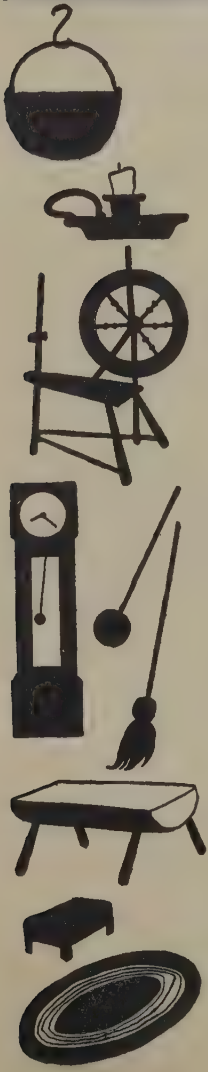
Mr. Edison has made many experiments on the storage battery. The story is told that one day someone noticed a great pile of discarded batteries at his laboratory and asked Mr. Edison what they were. Mr. Edison replied that each battery represented an unsuccessful attempt to make a satisfactory storage battery. "What a pity that such waste was necessary," replied the friend. "Not so," said Mr. Edison, "I now know what will not work and we shall not make the same error again." And this is the secret of Mr. Edison's success.

He is not satisfied until he has exhausted every possibility. Each possibility is tried out and if it does not work, it is discarded. Something else is tried and this process is kept up until every worthwhile suggestion has been tested or something has been found that is successful. Nor is Mr. Edison satisfied with partial success. Merely to invent the incandescent lamp was not sufficient—it must be perfected. He is not satisfied until an invention is developed to what he believes is its highest degree of perfection.

One of the greatest tributes that has ever been paid to Mr. Edison was in 1929, when the Golden Jubilee of Light was celebrated. His picture was displayed in almost every community in the country and his life and the story of his inventions were studied in nearly every school in the land. At Dearborn, Michigan, Henry Ford had reproduced the original laboratories at Menlo Park, in which Mr. Edison had invented the incandescent lamp. With President Hoover, Henry Ford and many other distinguished Americans present, Mr. Edison re-enacted the invention of the incandescent lamp and the scene was described by means of the radio in the homes of millions of Americans. President Hoover and others paid tributes to Mr. Edison. In his address, Mr. Hoover stated that the method Mr. Edison had employed in the work was one of his greatest contributions to civilization.

Not every American boy can be a Thomas Edison, but every boy can, at least, do his best—which means that he should read and study, work hard in the following out of purposes, and not come to a conclusion until he has thoroughly tested out every suggestion and is certain that he has discovered the right one.





GEORGE WASHINGTON

"First in war; first in peace; and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

The birthday of only one American has become a national holiday, on which all schools and places of business close, and that is the birthday of George Washington. No other name is so familiar to school children and so highly respected and honored by all Americans.

On February 22, 1932, will be celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of this great man. He was born in an old-fashioned Virginia farm-house, located near the Potomac River in Westmoreland County, Virginia. The house consisted of four rooms downstairs and a large attic under long sloping roofs. Great chimneys of brick were at either end of the house.

George's father was a wealthy landowner and planter, and his farms included more than five thousand acres of land. When George was seven years of age, his father moved to a new home on his plantation on the banks of the Rappahannock River near Fredricksburg, Virginia. In this new neighborhood, George was sent to school. The teacher was a man named Hobby, a tenant on his father's plantation and sexton of the church. The school was a small private affair in which were taught reading, writing and a little ciphering. In this school George acquired the rudiments of an education.

When George was eleven years of age his father died. The father divided his property between George and his brother Lawrence. To George he gave the plantation near Fredricksburg and to Lawrence he gave the plantation afterwards known as Mount Vernon. Left without a father, George became an obedient and dutiful son to his mother. His honesty, firmness, practical sense, and many other virtues which helped him succeed in life, he gained from the wise training of his mother. Another strong influence in the formation of his character was his brother, Lawrence, who was fourteen years the elder. Being the oldest son in a wealthy Virginia family, Lawrence was sent to a good school in England. He came back to America a cultured gentleman and a man of affairs. Between him and the young brother, George, was a strong affection, and it is not surprising, therefore, that George looked upon his brother, Lawrence, as a model to be imitated.

Soon after his father's death, George was sent to a good school on the plantation of his brother, Augustine. Some of his copy books and books of exercises have been preserved. They show him to have been careful and accurate, and serious in his life purposes. He made up rules or standards of behavior to guide him in his actions. Some of these rules are as follows:

"Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present."

"Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise."

"Speak not evil of the absent: for it is not just."

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

George loved the out-of-doors and longed for adventure. His brother Lawrence had been a soldier in the West Indies and George was thrilled with the stories his brother told of his experiences. We find the young George playing soldier and organizing an army among his playmates that fought with the Indians or Spaniards. He was strong and athletic and at an early age became a superb horseman. He loved the woods and often went hunting for foxes, deer and wildcats. At fourteen years of age, he decided to go to sea, but gave up his plans, after his clothing was packed and he was ready to go aboard the ship, because he did not want to disobey or grieve his mother.

At an early age, George became interested in surveying and when he was fifteen years of age, he was recognized as an accurate, trustworthy surveyor. At sixteen years of age, George went to live with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon. There he met Lord Fairfax, a wealthy landowner, who had a great plantation a few miles from Mount Vernon. Fairfax was a cultured English gentleman sixty years of age, and between him and the youthful Washington a warm friendship grew up. They spent much time together surveying and hunting. Lord Fairfax had traveled and read extensively, and George profited much by his companionship.

Lord Fairfax owned a great tract of land in the Shenandoah Valley, in area equal to nearly one-fifth of the present state of Virginia. In order to obtain more accurate information as to his holdings, Lord Fairfax determined to have the land surveyed. He asked young Washington to undertake the task. George William Fairfax, a second cousin of Lord Fairfax, was to assist. In March, 1748, these two young men, young Washington only sixteen years of age and young Fairfax twenty-two, started out on horseback to explore and survey a little wilderness. They traveled one hundred miles through an almost pathless forest before reaching the Shenandoah Valley. They carried only a small supply of provisions and depended almost entirely on the shooting of wild game for food. They, of course, lived a very primitive life, sleeping rolled up in blankets in a tent, under the open sky or in a pioneer log cabin before the fireplace. In writing to a friend, George Washington makes this statement:

"I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed, but, after walking a good deal all day, I have lain down before the fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or a bear-skin with man, wife and children, like dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire." Sometimes they pitched a tent. When camping out, "every one was his own cook," says young Washington in his diary. "Our spits were forked sticks; our plates were large chips." Once Washington and Fairfax joined in with an Indian war-party, who gathered about a great campfire in the forest and engaged in a war dance.

In April, after a month of hard work and exciting experiences, their task was completed and the two young men returned home. George Washington had earned from seven dollars to twenty-one dollars per day, a large sum in colonial times. But best of all, Lord Fairfax was highly pleased with his work and obtained his appointment as public surveyor, in which position we find him for the next three years.

Washington's sterling character, his marked ability and his leadership, caused Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia to appoint him a major in the state militia. In a few years he became recognized as a soldier of superior ability. When, therefore, Governor Dinwiddie needed someone to go on a dangerous journey to the French fort near Lake Erie, to warn the French against further encroachment on English territory, he chose George Washington for the task. The journey was through one thousand miles of pathless forest, during the winter season. He started out on October 30, 1753, with seven companions, including an Indian guide and a French interpreter. At several times on the journey his life was in danger. Once an Indian guide proved false and attempted to shoot Washington; at another, he was thrown into the icy water of the Allegheny River. He was compelled to spend the night on an island, without a fire by which to warm himself or to dry his clothing, for fear of hostile Indians lurking near. He, however, made the round trip of two thousand miles in safety and brought back to Governor Dinwiddie the defiant answer of the French. Washington became a hero and was looked upon as the leading military man of Virginia.

The story of Washington's military career, which really started in the French and Indian War and closed with the surrender of Yorktown in the War for Independence, is one of the most thrilling and illustrious in the pages of history. His leadership in peace was equally great, and to Washington belongs the credit for making of the thirteen widely separated colonies an independent, united nation.

Without his leadership in war, it is probable that the War for Independence would not have come to a successful conclusion. Without his leadership in peace, several nations might have been formed instead of one, or at least a weak, loosely joined federation of states would probably have been formed. Truly should he be called the "Father of His Country." So universally have the people of America always loved and revered Washington that his name is foremost among the many great men that America has produced.

WASHINGTON AND THE LITTLE GIRL

One day General Washington called at the home of a friend to talk over business matters. In the same room where the two men were talking was a little eight-year-old girl quietly playing by herself.

The General arose to go home. The little girl went at once to the door. As he came to the door, she opened it for him and stood to one side.

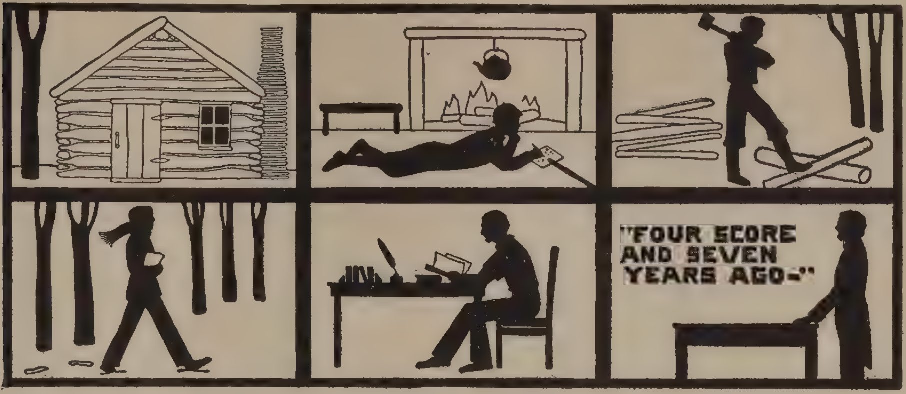
"Thank you, my child," said General Washington. "You are a very polite little girl."

The little girl bowed and said, "I only wish I were opening it for you to come in."

* * *

A HERO

To be a hero does not mean
    To march away
At sounding of the trumpet call
    To War's array;
It does not mean a lifeless form
    'Neath foeman's dart;
To be a hero, simply means
    To do your part.
Perhaps you may not gain the cheer
    Of a great world;
Just do your part each little day;
    Be brave and true,
A greater than a soldier's joy
    Will come to you.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

In childhood Lincoln was a great Boy Scout. He was never formally initiated, never cited for honors, never won medals, never wore the insignia, but he was skilled in the manly arts of boyhood, ever gentle and kind, interested in the out-of-doors and a lover of the wild life of nature. He entered with enthusiasm into the games and athletic sports of his neighborhood. He loved the activities that all boys love. He was fond of lifting, running, and wrestling. His first seven years were spent in Kentucky; the second and third seven years of life, or from early youth to young manhood, in Indiana. Later his residence was always in Illinois.

Lincoln was a real student, reading much and memorizing many important bits of information, and while many other boys were idling in the woods or along the streams or on the prairies, he was often reading and studying. He never liked to hunt, because he was averse to killing game or inflicting pain. If he lived today I am sure that he would be a lover of the camera and would be found studying with pleasure the many beauty spots and interesting places. He was tall, sinewy and strong. He prided himself on his virile health and great energy, which he never wasted merely for exploitation purposes, but always in trying to be better prepared for his work. He was a sunny tempered, social, bright faced, laughing, kindly, industrious boy. He spent long evenings working over arithmetic, grammar and geometry. His advantages in the formal school room were very few, and he had to make up for his disadvantages by hard study at home. He often had to use the door, the shovel or the floor for his copy book. He wrote out his exercises in order to fix them in mind.

Lincoln had the gift of story telling and believed the ability to make a speech would open the door to success. He tried to speak like the minister, to argue like the lawyer, to write like the editor, to cipher like the schoolmaster. These were fine practices to lead to his laudable ambition, for ambition through education knows no retreat.

America today, as in the days of Lincoln, gives every boy and girl the opportunity of an attractive life and the privilege of taking part in a great country. The educational opportunities are better today than in the days of Lincoln. Today we have fine, well graded schools, with libraries and equipment and excellent teachers. In the days of Lincoln, there were teachers of fine character, and fine principles, but they had been trained in a narrow course of study and had small equipment with which to work. Lincoln must study the heroes of his day in a badly written life of George Washington, the first president of the United States. His moral code must be worked out from the new testament without a Sunday School teacher and with little help from his home, because the frontier life made much work for the adults of any community. The story of his country must be learned entirely from one history book; the basic principles of law through careful reading of the Revised Statutes of Indiana; his mathematics through a study of the six books of Euclid; his language and sentence structure from the grammar in current usage. His knowledge of the industrial arts came from work in the field with the scythe, in the woods with the axe, or on the stream manning a flat boat. He learned of nature by fishing in the brook, picking berries in the wild pastures, and hunting for plant life in field and wood.

Some day you can follow the great pathways of America over which Lincoln as a boy and man traveled. You can wander over the hills of Kentucky as he did when a lad, follow his early youth and young manhood in Indiana, later to Springfield as a legislator, to Washington as Congressman, to the east for the great address at Cooper Union, to Gettysburg, where the classic address was given, and again to Washington, as President of his country. These great pathways traveled by our president were his geographies and histories.

He had a great heart, always attempting to lighten the load of others, acting wisely in the difficult situations in law, either as an attorney or as President. In the practice of law he worked his way up from the justice of peace court to a five thousand dollar fee before the Supreme Court of Illinois, a no mean thing; but his great success came only through industry, perseverance, patience, self control and a keen sense of right and wrong. In his life he kept his mind and spirit free from evil things. In court he was as anxious that society be served honestly as that his client be the victor. Throughout all of the great civil strife, Lincoln's life may be likened to the proverb: "He that is slow to anger, is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." In one of his replies to his critics the following words are found: "I shall try to correct errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they appear to be true views."

The humanness of Lincoln is found in his farewell address to his friends in Springfield on the eve of his departure for Washington to take the oath of office to the highest honor that his country could confer upon him. "My friends: No one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and the kindness of these people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

Is there any greeting to loved ones at home in any language that rises in pure beauty and power above these words? It is a prayer that might be accepted by every man and woman, by every boy and girl as they leave home, preparatory school or college to enter upon their accepted challenge.

On the battlefield of Gettysburg, Lincoln made the great dedicatory address. It has become the American classic.

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

In Nicolay we find these words: "His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong." So, "with malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gave him to see the right," he lived and died; and, as Stanton said, "Now he belongs to the ages."

—Byron Cosby, State Teachers College, Kirksville, Mo.

LINCOLN AND THE WOODCHOPPER

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man, it is told that one day he came upon an old man who was chopping firewood. It was a cold day and the old man was barefooted and thinly clad. Lincoln stopped to speak to him and noticed that he was almost exhausted from cold and hunger.

"See here, my man," said Lincoln, "you're not in condition to do this job. How much are you to be paid for it?"

"A dollar," replied the man, "but I've got to do it, because I must have a pair of shoes."

"You may go indoors," said Lincoln. "I will tackle this job for you."

The old man went in by the fire and Lincoln picked up the axe and finished the job. The grateful old man received his dollar and bought the pair of shoes.

EZRA MEEKER, PIONEER

On April 10, 1830, a covered wagon train left St. Louis for the Rockies, the first ever to travel along the old Oregon Trail. On December 29th of that same year, Ezra Meeker was born. He died in December, 1928. This story was written, prior to his death, by one who knew him for many years.

In schools all over the nation in 1930, the one hundredth anniversary of the opening of the Oregon Trail is being celebrated. In connection with the celebration the grand old pioneer, Ezra Meeker, is being honored.—*The Editor.*

Last year I was helping Ezra Meeker, the well-known Oregon Trail pioneer, on the train and unthinkingly, as we parted, I admonished him, "Now, take good care of yourself." Brindling almost to indignation, he answered, "I have taken good care of myself for ninety-five years and I think I ought to know how by now." The ridiculousness of my admonition then struck me and we both laughed.

Yes, he had taken good care of himself in every way—body, soul and mind—and, undoubtedly, it has been this care, or full, wholesome living, that has prolonged the life of one of the most interesting characters in America today. His life is a story book, his character is worthy of emulation by every growing boy and girl, and his experiences are a matter of history.

Little did I know when I was an eight-year-old girl and sat in my mother's art studio in Kansas City watching her make a portrait of Ezra Meeker how much I would value that friendship in later years. His cowhide boots, his broad-brimmed hat, and homespun clothes interested me. His naive ways and exciting stories fascinated me. I would sit, chin in hand, on the "throne" (as we called the platform on which he posed) near an old buffalo robe thrown over the arm of the chair in which he sat. There the story of his life was first revealed to me.

He was born in Huntsville, Butler County, Ohio, December 29, 1830. Could we of our day know that district as it then was, we should consider it primitive, but then there was a wilder west beyond Ohio that beckoned to the ever-adventurous spirit of Ezra Meeker. It promised him opportunity; and when he accepted the opportunity it offered, enduring the hardships that went with it, he was repaid most wondrously. He was paid in fun, adventure and romance. He achieved a fortune and lost it again in true American fashion. He was paid in health, the best of all, and a long, long, vigorous life, all but free from aches and pains. It is a wonderful story he tells in the books he has written about his life, beginning with a boyhood typical of the time and the place.

There was little time for schooling. His early education included a "full and post-graduate course in the College of Hard Knocks." It was backed up with a poverty that was invigorating, in that it compelled labor, which induced a good appetite. The good appetite in its turn was appeased only with honest country food. It was far different from poverty that compels a tenement life and city food of doubtful origin.

The greatest adventure of his life came to him in 1851 when he was twenty-one. It was the one of all his adventures that he loved best to talk about to his friends in recent years; it was the adventure of first starting off in a prairie schooner with his young wife for the "west beyond." They traveled to Iowa. There they paused to spend the winter and early spring. It was with a baby three months old in their devoted arms that this happy young couple began, in 1852, the long overland trip to Oregon. He has told of his journey so well in his books that I will not try to tell it here, for every American should read the story as Meeker tells it himself. One thrills to think of the young family in their ox-drawn wagon, with no springs or rubber tires, jolting or tramping, day after day, over the tall-grass prairies. The prairie flowers were so beautiful, he told me, that they delighted their eyes. There were prairie chickens, quail and buffalo to eat. The girl wife carried a portable stove and made fresh bread along the way. There were cows, too, as well as oxen, and the jolting of the wagon churned the milk in its cans. The lumps of butter were put in the sack of flour and carried there. Seventy years later he gratefully remembered what delicious biscuits she made with that buttered flour. After the prairies, there were mountains to cross. One time they came to a place so steep that they took the wagon to pieces and lowered it wheel by wheel, piece by piece, over the precipice. Then the party traveled, each on his or her two feet, or four, around the long detour that brought them to the lower level. The crossing of the desert, the dawn of their new life in the new country, the conquest of the wilderness are all thrilling parts of the story. Read it and be better Americans.

Their family came to them later; their other children were born out there; their parents followed across the trail. One of the mothers failed to survive the trip and was buried by the wayside. Other settlers came and loyal friendships were formed that are now parts of the history of Oregon and Washington states.

It is in Puyallup, Washington, that Ezra Meeker has spent most of his life. To the entire population of that district he is known as Uncle Ezra. I know New Yorkers who have seldom, if ever, been west of the Hudson River, who also call him Uncle Ezra. Perhaps it would be a good, old-time, western American tribute of respect if we should all call him Uncle Ezra and let him go down in history under that name.

The greatest grief of his life came when, in her greatly advanced years, memory forsook his wife. She could be his companion no longer, but must spend her remaining days in a hospital. She did not live long in this helpless condition. One might expect a man, then over seventy years of age, to give up following such grief, but giving up was one lesson that Uncle Ezra never had learned. He told me about it in some such words as these, "I was like a man who had but a few dollars left and could never have any more money. You know how carefully he would plan before he would spend any money. Here I was with just a few years left and I tried to decide what to do with them, that would mean the most to others. I missed my wife terribly and when I wanted to speak of the old days that had meant so much to us I was surprised to see how little the people knew of that greatest drama in history, the conquest of the West. They knew more of the history of Greece and Rome than they knew about that, so I decided to do all I could to bring it to their minds."

He told me the story of his search for parts of old prairie schooners, the assembling of a usable one from the parts, and of the return trip over the trail. He sold post cards to pay part of the expenses. Some were so little-minded that they thought the small sums earned were the full purpose of the trip. But nearly all of the people that he met recognized a great old man doing a remarkable deed. Communities, clubs, schools and individuals pledged themselves to revive memories of the Oregon Trail and to mark its course throughout the entire way.

Then came the great day when Uncle Ezra drew up in front of the White House in his weird vehicle of the past, hauled by two weary oxen. Theodore Roosevelt was a busy man, but business could wait when the great American West called at his door.

And any West could wait when the Historical West arrived in the living person of one of the noble and great pioneers. Theodore Roosevelt was a man of action. The preservation and marking of the old trails had a certain future when his interest was aroused.

Four years later Uncle Ezra tried it again and that time he followed the southern branch of the Oregon Trail. That trail and the Santa Fe Trail were one, east of Kansas City. It was at this time that he consented to take time to pose for his portrait.

Last fall when we renewed our friendship, Ezra Meeker was ninety-five. He greeted me like a boy, full of plans, full of hope and enthusiasm. He told me how he had gained a real education in the wilderness, by reading and thinking and living. He had traveled much in America and Europe. He was at home in a prairie schooner behind oxen. He loved automobiling. He had taken quite a few trips in aeroplanes. He had sailed the seas. He was at home on the Atlantic or Pacific seaboards. He liked to ride in subways and on the tops of Fifth Avenue buses.

He always feels responsible for the safety and comfort of a lady, of any age, with whom he is associated. If all the old pioneers were "gentlemen" of the "old school" like Uncle Ezra there was a wonderful recompense given to our foremothers who endured hardships undreamed of in these days.

It had been a great privilege to know Uncle Ezra well. It is a blessing to the several generations that have been born since he was that he was spared for us to know.

He does not criticize the newer things and tell how much better the world used to be. He is more than willing that modern people should be a part of their times and he, who had so heartily been a part of times long ago, is always fully alert and alive, really a part of "our times." Think of organizing a corporation in one's ninety-third year! He loves to tell of the Old Oregon Trail, but he is fully as interested in the present and future. When I saw him last he was regretting that he had never been submerged in a submarine. He had seen them and later hoped to take a ride beneath the waves.

He has shown us in his life how gratifying it is to carry on the upbuilding of civilization, to be an influence upon the whole nation for sane living and honorable dealing, for four generations. If one would be willing to overcome all obstacles and stand for nearly a century triumphant over illness, over laziness, over time itself, and remain a man among men, generation after generation, then one would know how to honor such a man as Ezra Meeker.

—*Mildred Miles Roberts.*

HORACE MANN

The Apostle of Better Schools

Had you been standing near the village store of Franklin, Massachusetts, something over a century ago, you might have seen a fourteen-year-old boy, dressed in tattered, worn, homespun clothing, going to the store with a basket on his arm. His face showed care and responsibility far beyond his years.

A group of rude village boys began to taunt him, calling out, "Girlie, have you washed the breakfast dishes yet? How much straw will you plait today?" These and other taunting remarks only made the boy, Horace Mann, lift his head a little higher and, without heeding the remarks, go on about his business.

The owner of the store greeted the boy kindly. "Good morning, Horace. You have some more straw braid today?" "Yes, sir," said the boy. "But not as much as I wish I might have." The storekeeper counted the rolls of plaited straw and computed their value. "What you have here will be worth thirty cents. Is there anything you wish to buy today?" "Mother will come in and get some things she wants. I want that fifteen cents of it shall be used to buy the arithmetic book that I looked at the last time I was here. That will not be enough to buy it, but I thought that you might keep the book for me until I had the money." "You may take the book now, Horace," said the man, "and you may pay the rest of it when you have the money."

The boy placed the book in his basket and passed from the store. Again the boys waiting outside began to taunt him. One boy, however, began to take his part and said to the other boys, "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Horace is doing all he can to help his mother. If it weren't for the plaited straw that Horace makes and sells, they could not live."

The above is a fairly good picture of the hardships endured by Horace Mann during his childhood. His father died when Horace was quite small, leaving a small farm which was mortgaged. The boy, Horace, did what he could to help his mother with the work about the farm and put in many of his evenings and rainy days plaiting the straw to sell at the village store. Horace learned to read at an early age and put in his extra time reading such books as he could obtain. So poor were they, however, that he could obtain only a few books, and at times they could not even buy candles with which the boy could read his books at night.

The boy had very little time for play and he seldom, if ever, had a holiday. As the years passed by, however, and he became older and able to earn a little more money, he bought more books and had more time for reading them. He went to school very little when a boy, but when he was in school he learned very rapidly.

When he was twenty years old, a teacher by the name of Barret said to him, "Horace, you must go to college. The young man was surprised and replied, "Mr. Barret, as much as I would like to go to college, I neither have the money nor do I know enough to go." "You shall know enough to go," said Mr. Barret, "because I shall prepare you. As for money, you can work your way through school." And so Mr. Barret began to teach the young man Greek and Latin and before he was twenty-one years of age, he had passed the entrance examinations and entered the sophomore class of Brown University.

He earned his way through school doing odd jobs and working on the farm during his summer vacation. He occasionally taught a country school for a few weeks. It is said that he took care of his own room at school and sometimes cooked his own meals.

At first, the other students in college laughed at Horace, but they soon began to discover that he was a man of culture and refinement and brilliant of mind. He, therefore, soon won the admiration of the students and faculty. He graduated from the university at the head of his class.

He had decided he wanted to be a lawyer. At the age of twenty-four he entered a famous law school at Litchfield, Connecticut. There, again, he made a brilliant record and graduated with high honor. He was admitted to the bar in the state of Massachusetts and began to practice law. He soon had a splendid practice and a good income. When he was thirty years of age, he was elected to the state legislature and later was elected to Congress. He was known as one of the best orators in the state of Massachusetts. Only Daniel Webster was greater than he.

Horace Mann, however, had a feeling that in the practicing of law and in politics he was not rendering the service that he should. He felt that he was not doing enough for humanity. He thought that, perhaps, he could do more for humanity if he could do something to improve the schools of his time.

The schools of his own state of Massachusetts were very poor and it seemed that the people had little interest in education. Many children, not only in Massachusetts, but all over the country, were growing up in ignorance. Horace Mann determined to see what he could do to change the situation. He finally convinced the state legislature that something should be done and they passed laws for the purpose of improving the schools. A state board of education was provided for and Horace Mann was asked to become Secretary of the Board of Education. At last he felt that he had found his work in the world.

"The bar is no longer my forum," he said. "I have betaken myself to the larger sphere of mind and morals."

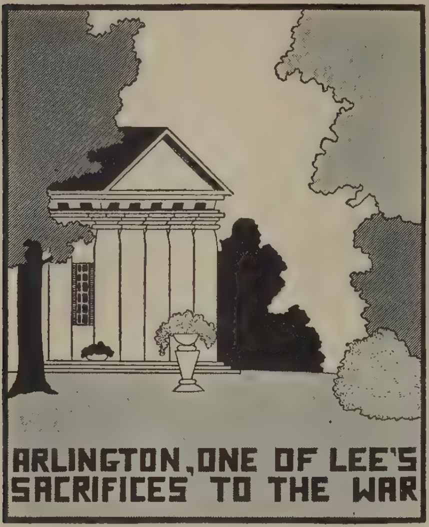
He began studying the schools, not only in his own state, but in other states. Finally, he went to Europe to study the best school systems there. He came back from Europe all the more dissatisfied with education in his own country. He felt that we must have better teachers, better buildings, better books and longer terms of school.

Wherever he went, he preached the gospel of good schools. The results of the work of Horace Mann are, therefore, found in the wonderful school systems of America. No other man deserves so much of the credit for the efficiency of American education as does Horace Mann.

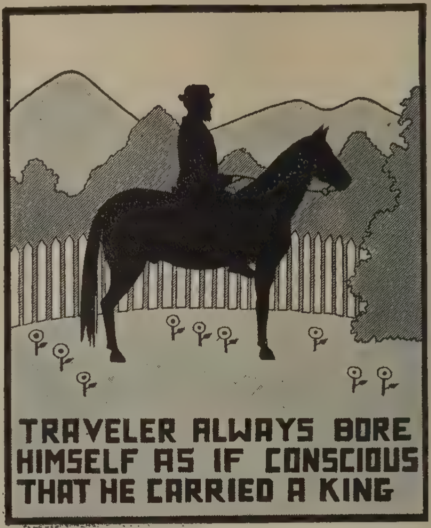
As Washington has been called the "Father of his Country," so Horace Mann might almost be called the "Father of the American Public School." His picture should be in every schoolroom and every boy and girl should know the story of what he did for them.

The boy who was not ashamed to braid straw and help his mother was not afraid to sacrifice everything, if need be, for the sake of childhood.

The motto of his life could be summed up in his words, "Be ashamed to die, until you have won some victory for humanity."



ARLINGTON, ONE OF LEE'S SACRIFICES TO THE WAR



TRAVELER ALWAYS BORE HIMSELF AS IF CONSCIOUS THAT HE CARRIED A KING

MY FAVORITE HERO

Most of us at some time have wished that we might have chosen our own names, but there is not a name in all the list of lovely names for girls that I would exchange for mine. Can you guess of which of my names it is that I am so proud? Why, yes, that little one, of course. Those three little letters—L-e-e—stand for my ideal of a hero—General Robert E. Lee.

In person he was very handsome. He was tall and erect, with a handsome face and a kingly bearing, and yet so human as to be kindly mindful of the lowliest slave. A great Englishman, Lord Wolseley, said after meeting him:

"I have met many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mould and made of a different and of a finer metal than all other men."

But one must be more than handsome to be a hero. It was Lee's steadfast determination to do his duty at any cost, his nobility of purpose, and purity of character that made him beloved by all who knew him.

I once heard a teacher ask a boy to tell what he could abour General Lee. He rose and said:

"Lee was the general who fought in the South to keep the negroes slaves."

I hope you would not have made an answer like that. General Lee did not believe in slavery any more than President Lincoln did. Long before the war he had set free all the slaves which he had inherited, because he did not believe that human slavery was right. But at that time slavery existed and had been practiced for a long time. Much of the industry of the country was carried on by slaves and many of the people of the South had all their wealth invested in slaves or even owed large sums of money for which their slaves were held as security. Since this was true, you can see well how slavery was one of the issues of that great war.

If suddenly someone were to declare that it was wrong to own or operate a car, and that all cars should be seized without compensation to their owners, you can see what a hardship it would work on the taxi companies, bus lines, and even on your daddy when he was ready to start to town.

But this is not a story of the war, but a story of General Lee, the greatest general of that war, and who, President Roosevelt once said, would undoubtedly rank as the very greatest of all the great captains which the English-speaking people have ever produced.

When the war was declared, Lee held a high office in the United States Army. President Lincoln offered him the command of the Federal troops, because of the distinguished service which he had rendered in the army. But Lee could never lead troops against his beloved and native Virginia, against his friends and relatives; and though he loved the Union and did not want to see it severed; and though he knew that there was little hope for the success of the cause of the South; that he would have to sacrifice his beautiful home, his position, his wealth, and perhaps his life, he followed where, to him, his duty seemed to lie. He resigned his high position in the United States Army to accept a subordinate command with the Confederacy.

Everyone knows how he distinguished himself as a general. So great was his genius that he has been studied by military men of many countries and generations. Lee's campaigns have been a large factor in the shaping of all wars since his time. And yet this great leader with an iron will, with the fearless, audacious, light of command in his clear eyes, was as gentle and tender as a father. His soldiers loved him as a father. Even those of the opposite side who came in contact with the great general, paid the highest respect and deference to his nobility as a man and his ability as a soldier.

Through the war and afterwards he rode a beautiful horse, named Traveler, who, Lee said, wore also the gray uniform of the Confederacy. He was a horse of great spirit, but always obedient to the voice or the slightest touch of his master. One who often saw Lee riding his favorite horse, said that Traveler always stepped as if he were conscious that he bore a king upon his back.

When the war was over, the people of the South, who had come almost to idolize Lee, wished to shower every wealth and luxury upon him. Admirers in Europe offered him a wealthy estate and honors abroad. A great corporation in New York offered him what was then considered a fabulous sum of money to become its president, saying the name of General Lee as its president would inspire confidence in the public. General Lee's answer was that if his name was worth so much to this company it should be worth a great deal more to him. Perhaps he felt that this corporation did not justify the confidence of the public. He did not accept these offers of ease and luxury, but took the position of President of Washington College at Lexington, Virginia, where the salary was not great, and there was much work to be done to build up the college after the devastation of the war. His characteristic remark was:

"I have led the young men of the South to battle. I have seen many of them die on the field. Now I shall devote myself to training them to do their duty in life."

His ruling passion was to do his duty.

Lee retained no bitterness or hatred after the war, but always strove to create a kindly feeling between those who had fought on opposite sides. He permitted no bitter remarks of his students to go unchecked and discouraged their praise of himself, lest it keep alive the feeling of division, enmity and partisanship.

A gentleman once saw him talking with an old wayfarer, poorly clad and seemingly in very hard circumstances. As the tramp turned away, delighted at having been noticed by so great a man, General Lee remarked:

"That is one of our old soldiers in destitute circumstances."

The gentleman supposed, of course, an old Confederate soldier, until Lee quietly added:

"He fought on the opposite side, but we must not think of that."

Later this man learned from another source, for Lee never wished to make his charities public, that the great general had not only spoken kindly to this old soldier who "fought on the opposite side," but that he had given him a liberal sum of money for his needs.

Of the purity of General Lee's nature I will tell you this little story. At a banquet once when Lee was present, a man rose to tell a story. He glanced apprehensively about, asking:

"Are there any ladies present?"

"No ladies," replied General Lee, "but there are some gentlemen."

Nothing that was coarse and vulgar could entertain a man like Lee.

It is interesting to note that those whom we look back upon as our outstandingly great men were religious men. General Lee was a man of intense religion. In speaking of those who would have had him prosecuted and put to death after the war, he said:

"We must forgive our enemies. I can truthfully say that not a day has passed since the war began that I have not prayed for them."

This deep religious fervor developed in him such a sweetness and gentleness of manner that little children instinctively were drawn to him. It is said that every child in Lexington knew and loved him.

As you learn more and more of his life through the many books which have been written about him, you will love him, too, and will understand why I am so happy that the name "Lee" was not reserved for men and boys, but that a little girl, born many years after his death, could be named for her favorite hero.

—*Jessie Lee Bailey.*

GENERAL LEE'S LETTER TO HIS SON

The letter which follows was written by General Robert E. Lee, November 6, 1864. His son, George Washington Custis Lee, to whom the letter was written, was then in college.

You must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks you a favor, you should grant it if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; friendship that requires you to do wrong is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly but firmly with all your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. . . . If you have any fault to find with anyone, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say nothing to the injury of anyone. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path of peace and honor.

In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness—still known as "the dark day"—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as the members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on they shared in the awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment—had come. Some one in the consternation of the hour moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport of Stamford, and said that if the last day had come he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was a quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and flexible willingness to obey present duty.

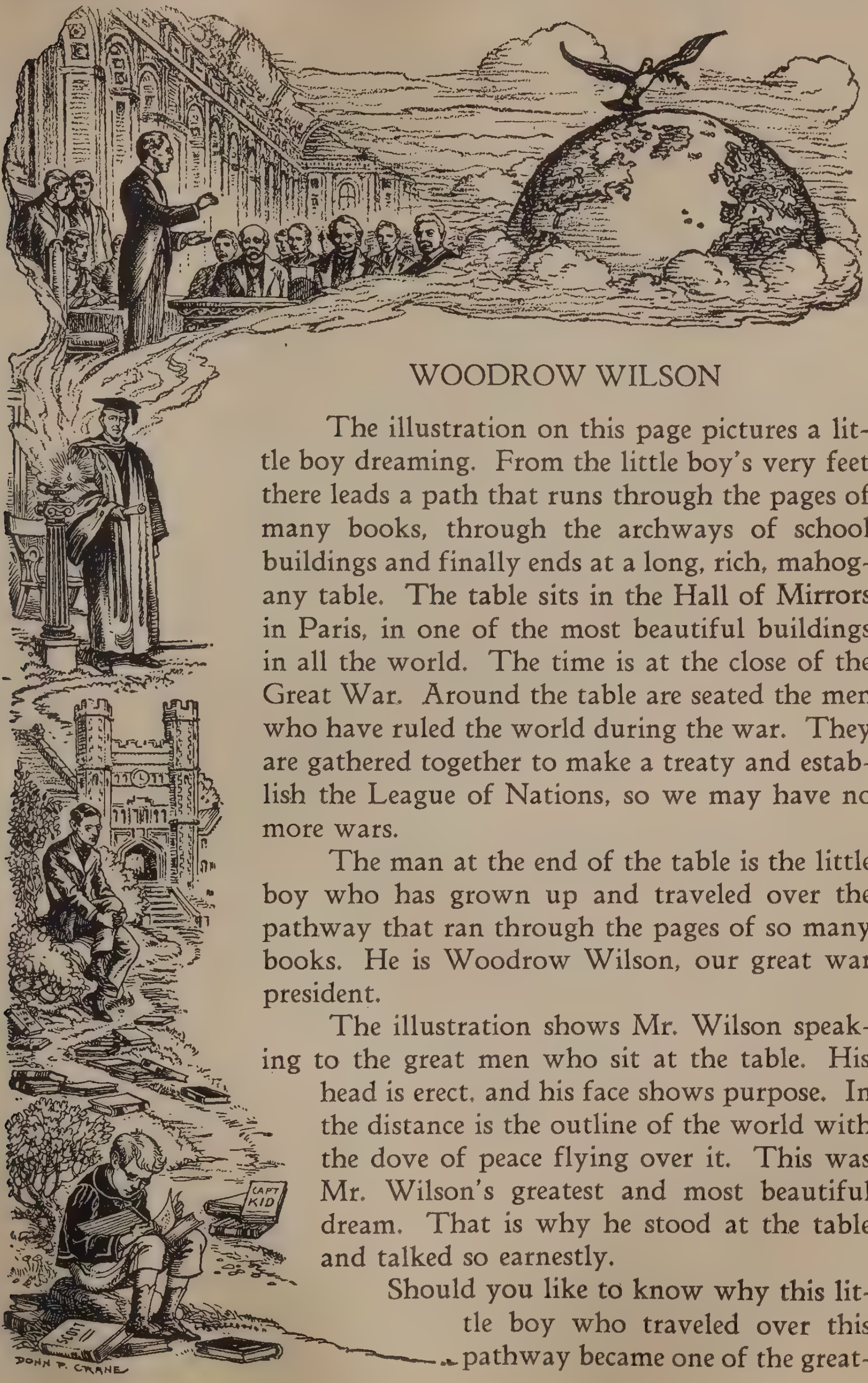
Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things, like the old Puritan. You cannot do more, you should never do less. Never let me and your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part.

GRANT AND HIS SERVANT

A very important meeting was being held in the Capitol at Washington. A caller asked to see General Grant.

Someone said to the servant who brought the message, "Tell the man that President Grant is not in."

"No," said the President, who heard the order, "tell him no such thing. I don't lie myself and I don't wish any one of my servants to lie for me."



WOODROW WILSON

The illustration on this page pictures a little boy dreaming. From the little boy's very feet there leads a path that runs through the pages of many books, through the archways of school buildings and finally ends at a long, rich, mahogany table. The table sits in the Hall of Mirrors in Paris, in one of the most beautiful buildings in all the world. The time is at the close of the Great War. Around the table are seated the men who have ruled the world during the war. They are gathered together to make a treaty and establish the League of Nations, so we may have no more wars.

The man at the end of the table is the little boy who has grown up and traveled over the pathway that ran through the pages of so many books. He is Woodrow Wilson, our great war president.

The illustration shows Mr. Wilson speaking to the great men who sit at the table. His head is erect, and his face shows purpose. In the distance is the outline of the world with the dove of peace flying over it. This was Mr. Wilson's greatest and most beautiful dream. That is why he stood at the table and talked so earnestly.

Should you like to know why this little boy who traveled over this pathway became one of the greatest men in history? Should you like to know why this little boy developed into a great man and did so many wonderful things?

We shall call him Tommy for just a while. Tommy had several sisters, a brother much younger, a very wonderful mother and a good father. Each member of the family loved Tommy very dearly and he loved them. He said that his mother was the most wonderful mother who ever lived. Tommy adored his father. They played together, walked in the woods, visited the cotton mills and were scarcely ever apart. Tommy never felt that he knew more than his father. Even when he became President of one of our greatest universities he went to his father for advice. Tommy always loved, obeyed and respected his parents.

Tommy didn't have much money to spend, or many toys, but he did have many books. His father would sit on the floor and read animal, Indian and sea stories to him for hours. His father had a sweet, musical voice and he was a good pal to Tommy. He just made the books talk. So Tommy naturally learned to love books when he was very young.

But Tommy preferred to hear his father read, so he didn't learn his letters until he was 9 years old, and he couldn't read, himself, until he was 11. Like many boys, he didn't like to study. He wanted to go among the Indians, to live as they lived, or get on big ships and sail away to many lands and see strange people. He would much rather do this than sit at a desk and study.

But a change came over Tommy when he was about 12 years of age. His mother and sisters and all the girls called him by that name. It sounded "sissy" to him. So he dropped the name Tommy and called himself Woodrow. That name sounded dignified, so from now on we will know him as Woodrow, a dignified, earnest, ambitious boy.

At this period Woodrow began to develop himself. He took pride in his hair, he brushed his clothes and polished his shoes and began to read alone and to teach himself shorthand. One day he was sitting under a portrait of Gladstone, working very diligently at his shorthand. His little cousin came into the room and asked whose portrait it was. Woodrow looked up and responded, "That is Gladstone, the greatest statesman who ever lived. I intend to be a statesman too." So Woodrow, when a small boy, made up his mind to be a statesman. For more than thirty years he went to school, studied and wrote, preparing himself for his work. He studied his books so carefully that he never had to turn back to them to find out what he had studied. He became one of the best informed men who has ever lived. He knew the rise and fall of nations as a singer knows a familiar hymn. He could tell what it was that made nations great and what it was that pulled them down into the dust.

Woodrow had many good friends. He was true and honest with them. The first seven boys with whom he associated at college remained his true friends as long as he lived. To him a good friend was worth more than anything else on earth.

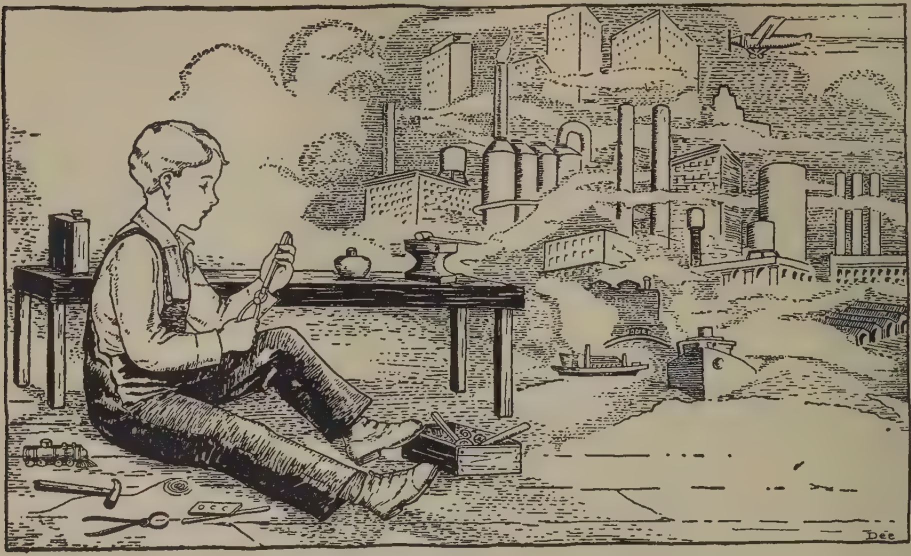
He was slow and careful to make up his mind. He wanted to know first if he was right. When he knew he was right, then there was scarcely a force that could change him. He was willing to fight and die for a principle.

Woodrow Wilson didn't like to do things just because someone else did them. He wanted to be original and different. He was brave and courageous. When he became President of the United States he brushed aside customs and did many things other Presidents had not done. He was our President during the Great War and did much to end the war by promising peace to all nations. Mr. Wilson was the first President who ever left the United States while President. After the war was closed, the rulers of the nations that had fought agreed to meet in Paris and draw up a treaty. Mr. Wilson left the White House and went to Europe to help make the treaties and to establish the League of Nations. Before he went to Paris he visited many of the countries of Europe. He was, at this time and while traveling in these countries, the most popular man who ever lived. No king or queen had ever been admired and worshipped and paid tribute by so many people.

In the illustration you see Mr. Wilson at the greatest moment in his life. He is our President, standing at the end of this rich, mahogany table in the Hall of Mirrors, earnestly pleading with the great rulers who are there to help abolish war. He tells them war is foolish and costly and that if the nations of the earth will co-operate and do right, we shall not have wars.

Can you give some reasons why Tommy Woodrow Wilson became one of our greatest Presidents and one of the greatest men who has lived?

—*Thomas G. Nichols.*



HENRY FORD

"The Wizard of Machinery"

Sixty years ago, there was born in the state of Michigan, a child who was to become one of the richest men in the world and one of the world's greatest benefactors. This child was Henry Ford.

His father was William Ford, a thrifty and well-to-do farmer, living near Dearborn. His mother, Mary Litogot Ford, was a thrifty, hard working woman of beautiful character, from whom Henry Ford received much that is most valuable in his own character. Among other things that she said to Henry was, "If you cheat, play falsely, prove unkind, or do a mean act, even though you seem at the time to profit by it, you will pay the price." Henry Ford's mother died when he was thirteen years of age, but her influence remained with him and he once said, "I try to live as I know my mother would wish me to."

Henry Ford's childhood was a happy one and was filled with all of those interesting things that a boy might do on a prosperous farm. He was much in the out-of-doors, playing in the meadows and in the woods. He loved to snow-ball, go coasting and skate on the ice. He learned to swim at an early age and was a good horseback rider. As soon as he was old enough, he went to a country school some two miles from his home and on Sundays he was taken to Sunday School and church. His childhood, however, was not all play and school. He was required to do his part of the work of the farm. Hoeing, raking, plowing, milking and other farm duties were assigned to him.

Very early, young Henry showed an interest in machinery. He put in much of his spare time tinkering with tools. One of his first accomplishments, in a mechanical way, was watch and clock repairing. The story is told that when he was ten years of age, he went to Sunday School one Sunday morning with his parents. There, his friend, Will Bennet, showed him a watch that he had received from his grandfather. The watch, however, would not run and the two boys slipped away from church to the Bennet workshop, where Henry undertook to repair the watch. After church was over the parents of the two boys became much concerned because of their absence and started out to find them. They finally located them in the workshop, where the boys were severely reprimanded for having run away from church. Young Henry, however, persisted in his efforts to repair the watch and, in due time, had it running. From that time on he had a mania for taking watches and clocks apart and repairing them. He once said, "Every clock in the house shuddered when it saw me coming."

At the country school, Henry Ford showed his interest in machinery by getting his playmates interested in setting up a forge. At this forge they carried out various experiments, including the melting and blowing of glass.

He very early became interested in engines and decided that he would become a locomotive engineer. When thirteen or fourteen years of age, he determined to build an engine of his own that would run the machinery on the farm. He devoted all of his spare time to this undertaking in his father's farm shop. He built it out of scraps of iron and discarded farm machinery, and the strange thing about it was that when it was completed it would run.

His mother having died when he was thirteen years of age, life upon the farm became monotonous to him and he longed to go to the city, where he could carry out some of his dreams. At sixteen years of age, therefore, he determined to leave the farm home and go to Detroit.

"My father has no real need of me," he thought. "He has hired hands to do the work on the farm." So, one morning, instead of going to school, he boarded a train for Detroit.

He applied for a position at the steam engine factory of James Flower and Company. The foreman looked him over and seeing that he was strong and active, gave him a position at $2.50 a week. How to live on $2.50 a week was a problem. He found a place, however, repairing watches in a jewelry store of evenings, from which work he earned enough additional to pay for his board and room.

In the meantime, his father became quite concerned at his son's absence, but knowing of Henry's interest in machines, decided that he had gone to Detroit to obtain a position. It was, therefore, not surprising that the third day young Henry was working in the engine works his father should have appeared. His father insisted that he should return home and go back to school, but the boy refused, saying he had no use for school. All he cared about was steam engines and he wanted to learn how to make them. His father finally returned home without his son, telling the boy that he would be glad to have him return to the farm whenever he wanted to. The following year Henry obtained a job with another engine company, where he could not only earn a little more money, but have the opportunity to learn more about engines.

The green country boy soon made friends in Detroit and was respected by his fellow workers. He had a sense of humor and joined in the sports of the other young men in the factory. He refused to form any of their bad habits, however, and therefore refused to smoke or drink liquor. He was so very efficient in his work that his wages were soon advanced and he no longer found it necessary to work evenings.

At about this time he decided that he would organize a company to manufacture cheap watches. This dream was rudely disturbed by a letter from his sister, Margaret, begging him to come home. His older brother was seriously ill and his father had met with an accident. He felt that he must do his duty in the matter and, accordingly, he resigned his position and went back to the farm. He determined, however, that as soon as his father was well he would again return to Detroit. The season on the farm was a busy one and autumn came with a round of parties and merry making. It was at one of these harvest festivals he met Clara Bryant, a bright eyed, vivacious girl, who was very popular among the young people. He became so much interested in Clara that he gave up his plans to return to Detroit that fall, much to his father's satisfaction.

When Henry announced to his father that he and Clara Bryant were to be married, the father told his son that he would give him forty acres of land and build him a house. In the new home that he established, Henry and Clara were happy and prosperous. He had not given up his interest in machinery, however. One evening, while reading a magazine, he found an article about a horseless carriage which a Frenchman had invented. The idea appealed to the young man's fancy and he immediately began to evolve in his own mind a scheme for making a horseless carriage.

If he had a machine shop, he might make a horseless carriage, he said to his wife. At last, he determined to go to Detroit and get some materials to carry out his plans. On his way out of the city of Detroit, he saw one of the big, clumsy fire engines going down the street. He wondered why a lighter and less cumbersome fire engine might not be built. He returned to the farm, but was much engrossed with his thoughts about the engine that he wanted to invent. It was at this time that he conceived the idea of building an engine run with gasoline instead of steam.

When autumn came, Henry Ford had decided that he would move to Detroit and undertake to carry out his plans for inventing a gas engine. At first, his wife was opposed to leaving their comfortable home, but seeing that her husband was determined, she decided to go to Detroit with him. They rented a room in a boarding house and young Ford obtained a position with the Edison Electric Lighting and Power Company. The position was just what he wanted, that of engineer. He soon established a reputation for himself because of his skill in handling machinery. Ford's co-workers discovered that he was a "wizard at machinery." The result was that he was soon offered a position as manager of the electrical department at a salary of one hundred fifty dollars a month.

Much to his wife's joy, they decided to build a home and, after considerable search, they located a suitable and cheap lot on which to build. On this lot was an old shed which Henry Ford converted into a workshop. He devoted all of his spare time to working on his horseless carriage in this workshop. At last the car was completed and he was ready to give it a trial. With his wife as the only spectator, he started the engine and drove it from the shop, across the yard and down the street. His dream had been realized and he had made a horseless carriage. He knew that it was far from perfect, but he believed that now that he had made it run successfully, the rest could be accomplished.

Very few people had faith in Ford's invention. One man, however, had enough confidence to give him backing and that was "Coffee Jim," who ran a night-lunch stand not far from Ford's home. He loaned Ford the money that he needed with which to build an automobile to compete in forthcoming races. The two-cylinder car which was the result came up fully to the expectations of the young inventor. It was the victor in the race over the other cars. This success brought the car to the attention of James Couzens, a Detroit business man, who offered to back Ford in the manufacture of his cars. Accordingly, Henry Ford built a four-cylinder car, which won by one-half mile in the three mile race.

Ford's success was now assured and many were eager to invest in his company. Those who desired to invest, however, wanted him to build high priced cars. Ford insisted that he would do nothing of the kind, but that he would build a cheap car that people of small means could afford to buy. The result was that most of those who had agreed to back him withdrew. James Couzens, however, continued his support and the story of what Mr. Ford has accomplished since that time needs no repetition.

Starting in a rented building, with two helpers, the Ford Motor Company has grown into one of the greatest manufacturing concerns in the world, employing thousands of men. Not only has Henry Ford realized his dream of building an inexpensive motor car that has been purchased by millions of people, but he has realized his other dream of a tractor on the farm that should replace the horse. Today, Fordson Tractors are being used all over the world. More recently, Mr. Ford has begun the manufacture of airplanes, and it is possible that the Ford Motor Company may become as famous for its airplanes as for its automobiles.

Today, Henry Ford is a billionaire, and he, therefore, has enormous power and influence. He believes, however, that his wealth is a trust and that it should be used for the good of humanity. His motto, therefore, has been, "Not show, but service."

—*G. W. Diemer.*

THE BOY WHO WHITTLED

A carnival was being held in the little city of Cremona in northern Italy, and everyone was making merry upon the streets. Men, women and children in brightly colored costumes, some of them in masks, were to be seen on the sidewalks. Street musicians were everywhere, many of them with violins, playing and singing for the coins that were occasionally placed in their cups. Among those who were engaged in this activity were three boys, Gulio, Salvator and Tonio. Gulio played beautifully on the violin, Salvator had a sweet voice, but Tonio could neither play nor sing. All he could do was to stand by and whittle and sometimes pass the cup to receive coins.

Tonio loved music and wished that he, too, might play the violin or sing, but he was a monotone and hence, could never learn to sing. Neither was he successful in learning to play the violin, but he did love to make things with his knife and often he would stand or sit for hours with his whittling, making toys or, perhaps a new bridge for Gulio's violin.

On this particular evening, the boys had gone up and down all of the streets with their playing and singing, but had received very little money. At last, they decided that they would try one more tune and then they would go home. As they played and sang, an old man came along and listened to the music. When the boys had ceased he said to them, "Do you mind repeating that tune for an old man who loves sweet music?" The boys did so willingly and just as they had ceased, the man took a coin out of his pocket and placed it in the cup.

Looking at the coin, the boys discovered that it was a gold piece, more money than they had seen for a long time. Tonio, especially, was very much excited and said, "Who was that man that he could give away so much money?" The other two boys laughed and Gulio said, sneeringly, "Why, don't you know who that man is? But, of course, you don't know because all you can do is to stand around and whittle. He is Amati, the great violin maker and the richest man in Cremona."

The boys rushed home with their wealth, fearing they might lose it. Tonio went home and went to bed, but he could not sleep very much, because he remembered what Gulio had said, "all you can do is to stand around and whittle." He wondered, however, if he might not put his whittling to some use and, during the night, a great resolve came to him.

He was up before daylight the next morning and, dressing hastily, he slipped out of the house. He went to the home of the famous violin maker and knocked at the front door. A servant answered and when he saw it was a small, poorly dressed boy, ordered him away with unkind words. After a while, Tonio came back and again knocked at the door. Again, the servant ordered him away and threatened to beat him if he returned again. The master, however, had been awakened by the commotion and came to see what was going on. He saw the boy with his cap in hand standing outside the door and recognized him as one of the boys he had seen the evening before.

"What do you want, my boy?" said Amati.

"I wonder," said Tonio, "if you wouldn't let me come in and help you make violins."

"And why," said Amati, "do you want to make violins?"

"Because," replied Tonio, "I love music more than anything in the world; but I cannot sing, as can Salvator, and I cannot play, as can Gulio. I know only how to whittle, and I thought if I could help make violins, I would then help others to make music."

The great violin maker put his hand upon the boy's head and said kindly, "My boy, there are many ways to make music in this world. Some make it with the voice, others make it with the violin, some make it by painting beautiful pictures, others by carving statuary. Some make music by selling things that people need, others make music by tilling the soil. There are many ways to make music, my boy, and after all, all that is necessary is that you have a song in your heart."

And the boy with the song in his heart, but unable to sing it, came into Amati's shop. He did not make a violin the first day, nor the first month, but he worked for many months and finally produced his first violin. The violin maker said it was good and that the boy would, some day, become a master violin maker.

Years passed by and Amati died, and the boy, Tonio, became the master violin maker of Cremona. Today, if you were fortunate enough to have a violin made by Antonio Stradivarius, the boy with the song in his heart, you would have a small fortune.

HOW A FARMER SAVED ROME

In the old days of Rome there lived a worthy man who was called Cincinnatus. Cincinnatus was not this man's real name, but only a nickname given to him because of his long, curly hair. He was a very wise and brave man. He was not only wise and brave, but he was very different from most men of his time. He cared nothing for wealth and power, and, indeed, he liked nothing so well as to live simply on his small farm outside the walls of Rome.

There, on his farm, Cincinnatus spent his days, plowing his land, planting his seeds, and looking after his crops. He did not envy the men in Rome who were ruling the city and gaining great riches. He was happy to live the simple life of a farmer.

The people in Rome knew of the wisdom of this farmer. They often went to him to get him to help them out of their troubles. Whenever anyone was in need of advice, he would say, "Well, I shall go see Cincinnatus. He will be able to help me."

Now it happened that at this time Rome was at war with a tribe of fierce people who lived nearby. These savage men were very cruel to their neighbors, the Romans. They burned the small towns and robbed the people who lived outside the walls of Rome. They even boasted that they would march to the very walls of Rome itself, enter the city, burn the houses, and kill the people.

When the chief men of Rome heard of this threat, they began to gather an army together. Every man who was able to fight became a soldier. Only the white-haired old men who ruled the city, a few guards, and the young boys stayed behind to look after the women and children. The army that went out from Rome was the largest and bravest in the world at that time. Everybody thought it would be an easy thing for such an army to drive their unfriendly neighbors back, and to bring peace again to Rome.

But driving back the fierce men of the mountains was not so easy as it had at first seemed. As the Romans went to meet their enemy, they marched through a narrow valley between two mountains. These mountains were so high that no one could climb them. In front of the army was another mountain. It, also, was too steep to climb. The brave Roman leaders looked about and saw that they had been caught in a trap. There was only one way out: They must turn around and march out of the valley. There was no grass for their horses nor food for their men there. They must get out of the valley while they could.

But as the leaders turned to give the order to leave the valley, thousands of the savage mountain men sprang out from among the rocky cliffs. The army was entrapped in the valley. The Roman soldiers tried to draw their swords, but the pass was so narrow they could not fight. The mountain men then began to throw stones down upon the Romans, and it seemed that the brave Romans could do nothing to save themselves.

Just when everything seemed to be lost, five of the Roman soldiers who were riding in the back lines managed to escape from the valley. They spurred their horses and rode as hard as they could till they came to the walls of Rome. They did not even stop at the city gates, but rode straight to the market place. There they told the white-haired old men who ruled the city what had happened to the Roman soldiers.

When the City Fathers, for so they were called, heard this news, they were very much frightened.

"Oh, what shall we do?" they cried. "We have no one whom we can send to help our army. The boys who were left at home are too young to go without a leader, and there is no man left who is wise enough to lead them. How can we save Rome?"

Everybody was very sad and very much afraid. It seemed that they could do nothing to save their army, and that they would have to give up their city to their enemies, the savage mountain men.

But at last one of the City Fathers said, "There is only one man who can save us. Let us send for Cincinnatus. He is wise, and he can help us out of our trouble."

Everybody thought this a very good plan, so the next morning some men went out to ask Cincinnatus to help them save their city. Early as it was, the good farmer was already at work in his fields. He was digging in the ground with his spade. Little did he dream that he, a simple farmer, had been chosen to save a great city.

"We bring you word from Rome," said the messengers, when they had found Cincinnatus.

"Is Rome in trouble?" asked Cincinnatus.

The men then told him of Rome's danger, and asked him to go with them and help to save the city. They also told him that the people of Rome had chosen him as ruler of their city, and that everyone was ready to obey him. They told him he might do what he pleased with the city.

Cincinnatus called to his wife to bring his cloak. When he had put it on, he told her of his call to the great city. Then, without another word, Cincinnatus hurried with the messengers to Rome, where he was greatly honored. The people cheered him as he passed through the streets, for they knew that he alone could save them. In order to do their part they gladly did whatever Cincinnatus asked them to do.

First of all, wise Cincinnatus armed the boys and men who had been left to guard the city. Then he led them out to fight the enemy.

Within a few days news reached Rome that Cincinnatus and his young soldiers had met the savage men of the mountains, and had driven them back into their own country.

A few days later Cincinnatus led the whole army back to Rome. The people were filled with joy to see their soldiers again and to know that their city was once more safe. They were so pleased with what Cincinnatus had done that they offered him a golden crown and wanted to make him king of Rome.

But Cincinnatus did not want to be a king. He thanked the people for the honor which they had shown him. Then he went back to his little farm, and spent the rest of his life as a simple farmer.

(From "Tales of Long Ago," Edited by Arthur Guy Terry, Row, Peterson & Company.)

"As soon as young eagles can fly the old eagles turn them out."

"God helps those who help themselves."

CHARACTER BUILDING STORIES

THE TRUTHFUL LITTLE PERSIAN

Once upon a time there was a little Persian boy who wanted to be wise and good. He asked his mother to let him go to a large city to learn many things.

His mother said, "Yes, my son, you may go. But remember never to tell a lie. Here are forty pieces of silver for you. Be very careful of it, for I have no more to give you."

The boy promised to be careful and always to tell the truth, and then he started off with some friends. After the party had traveled several days, they were suddenly stopped by a band of sixty robbers, who wanted their money.

When they asked the boy if he had any money he said, "Yes, sir, forty pieces of silver."

"Where is it?" they asked.

"It is sewed in the lining of my coat," he said.

The captain of the robbers said, "Tear open his coat and get the money."

When he had the silver in his hand he said, "Why did you tell us about this silver? It was so carefully hidden that we should never have found it."

"I promised my mother never to tell a lie," said the boy.

"Have you a good, kind mother, my boy?"

"Oh, yes, sir! She gave me all the money she had."

"Well, my boy, I am glad you have kept your word to your mother, and you shall never be sorry for it. Here is your money. I do not want it. I have a good, kind mother, too, but I was a bad boy and ran away from home many years ago. I know my mother would be glad to see me. I shall never be a robber again, but shall go home and try to be honest and truthful all the rest of my life."

—*Adapted.*

THE RABBIT WHO WAS GOING TO TELL

"Good! I needn't go to church!" cried Nelson. "People with sore throats don't have to go."

"That reminds me," said Nelson's grandmother.

Now, you may not know, what Nelson knew very well, that the remark, "that reminds me," meant the beginning of about the nicest thing in the world—one of his grandmother's stories. He knew, also, that the place for a little boy when his grandmother is telling a story is on a stool at her feet.

"That reminds me," said his grandmother again, taking off her spectacles, "of one Sabbath when I was a little girl and thought that I would like to stay at home. In those days church-going was pretty hard for small people, because the sermons were very long and the pews were very high. A tithing-man, too, was on the watch for wriggling boys and sleepy girls; he tickled the girls into wakefulness with a rabbit's foot on the end of his staff, and gave the boys a sharp tap with the knob of the other end.

"Well, that Sabbath the sun was shining, the birds were singing, and the wind that stole in through the windows brought sweet perfume from flowers and whispered in my ear, 'Come out and play!' Indeed, everything in the big world out-of-doors was teasing, 'Come out and play.' I was all ready for church, in my new pelisse and my big bonnet, and mother had set me up in a chair to keep me clean while she dressed the other children. It was hard for a little girl like me to sit still and wait for the other children to be dressed, and the next time the wind whispered, 'Come out and play,' I edged from my chair when mother wasn't looking and ran as fast as I could through fields and into the woods.

"Then a strange thing happened. The birds, instead of being glad that I had come to see them, seemed to be scolding me, and I thought that the flowers shrank away, and that the wind was laughing at me. The church bell began to ring, and that was saying, 'Come, come,' just as the out-of-doors had said it, when I was in the house. Then I saw a rabbit peeping at me through a clump of ferns; he ran away fast after one look, and I knew he was going to tell the tithing man how wicked I was—the tithing man to whom rabbits gave their feet to tickle church-sleepers and perhaps, also, little girls that ran away from church!

"At that moment I heard Farmer Green's voice, and the rumble of carriage wheels. It didn't take me long to run out to the road and beg Farmer Green to take me up beside him. Farmer Green did not seem surprised to see me. He smiled as he lifted me into the carriage, and he didn't even ask me how I came to be so far from home.

"Soon I was sitting in our pew, with feet dangling."

Nelson's grandmother paused.

"Is that all?" asked Nelson.

"Yes," said grandmother, gently.

"My throat feels better. Will you tie my necktie, grandma? I am going to church."

—*Anonymous.*

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

A long time ago, Robert Bruce, the king of Scotland, was forced to hide from his enemies. He found refuge in a cave deep in the forest. He was downhearted and discouraged. He had tried to save Scotland from her enemies, but he had lost every battle. His soldiers had been killed or hurt, or forced to hide.

"It is of no use to fight any more," he said. "Our enemies are too strong for us."

Just then he saw a spider weaving a web. She was trying to spin the web between two rocks. She had fastened one end of her thread to a rock and was trying to swing herself across to another rock. Again and again she swung herself across, but each time she failed to reach the rock.

Bruce sat watching her for a long time. He wondered how long she would keep on trying. The spider tried and failed seven times. "You are a brave and patient spider," thought the king. "If you try once more and succeed, I too will fight again."

The spider swung herself once more on her thin thread. This time she reached the other rocks and fastened her thread.

"Thanks for the lesson you have taught me, little spider," said Bruce. "I will try once more to free Scotland from her enemies."

So King Robert went forth again at the head of his army. He and his men fought as they had never fought before. Bruce won the battle and his country was freed.

BLUE-BOY'S STAR

As Blue-Boy entered the great gateway in the strong wall he saw the wonderful castle in which lived the knights. The king had sent them to protect the travelers in his country from the giants who lived in the forest beyond the wall.

When Blue-Boy received his suit of armor, the long spear, his spurs and his helmet with the great red plume, he was very happy; but he liked best the magic shield that at first was very clouded silver.

Blue-Boy had always been true and kind and although his name was Robert, his friends had named him "Blue-Boy." When the king heard of his kindness to strangers he wanted him for one of the knights of the castle.

Robert lost no time. From the minute he put on his shield it began to grow brighter because he was very alert, and seemed never to miss a time to be helpful.

Often his eyes were fixed in wonder upon the shield worn by the lord of the castle, because a bright star shone upon it. He tried to think what great, unselfish deed could have caused the beautiful star to shine there, and how he wished that he, the youngest of all the knights, could do some great thing, and have a golden star.

The giants in the forest became very troublesome and made war on the knights. No one could travel through the country in safety, so the knights prepared to go forth and fight.

The day for the battle was very bright and beautiful. Very early, Blue-Boy, looking strong and splendid in his armor, placed himself before the lord of the castle to receive his orders for the fight.

How he did want to help in the most dangerous place of all! The lord of the castle smiled upon his youngest knight and said, "Robert, I have decided to have you watch the gate."

Robert was disappointed and almost angry. He tried very hard to hide his shame at being told to watch the gate, when the battle was in the valley beyond the walls. Quickly he controlled himself, bowed politely and walked to his place of duty.

The knights crossed the bridge over the moat that surrounded the walls. How their armor glistened and their red plumes waved in the wind. The lord of the castle crossed over last. Before he left he said to Robert, "Let *no* one enter until we return!"

The bridge was drawn up and a very sad Blue-Boy stood watching the gate.

After a long time a knight came limping to the gate. He was not brave and did not wish to fight. He offered to keep the gate and let Robert take his place fighting the giants. Robert was very happy and then he remembered. He said, "I am sorry but I was told to stay here, and I cannot let you in because your place is in the battle."

The knight was ashamed and turned and walked back through the woods. After a time Robert saw a beggar woman coming toward the gate. When she asked that she might come in for food, Robert said he would have some food sent to her, but she could not come in. As she waited she said she had passed the place where the fighting was taking place and that things were going badly for the giants. She thanked him by saying that a knight so young and strong should be fighting with his knights instead of staying by the gate.

When the food came, Robert gave it to her, quickly closed the gate and firmly said, "You and I do not command here."

Not very many minutes passed until a little old man called at the drawbridge. He asked for Sir Robert. When Blue-Boy answered, "I am he," the little old man told him that the knights needed him badly. Robert said his place was to watch the gate. The little old man drew out a very wonderful sword. He waved it and told Robert that it was a magic sword, that it would make the giants fall back, save his friends and win the battle. Robert was very much tempted by the sword that in the sunlight seemed covered with jewels. He started to put out his hand for the sword—but as the little old man stepped forward as if to cross the bridge Robert struck the bells that caused the servants to draw up the bridge.

Imagine Robert's surprise when he saw the little old man throw off his cloak, grow into a huge giant and after frowning at the moat he could not cross, stalk angrily into the forest.

Sir Robert vowed to himself that he would not open the gate again. Soon he heard the bugle of the lord of the castle and a sound of victory as the knights of the castle came tired and bloodstained, but happy.

Robert ordered the drawbridge down and greeted the knights as they passed. After the bridge was drawn and the gate fastened, Robert followed the other knights into the castle.

At the end of the long room the lord of the castle took his place. As Robert walked toward him to give him the keys, and passed the knights, they all exclaimed, "The shield!" Robert told the happenings of the day and the lord of the castle looked very thoughtful as he said, "The magic shield never makes mistakes. Sir Robert, today you have fought the hardest battle of all."

Blue-Boy was a very happy young knight when he saw the gold star on his silver shield.

—Adapted by Myrtle C. Diemer.

THE HARD LESSON

"This lesson is so hard!" said Mary. "I cannot learn it, and I won't try."

"My dear," said her mother, "how do you know you cannot learn it, if you will not try?"

"It looks hard," said Mary, "and I know it is no use to try. It is so long that I should never get through it, even if I did try."

Mary was not an idle girl, but she had made up her mind that she could not learn the lesson. She had given it up, just because it looked hard.

Her mother said no more for a short time; but soon she saw Mary take up her book again, and look at the lesson as if she wished she knew it. Then she said:

"Mary, did you ever walk a mile?"

"O yes, mother, very often."

"Did you do it all at once?"

"No; I did it step by step."

"Then try the lesson in that way. Learn a part at a time; and if you keep on, you will soon know it all."

Mary did as her mother told her, and in less than an hour she sprang from her seat and said, "I have learned it, mother! I know the lesson."

Her mother was very glad to hear this, and said, "Never say again, my child, that you cannot do anything until you have tried.

"Remember, it was only by one step at a time that you learned to walk; by one letter at a time that you learned to read; and by one stroke at a time that you learned to write."

—Selected.

JEAN VALJEAN AND THE BISHOP

Jean Valjean was born of a poor peasant family in France and was not even taught to read. He had lost his parents when very young and had only one relative left, a sister, who brought him up. When Jean was twenty-five his sister's husband died, leaving her with seven children whom Jean in his turn tried to support.

It was hard work, for Jean could earn very little, not more than eighteen sous a day, and he often took the best of his meal from his own plate to give to one of the children. There came a severe winter; Jean had no work, the family had no bread, and there were seven hungry children.

One Sunday night, when the children were crying with hunger, Jean thrust his arm through the baker's window, seized a loaf of bread, and took it out. The baker saw the theft and followed him. Before he was caught, the thief threw away the bread, but his arm was still bleeding. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to five years in the galleys, where he sat, an iron collar riveted around his neck, with a chain attached, which bound him to the galley seat. Because he tried to escape and failed, he remained a galley slave for nineteen years—and all for stealing a loaf of bread.

When Jean left the galleys, he went out sullen and hardened. His wrongs had made him bitter, and he was more like an animal than a man. Wherever he went, every man's hand was raised against him, until he began to think that everyone was his enemy.

At last he came to the town where a good bishop lived. At the inn they would not receive him because they knew him to be an ex-convict. He was not even allowed to sleep in a dog kennel nor to eat the food saved for the dog. He went from one place to another, trying to get a night's lodging, but no one would take him in. Finally, he knocked loudly at the good bishop's door.

"Come in," said the bishop.

Jean entered, with a hard, tired, fierce look in his eyes that frightened the bishop's sister.

"See here!" he cried. "My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict. I have been nineteen years in the galleys. Here is my yellow passport. It says: 'Five years for robbery and fourteen years for trying to escape. The man is very dangerous.' Nobody will take me in. I am very hungry. Are you an inn? I have money; my savings of nineteen years in the galleys. I will pay if you will give me something to eat. May I stay?"

The good bishop, who was a simple, loving man with a kind heart, and whom everyone loved because he loved everyone, said to his servant: "Put on another plate, please."

"Monsieur," said he to Jean, "sit down and warm yourself; we are going to have supper presently, and your bed will be made ready while we sup."

Jean could hardly understand. He offered to pay for his lodging, but the bishop refused to take any money.

"This is your house, as much as mine," he said. "Whatever is here is yours. What need have I to know your name? Besides, before you told me I knew it. You are my brother."

The supper was served on the silver plates that the bishop used when he had guests, and was lighted by the silver candle sticks that he had received as a Christmas present.

After supper Jean was taken to his room, where he found a good bed, and was soon asleep. Toward the middle of the night he awoke in a bitter mood. He thought of all his wrongs, he thought of the bishop's silver, and made up his mind to get even with the world by stealing the plates and the candle sticks. So he took what he could find, and crept away through the garden.

Even when the bishop discovered that his silver plates were gone and that Jean had escaped, he refused to blame him. "I have been thinking for a long time," said he, "that I ought not to keep the silver. I should have given it to the poor, and certainly that man is poor."

As he was breakfasting at the same table at which Jean had sat the night before there came a knock at the door and a strange group appeared on the threshold. Three men were holding a fourth by the collar. The three men were policemen; the fourth was Jean Valjean.

Before the police could accuse their prisoner of anything, the bishop arose quickly.

"Ah, there you are!" said he, looking at Jean. "I am glad to see you. But I gave you the candlesticks also, which are silver like the rest. Why did you not take them along with your plates?"

Jean was stunned by the bishop's words, and so were the soldiers.

"Then what this man said was true," said the chief. "We met him. He was going like a man who was running away, and we arrested him in order to see. He had this silver."

"And he told you," interrupted the bishop with a smile, "that it had been given him by a good old man with whom he had passed the night. I see it all. And you brought him back here? It is all a mistake. You can let him go."

So the officers went away.

"Is it true that they have let me go?" said Jean in a dazed way, as if he were speaking in his sleep.

"Yes, but before you go," replied the bishop, "here are your candle sticks; take them. And, by the way, when you come again, you need not come through the garden. You can always come in and go out by the front door. It is never latched, day or night."

Then the bishop drew nearer to him and said in a low tone, "Never forget that you have promised me to use this silver to become an honest man."

And though Jean could not remember having promised anything, he was touched by the bishop's goodness, and from that day he tried hard to become the sort of man that the bishop would like him to be.

—*Adapted from Victor Hugo.*

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

A Lion was awakened by a Mouse running over his face. Rising up in anger, he caught the Mouse and was about to kill him, when the Mouse begged for mercy, saying: "If you would only spare my life, I would be sure to repay your kindness." The Lion laughed and let him go. It happened shortly after this that the Lion was caught in a hunter's net. The Mouse, recognizing the Lion's roar, came up, and gnawed the rope with his teeth, and, setting him free, exclaimed: "You ridiculed the idea of my ever being able to help you, not expecting to receive from me any repayment of your favor; but now you know that it is possible for even a Mouse to help a Lion."

—*Aesop.*

PIPPA

All the year in the little village of Asola the great wheels of the mills went round and round. It seemed to the very little children that they never, never stopped, but went on turning and singing, turning and singing. No matter where you went in the village, the hum of the wheels could always be heard; and though no one could really say what the wheels sang, everyone turned gladly to his work or went swiftly on his errand when he heard the busy song.

Everyone was proud of the mills in Asola, and the children most of all. The very little ones would go to the lowest windows and look into the great dim room where the wheels were, and wondered, as they looked, if ever they would grow wise enough to help make silk.

Those children who were older wound thread on the bobbins or helped at the looms. And whenever they saw the bright stuff in shop windows, or a beautiful woman passed in silken robes, they looked with shining eyes. "See how beautiful!" they would say. "We helped. She needs us; the world needs us!" And their hearts were so full of gladness at the thought.

The poet tells us there was a child there whose name was Pippa, and she worked all day in this mill, winding silk on the little whirling spools.

Now in the year there was one day they gave her for her own —one perfect day when she could walk in the sweet, sweet meadows, or wander toward the far, strange hills. And this one precious day was so shining and full of joy to Pippa that its light shone all about her until the next, making itself into dreams and little songs that she sang to her whirring spools.

One night, when the blessed time would be next morning, she said to the day:

"Sweet Day, I am Pippa, and have only you for the joy of my whole long year; come to me gentle and shining, and I will do whatever loving deed you bring me."

And the blessed day broke golden and perfect!

She sprang up singing; she sang to the sunbeams, and to her lily, and to the joy in the world; she ran out, and leaped as she went; the grass blew in the wind, and the long yellow road rolled away like unwound silk.

She sang on and on, hardly knowing. And it was a sweet song no one had ever heard. It was what birds sing, only this had words; and this song was so full of joy that when a sad poet heard it he stopped the lonely tune he piped, and listened till his heart thrilled. And when he could no longer hear, he took up the strain and played it so strong and clear that it set the whole air a-singing. The children in the street began singing and laughing as he played; the old looked up; a lame man felt that he might leap, and the blind who begged at corners forgot they did not see, the song was so full of the morning wonder.

But little Pippa did not know this; she had passed on, singing.

Out beyond the village there were men who worked, building a lordly castle. And there was a youth among them who was a stair-builder, and he had a deep sorrow. The dream of the perfect and the beautiful was in his life, but it was given to him to build only the stairs men trod on. And as he knelt working wearily at his task, from somewhere beyond the thicket there came a strange, sweet song, and these were the words:

"All service ranks the same with God:
. . . . there is no last nor first."

The youth sprang up; the wind lifted his hair, the light leaped into his eyes, and he began to do the smallest things perfectly.

Farther down the road there was a ruined house; a man leaned his head on his hand and looked from the window. A great deed that the world needed must be done; and the man loved the great deed, but his heart had grown faint, and he waited.

And it chanced that Pippa passed, singing, and her song reached the man; and it was to him as if God called. He rose up strong and brave, and leaping to his horse he rode away to give the great deed to the world.

At night when the tired Pippa lay upon her little bed, she said to the day:

"Sweet Day, you brought me no loving deed to give in payment for the joy you gave."

But the day knew.

And on the morrow, the child Pippa went back to the mill and wound the silk bobbins, and she was so full of gladness, she hummed with them all day.

—*Adapted from Browning.*

THE COMING OF THE KING

Some children were at play in their playground one day when a herald rode through the town blowing a trumpet and crying aloud: "The King! The King! passes by this road today. Make ready for the King!" The children stopped their play and looked at one another.

"Did you hear that?" they said. "The king is coming. He may look over the wall and see our playground—who knows? We must put it in order."

The playground was sadly dirty, and in the corners were scraps of paper and broken toys, for these were careless children. But now one brought a hoe, and another a rake, and a third ran to fetch the wheelbarrow from behind the garden gate. They labored hard till at length all was clean and tidy.

"Now it is clean," they said; "but we must make it pretty, too, for kings are used to fine things; maybe he would not notice mere cleanness, for he may have it all the time."

Then one brought sweet rushes and strewed them on the ground; and others brought garlands of oak-leaves and pine tassels and hung them on the walls; and the littlest one pulled marigold buds and threw them all about the playground—"To look like gold," he said.

When all was done, the playground was so beautiful that the children stood and looked at it, and clapped their hands with pleasure.

"Let us keep it always like this," said the littlest one; and the others cried: "Yes, yes; that is what we will do!"

They waited all day for the coming of the king, but he never came; only, towards sunset, a man with travelworn clothes and a kind, tired face passed along the road and stopped to look over the wall.

"What a pleasant place!" said the man. "May I come in and rest, dear children?"

The children brought him in gladly and set him on the seat that they had made out of an old cask. They had covered it with the old red cloak to make it look like a throne; and it made a very good one.

"It is our playground," they said. "We made it pretty for the king, but he never came, and now we mean to keep it so for ourselves."

"That is good!" said the man.

"Because we think pretty and clean nicer than ugly and dirty," said another.

"That is better!" said the man.

"And for tired people to rest in," said the littlest one.

"That is best of all!" said the man.

He sat and rested, and looked at the children with such kind eyes that they came about him and told him all they knew; about the five puppies in the barn, and the thrush's nest with four blue eggs, and the seashore, where the gold shells grew; and the man nodded and understood it all.

By and by he asked for a cup of water and they brought it to him; and he thanked the children and arose and went on his way, but before he went he laid his hand on their heads for a moment, and the touch went warm to their hearts.

The children stood by the wall and watched the man as he slowly went along. The sun was setting and the light fell in long, slanting rays across the road.

"He looks so tired," said one of the children.

"But he was so kind," said another.

"See," said the littlest one, "how the sun shines on his hair! It looks like a crown of gold."

—*Selected.*

THE FOX WHO LOST HIS TAIL

A Fox, caught in a trap, escaped with the loss of his tail. Henceforth, feeling his life a burden from the shame to which he was exposed, he planned to bring all the other Foxes into a like condition with himself. He assembled a good many Foxes, and advised them to cut off their tails, saying "that they would not only look much better without them. but that they would get rid of the weight of the brush, which was a very great inconvenience." One of them, interrupting him, said, "If you had not yourself lost your tail, my friend, you would not thus advise us."

—*Aesop.*

ONE DOLLAR

Whistling gaily, Dick trundled his wagon out of the yard soon after breakfast on Saturday. Croft's, the big greenhouse at the north end of town, had advertised in the local paper for old newspapers, at one dollar per hundred pounds. Dick had his wagon half full, and a morning's collecting would bring him a dollar's worth.

He wanted the dollar especially to buy his mother a birthday present, a cut-glass butter-dish he had seen down in one of the stores. He had just been thinking that her birthday was the seventh of October, and the butter-dish occurred to him and sent him off flying to earn the money. The seventh was the next day.

As he trotted down the street, with Fowler, his Airedale pup, skirmishing joyfully ahead, a hail came from a white house on the left. His chum, Tom Field, stood in the yard, his hand up to a swollen cheek.

"Hey, Dick! Will you take mine up with yours? I got the load ready yesterday, and here I have to go to the dentist's! Mean old tooth! I should think these would bring a dollar-fifty."

"All right," agreed Dick, "I'll come back for them when I get my load." He did not want to refuse Tom, though he was not very anxious to drag the second load, which was large and heavy, all the way up to Croft's.

A little farther down the block he began calling at doors, and by eleven he had a good pile of papers, not so many as Tom, but enough, he thought, to bring a dollar. He had not time now for anything more than the walk to the greenhouse before dinner. He went back to Fields', tied his wagon behind Tom's large one, and started uptown.

It was rather slow going, as the loads were too large to take on the sidewalk, and the pavements were wet and greasy from a heavy rain the previous night. He managed well enough until he began to come into the business section, where traffic was heavier. It was difficult to dodge cars and trucks with the two wagons.

Just as he came down off the bridge over the Elm Creek which crossed Main Street at Wallace, he heard a car and looked around. He thought it was going on up Wallace, but instead it turned sharply onto the bridge, and skidded on the wet pavement. The swerve brought it very close; Dick jumped; the string that held the wagons together snapped, and as the car passed his own wagon rolled out into the road, while he dragged Tom's back to the curb. At the same moment the big Croft truck, loaded with boxes of flowers, swept up the opposite way to cross the bridge. It struck Dick's wagon full, knocking the wreck and the flying bundles of papers over the edge of the road into the swift-running stream below.

Two men jumped down from the cab, Jack Sloan, the regular driver, and Mr. Ted Croft, the owner of the greenhouse.

"Well, that's too bad," exclaimed the latter. "Not hurt, are you, young man?" He turned anxiously to Dick, who shook his head. "Well, you've got a good pile left, anyhow." He nodded towards Tom's wagon, which stood untouched.

"Oh, those aren't mine," answered Dick. "They're another fellow's."

"Oh, another fellow's, eh?" Mr. Croft looked sympathetic. "Well, we ought to pay damages, anyhow. I'll give you fifty cents now, for the papers, and we'll see about a new wagon later on."

"Why," stammered Dick, "thanks very much, sir." He knew the offer was generous; the accident had really been his own fault. Mr. Croft had pulled a roll of bills—all fives—from his pocket; he put his hand in and felt carefully again.

"Got any change?" he asked.

"No, sir, I've only got"—he remembered a hasty count he had made that morning—"eight cents."

Jack Sloan supplied a fifty-cent piece, and a few minutes later Dick was again on his way towards Croft's, the money in his pocket and Tom's wagon. He did not much regret the wreck of his own; it was on its last legs anyhow, but now he could not get the butter-dish.

He reached the greenhouse at last and joined the long line of boys waiting to have their loads weighed and receive their money. As he leaned against the wall with the tongue of the wagon in his hand, he noticed a sign on a doorway across the lane—"Boy wanted to run errands after school and Saturdays." His spirits rose with a bound. He knew the door was that of the Croft employment office. Maybe he could get that job!

Most of the younger boys like Dick went off as soon as they were paid; a good many of the older ones went over to apply, but apparently none suited, for they all came out again.

Dick received two dollars for Tom's load. He was surprised; even he had not realized it had been so heavy, and he knew Tom had not expected so much. With the money in his pocket—a one-dollar bill and a dollar in change—he hurried over to the employment office. Mr. Stinson, the manager, was there. He looked at Dick keenly across the desk, as he asked for the job. But he shook his head decidedly.

"No, I'm afraid not, youngster. You're too young. We want an older boy—trustworthy. Wait a year or so."

Dick went out rather disgustedly, though he had not really expected anything else. The last Croft's messenger boy had been a big fellow of fifteen. A block down the street, as he was walking along jingling the coins in his pocket, he saw ahead of him Bill Sloan, Jack Sloan's son. The Sloans lived near the Fields', and Bill could take over Tom's money.

"Hi, Bill!" shouted Dick. "Here, wait a minute."

He raced along and caught up. "Say, will you take this over to Tom? I sold his papers for him."

He plunged his hand into his pocket, pulled out the dollar and a fifty-cent piece, and put them into Bill's hand. At the same moment Jack Sloan, coming down the other side of the street on his way home to dinner, noticed the boys and called out, "Hello, son! Coming home to eat?" And Bill, with a hasty, "Sure, all right. I'll see that Tom gets this," was off to join his father, leaving Dick still fumbling for the other fifty cents.

"Hey, Bill!" called Dick. His voice was lost in the talk of the men pouring down the street. He dug in his pocket; the coins had got into a corner and refused to be found. Then suddenly his fingers gripped them. He started to rush after Bill and his father; and then his run slowed; finally he was only sauntering along.

It had come over him that there was a whole dollar in his pocket, counting the money Mr. Croft had given him.

A dollar! Just what he needed for his mother's present. Just what he would probably have gotten for his papers, if taking Tom's, too, had not led him into an accident. For that matter, he had done a good fifty cents' worth for Tom that morning—he deserved that much in payment. And Tom would never know the difference; he only expected a dollar and a half.

He was terribly tempted to keep the money. He went over it all again, skuffing along slowly while hurrying men brushed by him. How much he needed it; how much he knew his mother would like the butter-dish; he did not want it for himself. Tom would never know, and would not be disappointed because he had not expected more. He began to feel it was really as much his as Tom's; he ought to have it.

He decided to keep it. And then suddenly, as he thought of buying the butter-dish right now on the way home, he knew he could not keep it. Never. His mother would rather have no present from him for ten birthdays, or a hundred, than have one bought with money he had—yes, that was just what he had been thinking of!—stolen. And he, himself, did not want anything dishonestly got. He knew he would never feel right again if he kept that fifty cents. He was hot with shame to think it had even occurred to him to keep it.

He slipped out into the road to make time and tore after Bill and his father, who were almost out of sight. He came up with them, panting and breathless, his fingers on the money. They turned in surprise.

"Say," panted Dick, "here's the rest of the money. Tom's load was worth two dollars."

"Some load!" remarked Bill, and added, grinning, "He'd never have known if you'd kept the rest."

Dick's face flamed; this was too close to what he had just been thinking of. "Well, I would," he retorted sharply, and jerked out the fifty-cent piece.

In some way it slipped through his fingers before it reached Bill's. There was a tinkle, a flash of rolling silver, and before the boys could pounce on it it had vanished down an open drain-hole, half full of water, which the workmen had just left.

"Well, that's hard luck!" exclaimed Jack Sloan. "You've certainly had a tough morning."

Dick was standing dazed, looking after the coin. He could scarcely believe it was gone. But at Jack's words he roused, and slipped his fingers into his pocket again.

"It's all right," he said steadily. "I've got another fifty cents."

He did not see Jack Sloan's glance of admiration, nor remember that Jack knew he had only eight cents besides. It was a weary and discouraged boy who took his seat ten minutes later at the family dinner table.

Outside in the yard, after dinner, his sister Lillian joined him.

"Whatever's the matter? You look as glum as can be, Dick."

Briefly he told her about taking Tom's papers and the loss of his fifty cents. Lillian was sympathetic.

"It's a shame. But why do you want a dollar so much just now? I've got a quarter I could spare, if that would help any."

"No, thanks," answered Dick. "I can't buy anything for mother for her birthday for thirty-three cents. And I can't earn any more before tomorrow now."

"Tomorrow?" said Lillian. "Why, tomorrow'll only be the seventh."

"Well?" Dick turned and looked at her inquiringly. Lillian suddenly burst into a peal of laughter.

"Oh, Dick, you goose! Mother's birthday isn't the seventh; it's the seventeenth."

"Well!" Dick flushed, and a slow grin spread over his face. "I am a silly," he remarked. "I'd got it into my head it was the seventh. Why, that gives me a whole ten days more." Already he was thinking of things he could do—run errands, deliver parcels . . .

Late Monday afternoon he was raking leaves in front of the house when he was surprised to see Mr. Croft's big car draw up to the curb, and Mr. Croft get out and come up the walk.

"I've come to pay damages," he said, smiling. "I was going to bring a new wagon with me, and then—I heard of something that changed my plans. Dick, how'd you like to try a job as errand boy and messenger, after school and Saturdays?"

Dick's eyes were flashing.

"Do—d' you mean up at Croft's, sir?"

"Certainly, at Croft's. We were intending to get an older boy"—Mr. Croft smiled down at Dick—"but—well, Jack Sloan told me about something that happened on Saturday, and where a certain fifty-cent piece went." Dick's face was flaming. "And young Bill," added Mr. Croft, "remarked to his father incidentally that he saw you go in to try for the job."

"My!" exclaimed Dick. "Wouldn't I like to have a go at it!"

"Well, it's yours, then," returned Mr. Croft, smiling. "You can start after school tomorrow, if your father and mother are willing. We wanted a trustworthy boy—and we think we're getting one."

—*Mary Williamson.*

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HUNTING DIAMONDS

Many years ago, there lived on the banks of the Indus River in India, a Hindu by the name of Ali Hafed. He had a good wife and three lovely children. He owned a small farm that extended, at the back, down to the river bank. Ali Hafed prospered on his little farm and his wife and children were happy.

One day there came to the home of Ali Hafed a Hindu Priest. During the course of the visit the Priest told Ali Hafed the story of diamonds.

"A diamond," said the Priest, "is really a piece of congealed sunlight and it is so rare that it is the most precious thing in the world. A piece as small as the end of your little finger is worth a fortune and if you could find a diamond as large as the end of your thumb, you could place your children upon thrones."

Ali Hafed became very much interested and inquired of the Priest where he might find diamonds. Said the Priest, "If you can find a river in between mountains, flowing through white sands, there you will find diamonds."

During the remainder of the day, Ali Hafed could think of nothing but diamonds and of how he might find them. He went to bed that night and lay awake long hours, thinking of diamonds and, when finally he did go to sleep, he dreamed of riches and of thrones.

The next morning he told his wife that he had decided to sell his farm and go out and find diamonds, so that he might be rich and so that he might place his children upon thrones. His wife tried to persuade him not to go, but he would not listen to her, but set out to see if he could find a buyer. In due time, a man came along who wanted the place and who paid Ali Hafed a good price for it.

Ali Hafed left his wife and children at the home of a friend, leaving a portion of the money for them to use. Taking the balance of his wealth, he started out in search of diamonds. He wandered over Asia and Europe, inquiring of everyone he met if they knew where there was a river in between mountains that ran through white sands. Whenever he heard of such a river he went at once to it, even though it were a long journey, but every time he failed to find diamonds.

Finally, he had spent all of his money and become a beggar. He grew tired and discouraged and, believing that he would never find diamonds, and not wanting to return home without them, he threw himself into the sea and was drowned.

In Ali Hafed's old home on the banks of the Indus, the new owner was prosperous and happy. One day, one of his children found some pretty stones in the sands along the bank of the river and brought them into the house. While the child was playing with them, the Hindu Priest came in. He became interested in the child's play and picked up one of the stones to examine it. Rushing over to the father of the child with the stone he exclaimed, "This is a diamond! Where did you find it?" The man laughed at the Priest's statement and said, "That is only a stone that my boy picked up down at the river's bank." "Show me where he found it," said the priest, "and there you will find many diamonds."

Sure enough, the Priest was right, and there on the banks of the river that ran in between mountains through the white sands, was developed one of the greatest diamond mines of the world and from there came stones that were placed in the diadems of monarchs. The new owner of Ali Hafed's farm became immensely wealthy.

Ali Hafed's friends and neighbors felt sorry for him. "But," said they, "had Ali Hafed stayed at home and dug in his own back yard, then he would have found acres of diamonds instead of a miserable death in the sea."

—*Adapted from the story, "Acres of Diamonds,"*
by Dr. Conwell.

"God gives every bird his food, but does not throw it into the nest."—*Holland.*

Consider the Postage Stamp, my son. Its usefulness consists in sticking to one thing until it gets there.—*Josh Billings.*

GOBBLE

It certainly looked like a "gone gobbler." Its little head hung limply on its half-feathered neck and its bill was open as if the small turkey had given up its last effort to breathe.

"It's no use fussing with it!" Fred remarked. "Once they get their feet wet, they just curl up and die that way!"

"But it's the last—the very last of my darling turkeys!" Julie's eyes filled with tears. "I just can't let it die that way—there must be something I can do!" She hugged the discouraging small creature to her gingham dress front. Her eyes looked sorrowfully from the little turkey to the kitchen sink and chairs and stove. "There must be some sort of medicine one could give it—"

"You might try warming it up in the oven!" Fred laughed. "It works sometimes with baby chicks—and maybe you could get a dose of red pepper down it—but I don't think it'll do any good!"

"I'm going to try! I'm not going to let it die!" Julie insisted. "I'm going to wrap it up in a doll quilt and sit in front of the oven and watch it. Do you think it would do any good if I rubbed its legs and worked its poor little wings up and down?"

"I guess it wouldn't do any particular harm!" Fred's tone indicated that the little turkey was beneath his twelve year old notice. Of course Julie, being only nine and a girl, might fuss with such trifles, but they were beneath her brother's dignity. Fred strolled out of the room whistling.

Julie laid the discouraged turkey between the folds of her softest doll quilt and placed it tenderly in the oven. The fire had been out for an hour but the iron still held a comforting warmth. At intervals Julie peeped between the folds of the quilt at her patient. She thought its glassy eye was growing a trifle less glassy.

If Mary Jane, who was visiting for the summer on the next farm had not come over to play, Julie might have sat all afternoon watching the poor baby turkey. But Mary Jane wanted to go and slide down the hay stack and Julie felt it would be inhospitable to insist on keeping watch by the oven.

So it was that when Mrs. Carlson laid the fire for supper that afternoon and the brisk flames from kindling and paper sent a sudden heat through the old cook stove, she was surprised by an astonished "PEEP" and a flounce and a flutter, as a young turkey popped out of a nest suddenly become too warm for comfort.

"How on earth—" Julie's mother stared at the apparition that wobbled about her feet looking up at her with a mournful expression.

"PEEP!" the infant turkey repeated.

"Why if it isn't that little dead turkey Julie was crying over!" Mrs. Carlson exclaimed. She called Julie to behold the miraculous recovery.

"I knew it wasn't dead! I knew it!" Julie hugged the little turkey once more. "And it shan't get its feet wet again—not if it rains and rains! I'm going to keep it in the house! I can have a box for it back of the stove!"

So began "Gobble's" career as a pet turkey. If Julie had been a mother turkey instead of a little girl, she could not have shown more concern for the little creature. It was no wonder that Gobble learned to eat from her hand and to follow her about like a pet puppy. Gobble's intelligence was not of the highest order, but Gobble had an affectionate heart.

"I guess you'll hate to eat Gobble for Thanksgiving!" Fred laughed.

Julie's eyes grew round with alarm. "Why, we couldn't eat a pet turkey! It would be like eating one of the family! I'd just as soon eat Sport!"

Sport was Fred's dog and the idea of serving him for dinner made even Fred feel horror. "Dogs are different!" Julie's brother insisted. "Nobody eats dogs—except savages! But Gobble's the only turkey we have—the only one that grew up out of the hatching! And Grandma and Grandpa are coming for Thanksgiving dinner—and we can't have just chicken or duck!"

"We can have one of those old fat geese for Thanksgiving!" Julie suggested. "Goose is just as good as turkey!"

"But turkey is for Thanksgiving! People always have turkey for Thanksgiving!" her brother insisted.

"They don't either!" Julie cried. "Lots of people are too poor to buy turkey! I read a story last year about some children who had just beefsteak for Thanksgiving dinner!"

"Well, I'd just as soon have beefsteak," Fred admitted, "Only it just isn't done! Turkey's the right thing—and I guess we'll have a nice fat one this year, the way you keep stuffing Gobble!" Fred couldn't resist teasing his younger sister occasionally.

"I'm going to ask Daddy!" Julie said. "I don't believe he'll kill Gobble—if I tell him how much I love her!"

Julie's prophesy proved correct. Mr. Carlson said kindly that they'd have to find something else for Thanksgiving dinner if Julie felt that way about Gobble. After all, Gobble owed her life to Julie's care and Julie had a right to say what the turkey's fate should be.

"Then we'll keep her! She'll lay lots of eggs next Spring—I'm so glad she's a hen turkey because this way she'll be worth keeping—not just a mere pet!" Julie said sensibly. "We can hatch the eggs under a hen and next year we'll have a whole flock of turkeys!"

Mr. Carlson smiled and said something about counting chickens before they were hatched, which applied equally to turkeys. But Julie's pet seemed safe from the fate of most of its kind.

If it had not been for Mary Jane's ring, Gobble might have grown gray on the Carlson farm or died of overfeeding in peace. But Mary Jane's ring gave Gobble's fate a sudden disconcerting twist.

It was really a valuable ring which had been given Mary Jane by a wealthy uncle. The stone in it was a real ruby and as large as the diamond in Julie's mother's engagement ring. Mary Jane was very proud of her ring and wanted to wear it all the time, though her mother warned her that it was easy to lose it at play.

However, Mary Jane was far too careful of her treasure to let it slip off her finger. Nobody noticed that the little prongs which held the beautiful ruby, were not quite tight.

It was just before Mary Jane was to go home to the city for the winter, that she and Julie were playing paper dolls on the wide porch of the Carlson farmhouse.

Gobble, who considered herself a member of the family, walked up the steps and stuck her bill into Julie's apron pocket in search of crumbs of cookie. The girls shooed her to a distance, but Gobble loitered near, scratching about in the paper clippings and still hoping for food.

"She's the greediest thing I ever saw," Mary Jane laughed. "You really ought to eat her for Thanksgiving, Julie, she's so fat!"

"I wouldn't eat her for anything!" Julie cried indignantly.

"Well, she's found something to eat, anyhow!" Mary Jane said. "Good gracious—I think she's eating the paste!"

Sure enough, Gobble had her busy bill in the tin cup of flour and water paste. She left with a flounce of resentment when Julie shooed her away. But apparently Gobble was still hungry. She went picking about the gravel path.

"What's she finding to eat down there?" Mary Jane inquired. "It doesn't look as if there was anything but rocks!"

"She's eating gravel, I guess," Julie said carelessly. "You know chickens and ducks and turkeys all eat rocks to grind up the food in their gizzards!"

It was just a minute later that Mary Jane glanced at her ring and gave a horrified cry.

"The ruby's gone!" she cried. "It must have dropped out!"

The worst of it was, that no amount of searching about the place they had been playing, brought the valuable little stone to light. It was not anywhere among the paper scraps or the box with the paper dolls.

"It couldn't have fallen out anywhere but just here!" Mary Jane insisted. "I know it was here we began to play, because don't you remember I was letting you try the ring on your finger when we first came out here on the porch! The ruby was in it then! Where can it have gone?"

They shook their dresses and examined every inch of the porch floor. The boards were neat and tight. There was not a crack or knot hole through which the precious stone could have dropped

"It might have gone over the edge into the marigold bed!" Julie suggested.

"But we were right back here by the windows all the time—not near the edge!" Mary Jane reminded her friend.

Nevertheless they poked about among the flowers hopefully. Gobble came to investigate if there was anything to eat going forward.

"Get away! Shoo!" May Jane scolded the pet turkey.

Just then Julie's eye caught sight of something that gleamed among the pebbles of the walk. She made a movement toward it with a cry of delight.

But Gobble's searching eye had observed the same small object. And Gobble was closer to it. Her bill dipped suddenly toward the shining thing on the ground and "Gulp!" it had vanished toward Gobble's crop and gizzard.

Julie gave a little shriek. Mary Jane bounced toward the spot. "What was it—not my ruby? Gobble didn't eat it!"

"I—I'm not sure!" Julie said miserably. "I just caught sight of it—and then it was gone! I'm not sure whether it was your ruby or not!"

"Oh, I know it was!" Mary Jane's eyes were wide with horror. "And it was terribly valuable! Mother'll scold me a lot for losing it! We'll have to get it back!"

"What's the rumpus?" Fred, who had just come up, inquired.

When he heard the girls' tale of woe, he laughed teasingly. "Have to chop off Gobble's head after all!" he said. "That's the only way to get it back now!"

"You shan't! I won't let you!" Julie cried.

But Mary Jane took the other side. "A ruby like that is lots more valuable than a turkey—Mother will pay for the turkey, but we'll have to get the ruby!"

"Have to chop Gobble's head right off!" Fred said. "If the ruby stays in her crop long it will be all worn and scratched by the rocks and glass there!"

Even Mr. Carlson shook his head when the matter was taken to him. "I'm afraid you'll have to sacrifice your pet, Honey!" he sympathized with Julie. "I'll get you another turkey!"

"But no other turkey in the world would be tame like Gobble! No other turkey would be such a pet—ever!" Julie sobbed.

In the end it was agreed that the matter should rest until the next morning, while Mary Jane talked it over with her mother and a further search was made for the missing jewel.

For safe keeping, Gobble was shut up in a coop by the back steps.

She huddled dejectedly on the ground there, as if she sensed her fate. Julie knelt by the coop and offered her bread crumbs and morsels of green onion, which were Gobble's favorite food.

Next morning Julie hurried out early to give Gobble her breakfast. She almost forgot her sorrow when she beheld the turkey with a small yellow kitten peeping from beneath one wing. It was one of old Tabby's most recent family, the cutest one which had been promised to Mary Jane to take home with her. The kitten had stayed during the night and taken refuge under Gobble's sheltering wing.

"When Mary Jane sees how kind and good Gobble is, maybe she'll decide to give up her old ruby!" Julie thought.

But Fred only laughed at the suggestion.

"That ruby's worth a lot of money! It wouldn't be good sense to let Gobble keep it!" he said.

When Mary Jane arrived to decide Gobble's fate, Julie's heart sank.

"Mother says I can do what I like about it!" Mary Jane said. "If I want to lose my ruby, it's mine, she says—but she'll pay you for Gobble, if you'll cut her head off and get back the stone for me!"

"Please—please—decide not to have her killed!" Julie begged.

Mary Jane thrust her hands into her two square pockets and looked at Gobble.

Suddenly she gave a little cry. She pulled out one hand—and between her fingers she held a little blood-red stone. "It was in my pocket!" she cried. "It must have dropped in there—how awfully lucky!"

"Oh, I'm so glad!" Julie cried. "Now Gobble is safe—it must have been just a little piece of glass I saw her pick up!"

"Gobble wasn't going to be killed anyhow!" Mary Jane said. "I'd just decided I'd rather lose the ruby than make you so unhappy, Julie!"

"I—think you're a real friend!" Julie hugged her playmate suddenly. "And if Gobble has a lot of eggs and a lot of little turkeys next spring—you shall have one—besides the yellow kitten!"

—*Eleanor Hammond.*

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Little acts of kindness,
Little deeds of love,
Make this earth a heaven,
Like the world above.
—*Brewer.*

THE BOAT RACE

The crew had just finished dinner. Hark! the first gun! The St. Ambrose crew fingered their oars, put a list dash of grease on their rowlocks, and settled their feet against the stretchers.

"Shall we push her off?" asked bow. "No, I can give you another minute," said coxswain, who was sitting watch in hand in the stern; "only be smart when I give the word. Eight seconds more only. Look out for the flash. Remember, all eyes in the boat."

There it comes at last—the flash of the starting gun. The starting ropes drop from the coxswain's hands, the oars splash into the water, and glean on the feather, the spray flies from them and the boats leap forward.

The crowds on the bank scatter and rush along, each keeping as near as it may be to its own boat. Some of the men on the towing path, some on the very edge of, often in the water, some behind where they can see the pulling better—but all at full speed, in wild excitement, and shouting at the top of their voices, "Well pulled, all!" "Pick her up there, five!" "Bravo, St. Ambrose!" On they rush by the side of the boats, stumbling, struggling and panting along.

For the first ten strokes Tom Brown was in too great fear of making a mistake to feel or hear or see. His whole soul was glued to the back of the man before him, his one thought was to keep time and get his strength into the stroke. But as the crew settled down into the well known long sweep, consciousness returned. While every muscle in his body was straining and his chest heaved, and his heart leaped, every nerve seemed to be gathering new life and his senses to wake into unwonted acuteness. Though his eyes never wandered from the back of the man in front of him, he seemed to see all things at once; and amid the babel of voices, and the dash and pulse of the stroke and the laboring of his own breathing he heard a voice coming to him again and again, and clear as if there had been no other sound in the air. "Steady, two! steady! well pulled! steady! steady."

The voice seemed to give him strength and keep him to his work. And what work it was He had had many a hard pull in the last six weeks, but never anything like this. But it can't last forever; men's muscles are not steel, or their lungs bull's hide, and hearts can't go on pumping a hundred miles an hour long without bursting. The St. Ambrose boat is well away from the boat behind. There is a great gap in the accompanying crowd. And now she hangs for a moment or two in hand, though the roar from the banks grows louder and louder, and the St. Ambrose crowd is melting into the one ahead of them.

"We must be close to Exeter!" The thought flashes into him and into the rest of the crew at the same moment. For all at once the strain seems taken off their arms. There is no more drag. She springs to the stroke as she did at the start; and the coxswain's face, which had darkened for a few seconds, lightens up again. "You're gaining! you're gaining!" now and then he mutters to the captain, who responds with a look, keeping his breath for other matters. Isn't he grand, the captain, as he comes forward like lighting, stroke after stroke, his back flat, his teeth set, his whole frame working from the hips with the steadiness of a machine. As the space still narrows the eyes of the fiery little coxswain flash with excitement.

The two crowds are mingled now and no mistake; and the shouts come all in a heap over the water. "Now St. Ambrose, six strokes more!" "Now Exeter, you're gaining; pick her up!" "Bravo, St. Ambrose!" The water rushes by, still eddying from the strokes of the boat ahead. Tom fancies now he can hear the voice of their coxswain. A storm of shouts reaches them from the crowd. "Well steered, well steered!" is the cry. Then the coxswain, motionless as a statue till now, lifts his right hand and whirls the tassel round his head. "Give it to her now, boys, six strokes and we are into them!"

And while a mighty sound of shouts, murmurs and music went up into the evening sky, the coxswain shook the tiller ropes again, the captain shouted, "Now then pick her up!" and the St. Ambrose boat shot up between the swarming banks at racing pace to her landing place, the lion of the evening.

—From "Tom Brown at Oxford," by Hughes.

"He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."
—Franklin.

THE HONEST FARMER

Long ago there was a war in Germany and thousands of soldiers were scattered over the country. A captain of cavalry who had a great many men and horses to feed, was told by his colonel that he must get food from the farms near by. The captain walked for some time through the lonely valley and at last knocked at the door of a small cottage. The man who opened it was old and lame and leaned upon a stick.

"Good-day, sir," said the captain, "Will you kindly show me a field where my soldiers can cut the grain for our army?"

The old man led the soldier through the valley for about a mile, and in the distance they saw a field of barley waving in the breeze.

"That is just what we want. We'll stop here," exclaimed the captain.

"No, not yet," said the old man, "you must follow me a little further."

After another mile or two they came to a second field of barley. The soldiers alighted, cut down the grain, tied it in sheaves and rode away with it.

Then the captain said to the old farmer, "Why did you make us walk so far? The first field of barley was better than this one."

"That is true, sir," answered the honest old man, "but it was not mine."

WHAT THE BEAR SAID

Two travelers were going along a dangerous road, and promised to stand by one another to the last. By and by they entered a wood, and were alarmed at seeing a huge bear coming in their direction.

The younger man quickly climbed a tree, leaving his companion to shift for himself.

The other man fell down flat and lay perfectly still, holding his breath as if dead. The savage beast soon came up and sniffed all around. The man lay breathless, and the animal walked away, supposing the man to be dead.

The younger man now descended from the tree, where he had been watching and said, "What did the bear whisper in your ear?"

"He told me," replied the other, "never again to believe or trust a man like you."

LET'S PLAY BEAR

Otis had just come home from kindergarten and he was tired and sleepy. He was cross, too. He wasn't as "cross as a bear," but he was so cross that he just whined. He pushed the baby away when she came and said, "Play, Otie?" She didn't know what to think about that because Otis usually was the best fellow to play with that you ever saw.

Mother saw him push his little sister away so crossly, and what do you suppose she did?

No, she didn't spank him. You see, he was just so tired that that made him forget to be kind. She just said, "Come with me, Otis," and Otis knew he had to go. He knew where he had to go, too—right to bed. He knew that mother was sorry even if she didn't say so; he could tell by her eyes, and she didn't smile a bit. She just took off his shoes, kissed him on his forehead, put him into bed, and went out of the room.

Otis didn't cry. He didn't ever cry even when he went to bed alone in the dark for he knew the dark doesn't hurt anyone. Why should he cry now? He felt like crying. He always felt like crying when he was naughty, and had to go off by himself, but this time he didn't have time to cry. He went to sleep so soon that he didn't even remember Mother's going down stairs.

The next thing he knew, Baby was patting his face and saying, "Play, Otie?" He got upon his hands and knees, dug his head under the pillow, and said "Gr-r-r! I'm a big black bear!" Then Baby knew she would have a happy time for she just loved having Otis be a "big black bear."

Mother liked bears, too, I guess, for she came in to put away some things for baby, and her eyes and mouth both smiled at Otis this time.

He felt a nice warm feeling inside his skin, but he didn't say so. He just said, "Gr-r-" all the louder, and rolled over on his back with his hands and feet in the air as his puppy dog did sometimes.

"Do you suppose Baby liked him to be a bear? She certainly did, and they played "bear" till Daddy came home."

—*Beatrice Callahan.*

THE OLD GRANDFATHER'S CORNER

Once upon a time there was a very old man who lived with his son and daughter-in-law. His eyes were dim, his knees trembled under him when he walked, and he was very deaf. As he sat at the table, his hand shook so that he would often spill the soup over the tablecloth, or on his clothes, and sometimes he could not even keep it in his mouth when it got there.

His son and daughter were so annoyed to see his conduct at the table that at last they placed a chair for him in a corner behind the screen, and give him his meals in an earthenware basin quite away from the rest. He would often look at the table with tears in his eyes, but he did not complain.

One day, as he was thinking sadly of the past, the earthenware basin, which he could scarcely hold in his trembling hands, fell to the ground and was broken. The young wife scolded him for being so careless, but he did not reply, and only sighed deeply. Then she bought him a wooden bowl for a penny, and gave him his meals in it.

Some days afterwards his son and daughter saw their little boy, who was about four years old, sitting on the ground and trying to fasten together some pieces of wood.

"What are you making, my boy?" asked his father.

"I am making a little bowl for father and mother to eat their food in when I grow up," he replied.

The husband and wife looked at each other without speaking for some minutes. At last they began to shed tears, and went and brought their old father back to the table. From that day he always took his meals with them, and was never again treated unkindly. —*Grimm.*

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE

A Wolf, having a bone stuck in his throat, hired a Crane, for a large sum, to put her head into his throat and draw out the bone. When the Crane had extracted the bone, and demanded the promised payment, the Wolf, grinning and grinding his teeth, exclaimed: "Why, you have surely already a sufficient recompense, in having been permitted to draw out your head in safety from the mouth and jaws of a wolf."

In serving the wicked, expect no reward, and be thankful if you escape injury for your pains. —*Aesop.*

THE FOX AND THE GOAT

A Fox, having fallen into a deep well, was detained a prisoner there, as he could find no means of escape. A Goat, overcome with thirst, came to the same well, and, seeing the Fox, inquired if the water was good. The Fox, concealing his sad plight under a merry guise, indulged in a lavish praise of the water, saying it was beyond measure excellent, and encouraged him to descend. The Goat, mindful only of his thirst, thoughtlessly jumped down. When just as he quenched his thirst, the Fox informed him of the difficulty they were both in, and suggested a scheme for their common escape. "If," said he, "you will place your forefeet upon the wall, and bend your head, I will run up your back and escape, and will help you out afterwards." On the Goat's readily assenting to this second proposal, the Fox leapt upon his back, and steadying himself with the Goat's horns, reached in safety the mouth of the well, whereupon he immediately made off as fast as he could. When the Goat upbraided him with the breach of his bargain, he turned round and cried out: "You foolish old fellow! If you had as many brains in your head as you have hairs in your beard, you would never have gone down before you had inspected the way up, nor have exposed yourself to dangers from which you had no means of escape."

Look before you leap.

—*Aesop.*

THREE BOYS

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Henry, who was away from his home at a boarding school.

He was a very special kind of boy, forever at his book, and he happened once to get to the very tip top of his class. His mother was told of it, and when it came morning, she got up early and went to speak with the cook as follows:

"Cook, you are to make a cake for Henry, who has been very good at school."

"With all my heart," said the cook, and she made a cake. It was as big as—let me see—as big as the moon. It was stuffed with nuts, and raisins, and figs, and candied fruit peel, and over it all was an icing of sugar, thick, and smooth, and very white. And no sooner was the cake home from the baking than the cook put on her bonnet and carried it to the school.

When Henry first saw it, he jumped up and down. He was not patient enough to wait for a knife, but he fell upon the cake tooth and nail. He ate and ate until school began, and after school was over he ate again with his might and main. At night he ate until bedtime, and he put the cake under his bolster when he went to bed and he waked and waked a dozen times that he might take a bite.

But the next day when the dinner bell rang, Henry was not hungry, and was vexed to see how heartily the other children ate. His friends asked him if he would not play at cricket, tan, or kits. Ah! Henry could not; so they played without him, and Henry could scarcely stand upon his legs. He went and sat down in a corner, and the head master sent for the apothecary to come with all his phials of physic. After some days Henry was well again, but his mother said that she would never let him have another cake.

Now there was another scholar in the same school, whose name was Francis. He had written his mother a very pretty letter without one mispelled word or blot, and so his mother, like the mother of Henry, sent him a great cake.

Francis decided that he would not be so unwise as to follow the example of Henry, so he took the cake, which was so heavy that he could hardly lift it, and he watched to see that no one was looking, and he slipped up to his chamber and put the cake in his box under lock and key. Every day at play time he used to slip away from his companions, go upstairs on tiptoe, and cut off a tolerable slice of his cake which he would eat by himself. For a whole week did he keep this up, but alas—the cake was so exceedingly large! At last the cake grew dry, and quickly after it became moldy. Finally the maggots got into it, and Francis, with great reluctance, was obliged to throw it away.

There was a third little gentleman who went to the same school as Henry and Francis, and his name was Gratian. One day his mother, whom he loved very dearly, sent him a cake because she also loved him. No sooner had it arrived than Gratian called his friends all about him, and said:

"Come! Look at what my mother has sent me. You must, each one, have a piece." So the children all got around the cake as bees resort to a flower, just blown, and Gratian divided the cake with a knife into as many pieces as he had invited boys, with one piece over, for himself. His own piece he said he would eat the next day, and he began playing games with the boys.

But a very short time had passed, as they were playing, when a poor man who was carrying a fiddle came into the school yard. He had a very long, gray beard, and he was guided by a little dog who went before him, for the old man was blind.

The children noticed how dextrous was the little dog in leading, and how he shook a bell which hung underneath his collar, as if to say:

"Do not throw down or run against my master!"

When the two had come into the yard, the old man sat down upon a stone, and said:

"My dear little gentlemen, I will play you all the pretty tunes that I know, if you will give me leave."

The children wished for nothing half so much as to hear the music, so the old man put his violin in tune and then played over jigs and tunes that had been new in former times.

But Gratian, who was standing close to him, noticed that while he played his jolliest airs, a tear would often roll down his cheeks. And Gratian asked him why he wept.

"Because," said the old man, "I am hungry. I have not any one in the world to feed me, or my faithful dog."

Then Gratian felt like crying, too, and he ran to fetch the cake which he had saved to eat himself. He brought it out with joy, and as he ran along he said:

"Here, good man, here is some cake for you."

Then Gratian put the cake into the old man's hands and he, laying down his fiddle, wiped his eyes and began to eat. At every piece he put into his mouth he gave a bit to his faithful little dog, who ate from his hand; and Gratian, standing by, had as much pleasure as if he had eaten the cake himself.

—*A French Story.*

THE FOX AND THE CAT

It happened once that the Cat met Mr. Fox in the wood, and because she thought: "He is clever and experienced in all the ways of the world," she addressed him in a friendly manner.

"Good-morning, dear Mr. Fox! How are you, and how do you get along in these hard times?"

The Fox, full of pride, looked at the Cat from head to foot for some time, hardly knowing whether he would deign to answer. At last he said—

"Oh, you poor whisker-wiper, you piebald fool, you starveling mouse-hunter! What has come into your head? How dare you ask me how I am getting on? What sort of education have you had? How many arts are you master of?"

"Only one," said the Cat, meekly.

"And what might that one be?" asked the Fox.

"When the dogs run after me, I can jump into a tree and save myself."

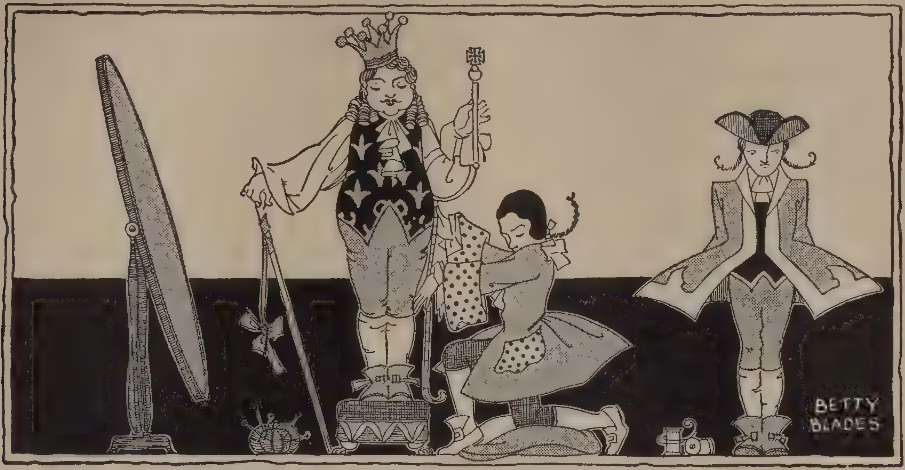
"Is that all?" said the Fox. "I am master of a hundred arts, and I have a sack full of cunning tricks in addition. But I pity you. Come with me, and I will teach you how to escape the dogs."

Just then, a huntsman came along with four dogs. The Cat sprang trembling into a tree, and crept stealthily up to the topmost branch, where she was entirely hidden by twigs and leaves.

"Open your sack, Mr. Fox! open your sack!" cried the Cat, but the dogs had gripped him, and held him fast.

"Oh, Mr. Fox!" cried the Cat, "you with your hundred arts and your sack full of tricks, are held fast, while I, with my one, am safe. Had you been able to creep up here, you would not have lost your life."

—*Adapted from Grimm.*



THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

Many years ago there lived an Emperor, who has such a passion for new clothes that he spent all his money upon them, that he might appear very handsome. He did not care about his soldiers, nor about the theater, and only liked to drive out and show his new clothes.

He had a coat for every hour of the day; and just as they say of a king, "He is in council," one always said of him, "The Emperor is in the wardrobe."

In the great city in which he lived it was always very merry; every day a number of strangers arrived there.

One day two cheats came; they gave themselves out as weavers, and declared that they could weave the finest stuff any one could imagine.

Not only were their colors and patterns, they said, uncommonly beautiful, but the clothes made of the stuff possessed the wonderful quality that they became invisible to any one who was unfit for the office he held, or was very stupid.

"Those would be capital clothes!" thought the Emperor. "If I wore those, I should be able to find out what men in my empire are not fit for the places they have; I could distinguish the clever from the stupid. Yes, the stuff must be woven for me directly!"

And he gave the two cheats a great deal of cash in hand, that they might begin their work at once.

As for them, they put up two looms, and pretended to be working; but they had nothing at all on their looms.

They at once demanded the finest silk and the costliest gold; this they put into their pockets, and worked at the empty looms until late into the night.

"I should like to know how far they have got on with the stuff," thought the Emperor. But he felt quite uncomfortable when he thought that those who were not fit for their offices could not see it.

He believed, indeed, that he had nothing to fear for himself, but yet he preferred first to send some one else to see how matters stood. All the people in the whole city knew what peculiar power the stuff possessed, and all were anxious to see how bad or how stupid their neighbors were.

"I will send my honest old Minister to the weavers," thought the Emperor. "He can judge best how the stuff looks, for he has sense, and no one understands his office better than he."

Now the good old Minister went out into the hall where the two cheats sat working at the empty looms.

"Mercy preserve us!" thought the old Minister, and he opened his eyes wide. "I cannot see anything at all!" But he did not say this.

Both the cheats begged him to be kind enough to come nearer, and asked if he did not approve of the colors and the pattern. Then they pointed to the empty loom, and the poor old Minister went on opening his eyes; but he could see nothing, for there was nothing to see.

"Mercy!" thought he, "can I indeed be so stupid? I never thought that, and not a soul must know it. Am I not fit for my office? No, it will never do for me to say that I could not see the stuff."

"Do you say nothing about it?" said one of the weavers.

"Oh, it is charming!—quite enchanting!" answered the old Minister, as he peered through his spectacles. "What a fine pattern, and what colors! Yes, I shall tell the Emperor that I am very much pleased with it."

"Well, we are glad of that," said both the weavers; and then they named the colors, and explained the strange pattern. The old Minister listened attentively, that he might be able to repeat it when the Emperor came. And he did so.

Now the cheats asked for more money, and more silk and gold, which they declared they wanted for weaving. They put all into their own pockets, and not a thread was put upon the loom; but they continued to work at the empty frames as before.

The Emperor soon sent again, despatching another honest statesman, to see how the weaving was going on, and if the stuff would soon be ready. He fared just like the first: he looked and looked, but, as there was nothing to be seen but the empty looms, he could see nothing.

"Is not that a pretty piece of stuff?" asked the two cheats; and they pretended to display and explain the handsome pattern that was not there at all.

"I am not stupid!" thought the man,—"it must be my good office, for which I am not fit. It is strange enough, but I must not let it be noticed." And so he praised the stuff that he did not see, and expressed his pleasure at the beautiful colors and the charming pattern. "Yes, it is enchanting," he said to the Emperor.

All the people in the town were talking of the gorgeous stuff. The Emperor wished to see it himself while it was still upon the loom. With a whole crowd of chosen men, among whom were also the two honest statesmen who had already been there, he went to the two cunning cheats, who were now weaving with might and main without fiber or thread.

"Is that not splendid?" said the two old statesmen, who had already been there once. "Does not your Majesty remark the pattern and the colors?"

And then they pointed to the empty loom, for they thought that the others could see the stuff.

"What's this?" thought the Emperor. "I can see nothing at all! That is terrible. Am I stupid? Am I not fit to be Emperor? That would be the most dreadful thing that could happen to me. Oh, it is very pretty!" he said aloud. "It has our exalted approval."

And he nodded in a contented way, and gazed at the empty loom, for he would not say that he saw nothing.

The whole night before the morning on which the procession was to take place the cheats were up, and had lighted more than sixteen candles. The people could see that they were hard at work, completing the Emperor's new clothes.

They pretended to take the stuff down from the loom; they made cuts in the air with great scissors; they sewed with needles without thread; and at last they said, "Now the clothes are ready!"

The Emperor came himself with his noblest cavaliers; and the two cheats lifted up one arm as if they were holding something and said, "See, here are the trousers! here is the coat! here is the cloak!" and so on. "It is as light as a spider's web: one would think one had nothing on; but that is just the beauty of it."

"Yes," said the cavaliers; but they could not see anything.

"Does your Imperial Majesty please to condescend to undress?" said the cheats; "then we will dress you in the new clothes here in front of the great mirror."

The Emperor took off his clothes, and the cheats pretended to put on him each new garment as it was ready; and the Emperor turned round and round before the mirror.

"Oh, how well they look! how capitally they fit!" said all. "What a pattern! what colors! That is a splendid dress"

"They are standing outside with the canopy that is to be borne above Your Majesty in the procession!" announced the Head Master of the Ceremonies.

"Well, I am ready," replied the Emperor. "Does it not suit me well?" And then he turned again to the mirror, for he wanted it to appear as if he contemplated his adornment with great interest.

The Chamberlains, who were to carry the train, stooped down with their hands towards the floor, just as if they were picking up the mantle; then they pretended to be holding something up in the air. They did not dare to let it be noticed that they saw nothing.

So the Emperor went in procession under the rich canopy, and every one in the streets said, "How beautiful are the Emperor's new clothes! What a train he has to his mantle! how it fits him!"

No one would let it be preceived that he could see nothing, for that would have shown that he was not fit for his office, or was very stupid. No clothes of the Emperor's had ever had such a success as these.

"But he has nothing on!" a little child cried out at last.

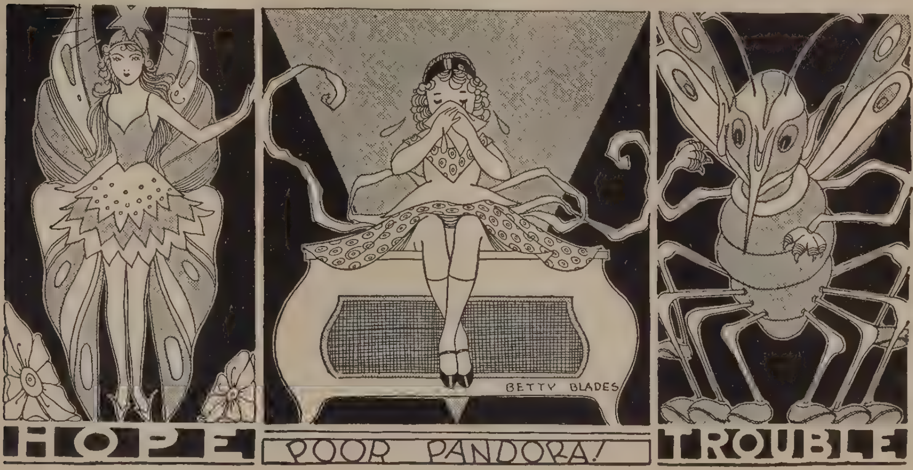
"Just hear what that innocent says!" said the father; and one whispered to another what the child had said.

"But he has nothing on!" said the whole people at length.

That touched the Emperor, for it seemed to him that they were right; but he thought within himself, "I must go through with the procession."

And the Chamberlains held on tighter than ever, and pretended to carry the train, which did not exist at all.

—*Hans Christian Andersen.*



PANDORA'S BOX

Long ago there was a small boy with a large name. Epimetheus, for that was the small boy's name, had neither brothers nor sisters. So that he might not be lonely, a little girl came from a far country to live in his home and be company for Epimetheus. The name of the little girl was Pandora.

The first thing that Pandora saw when she entered his home was a large box. It was so strange and yet so attractive that she finally asked: "Epimetheus, what is in that box?"

"That is a secret, Pandora," answered Epimetheus. "The box was left here in my care for safety, and I do not myself know what it contains."

"Who left it here?" asked Pandora.

"That also is a secret," replied Epimetheus.

"How strange!" said Pandora. "I wish I knew what is in it!"

Then Epimetheus said to Pandora, "Let us run outdoors and play and forget all about the box."

In those days of long ago children never quarreled among themselves. Not one of those things called "Troubles" had yet been seen on the earth. But this box that had been left in care of Epimetheus began to make the faint shadow of a Trouble in Pandora's heart. "What in the world can be inside of it?" she kept saying to herself and to Epimetheus.

"I wish, Pandora, you would talk about something besides that box," said Epimetheus at last. "Come, let us gather some ripe figs for our supper."

"I do not want any figs," answered Pandora. "I want to know what is inside of the box."

"As I have said again and again, I do not know!" replied Epimetheus. "How, then, can I tell you what is inside?"

"You might open it," said Pandora, "and then we could see for ourselves."

In surprise Epimetheus exclaimed: "Pandora, what are you thinking of? How could you suggest my opening something that does not belong to me?" And his face expressed so much horror that Pandora thought it best to say no more just then. Still, she could not help thinking about the box.

"Well, you could at least tell me how it came here," again began Pandora.

"It was left at the door," replied Epimetheus, "by a person who looked very smiling and bright. He wore a cap made of feathers, with wings on either side. He had wings on his shoes, too."

"Did he carry a staff?" asked Pandora.

"Yes, he did, and it was the most curious staff I ever saw!" said Epimetheus. "It was like two serpents curved around a stick, and was carved so naturally that I at first thought the serpents were alive."

"Oh, I know who that was," said Pandora. "That was Mercury—Quicksilver, some call him."

"He brought me here, too. Perhaps the box contains pretty dresses for me to wear, or toys for us to play with, or something nice for both of us to eat."

"Perhaps so," answered Epimetheus, "but until Mercury comes back and tells us we may do so, we have no right to open the box."

Later, when Pandora was alone, she stood gazing at the box. It was not fastened by a lock, but was tied with a heavy golden cord. As Pandora examined this cord there seemed to be no end and no beginning. Finally she said to herself: "I really believe that I begin to see how it is tied. Perhaps I could tie it up again after undoing it. There would be no harm in that, surely. Even Epimetheus could not blame me for that."

Just then something strange happened. While Pandora was examining the golden cord that bound the box, it untied itself, as if by magic, and left the box without a fastening.

"This is the strangest thing I ever saw!" said Pandora, rather frightened. "What will Epimetheus say?"

Pandora tried to tie up the box again, but finally had to give it up. "Oh!" she cried, "when Epimetheus finds the golden cord untied, he will think I opened it. How shall I make him believe I have not looked into the box?"

As she thought about this she was tempted to take just one peep into the box. Suddenly she heard what sounded to her like small voices whispering in her ear: "Let us out, Pandora, pray let us out! We will be your playmates. Only let us out!"

She opened her eyes wide and, looking all about, said to herself: "Can there be something alive in the box? I believe I will take just a tiny peep and see!"

Just at this time Epimetheus was coming into the room very softly, expecting to surprise Pandora. As he entered he saw Pandora with her hand on the lid as if she were about to open it.

Now, if Epimetheus had spoken to Pandora, she probably would never have opened the box. But he really was curious himself, and was rather anxious to know what was in the strange box. So he kept still and watched.

Pandora raised the lid very slightly, and just as she opened it, the cottage grew suddenly dark. A great swarm of creatures with wings flew out of the box and seemed to fill the room.

Almost instantly she heard Epimetheus crying out in pain: "Oh, I am stung! I am stung! Pandora, Pandora, why did you open the box?"

Pandora was so frightened that she dropped the lid, and it fell to its place on the box. She saw great ugly things with wings like bats, and long stingers on their heads, and they were flying all about the room. Then she, too, screamed with pain as she felt the sting of one of these ugly things.

I am sorry to have to tell you that these ugly things that caused so much pain were the whole family of "Troubles"—Cares, Sorrows, Diseases, Naughtiness, and all others of that bad family. And not one of them had been in the world until Pandora opened the box!

Epimetheus and Pandora opened the doors and windows to drive out the "Troubles." When they did that, "Troubles" began to fly all over the world.

Pandora threw herself on the floor near the box and cried bitterly. Suddenly there was a gentle tap on the inside of the box. This startled Pandora and she asked, "What can that be?" Again came the tap! Pandora called: "Who are you? Are you a naughty 'Trouble'?"

Then a voice said, "Only lift the lid and you shall see."

Turning to Epimetheus, Pandora asked, "Shall I lift the lid?"

"Just as you please," said Epimetheus. "You have done so much mischief already you may as well do a little more."

Then the voice laughingly said: "Naughty boy! he knows he is eager to see me. Come, Pandora, lift up the lid. I am in a hurry to help you."

Hearing this Pandora started to lift the lid, and as it seemed heavy Epimetheus hurried across the room, saying, "I will help you, Pandora."

As the two children together opened the lid, out flew a smiling little Fairy.

She flew to Epimetheus and touched the spot where the "Trouble" had stung him, and at once the pain was gone. Then she kissed Pandora on the forehead, and her hurt was cured.

"You beautiful Fairy, who are you?" inquired Pandora.

"My name is Hope," answered the lovely Fairy. "I was packed into the box to cure the wounds of the ugly 'Troubles.' Never fear! I shall help you with all of the 'Troubles.' "

"How beautiful your wings are, pretty Fairy! They are colored just like the Rainbow," exclaimed Pandora.

"Yes, they are like the Rainbow," said Fairy Hope, "because happy as my nature is, I am made of smiles that shine through tears."

"And will you stay with us forever and ever?" asked Epimetheus.

Fairy Hope smiled as she said: "As long as you need me, and that will be as long as you live in the world. And, dear children, I know something very good and beautiful that is to be given to you some day!"

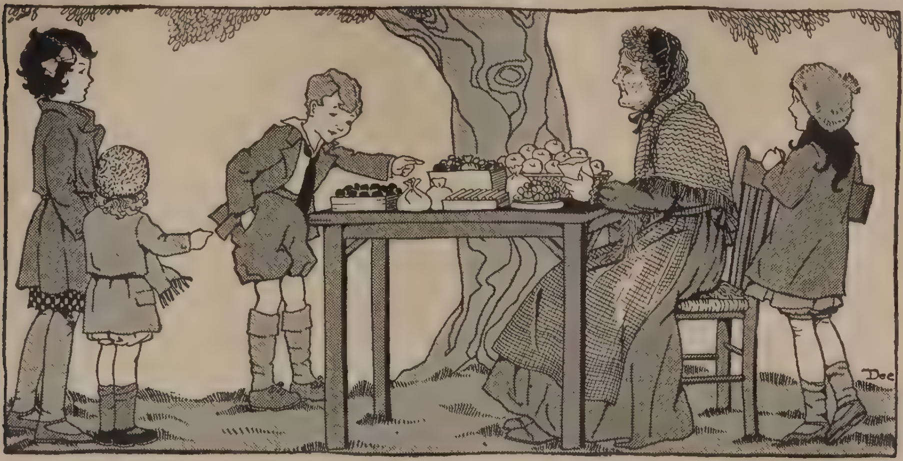
"Oh, tell us!" they both exclaimed. "Tell us what it is!"

"Do not ask me," replied Fairy Hope. "Trust in my promise and it will come true."

"We do trust you!" cried Epimetheus and Pandora together.

And so they did, and so has everybody since that time trusted HOPE, the beautiful Fairy with the Rainbow Wings of Promise.

—*Adapted from Nathaniel Hawthorne.*



A SQUARE DEAL

All the children knew "Old Aunty." Every day, in rain or shine, she sat there in the Park, with her little store of candies, and cakes, spread on a wood box. Her cheerful smile and hearty "God bless you!" were always ready for the children, whether they bought of her or not. If they stopped to purchase, she gave right generous measure, heaping the nuts till they rolled off the top of the pint measure, and often throwing in a cake or a stick of candy, so generous was her heart.

Like all unselfish people, Aunty was happy as the days are long. Had you followed her home at night, you would have seen her travel down a poor old street, narrow and musty, and climb the broken stairs of a poor old house that was full of other lodgers, some of them noisy, disorderly, and intemperate. When she opened the creaking door of her one small room, you would have seen the boards loose in the floor, and little furniture. It did not look like rest or comfort—like home for a tired body that had toiled full seventy years, and had once known the pleasure of a cheerful fireside.

But presently you would hear the patter of little feet, and the music of children's voices, and little hands at work with the rusty door-latch, till open it flew. You would hear two merry little creatures shouting, "Granny's come home! Dear Granny's come home!" You would see them dancing about her, clapping their hands, and saying, "O we're so glad, so glad you've come back!" These are the orphan grandchildren, to feed and clothe whom Old

Aunty is willing to walk so far, and sit so long in the cold, and earn penny by penny, as the days go by.

She kindles no fire, for it is not winter yet, and the poor can eat their supper cold; but the children's love and a well-spent day kindle a warmth and a light in the good dame's heart, such as seldom beams in some of those great stately houses in the Square.

With such a home, it is not strange that Aunty liked to sit under the pleasant trees of the Parade Ground (for so the Park was called), breathe the fresh air, and watch the people going to and fro. Many stopped to exchange a word with her; even the police officers, in their uniforms, liked a chat with the sociable old lady; and the children, on their way to school, were never too hurried for a "Good morning, Aunty!" that would leave a smile on her wrinkled face, long after they had bounded out of sight.

It was nearly as good as if Aunty had a farm of her own; for it is always country up in the sky, you know, in the beautiful blue, among the soft clouds, and along the tops of the trees. Even in that dismal, musty street where she lived, she could see the sunshine, and the wonderful stars at evening. Then all about the Parade Ground stood the fine great houses of Washington Square; and leading from it, that Fifth Avenue, which is said to be the most splendid street in the world—whole miles of palaces.

"Don't I enjoy them all, without having the care of them?" Aunty used to say.

When we asked if she didn't grow tired of sitting there all day, she would answer, "Sure, and who isn't tired sometimes, rich or poor?"

"But is not the ground damp, Aunty?"

"I suppose it is, especially after a rain; but what then? It only gives me the rheumatism; and that is all the trouble I have. God be praised!"

"But it is so cold now, Aunty; so late in November. And you are so old; it isn't safe."

"O, but it's safer than to have my children starve or turn beggars, I guess. I have my old umbrella when it rains or snows, and besides, the children in that house yonder often bring me out a hot cup of tea at luncheon-time, or cakes of good warm bread in the morning."

But earthly happiness hangs on a slight thread. There came a change in the city government; Aunty's good friends among the police were removed; the new officers proved their zeal by making every change they could think of. "New brooms sweep clean," and they swept off from the Parade Ground, poor Aunty, and all her stock in trade.

But in one of the houses opposite Aunty's corner of the Park lived a family of children who took especial interest in her; Charlie, Willie, Vincent, and Joanna, and I can't tell how many more. It was they who christened her "Aunty," till all the neighbors, old and young, took up the name; it was they who, on wintry days, had offered her the hot cup of tea, and the warm bread. They almost felt as if she were an own relative, or a grown-up child given them to protect and comfort.

One morning Joanna looked up from the breakfast-table, and exclaimed, "There! Aunty is not in the Park; they have sent her away! I think that's a shame!"

The children had feared this change. You may guess how eagerly they ran to the window, and with what mournful faces they exclaimed again and again, "It is too bad!" They would eat no more breakfast; they could think and talk of nothing but Aunty's wrongs.

It was a bleak December day, and there the poor old woman sat outside the iron railing, no pleasant trees above her, but dust and dead leaves blowing wildly about. Charlie said, with tears in his eyes, "It's enough to blind poor Old Aunty."

"It's enough to ruin her candy," said Joanna, who was a practical little body. She had a look in her eyes that was better than tears; a look that seemed to say, "Her candy shall not be ruined. Aunty shall go back to her rightful place."

We did not know about Aunty's having any right to her old seat; but we all agreed that it was far better for her to sit near the path that ran slantwise through the Park, and was trodden by hundreds and thousands of feet every day; clerks going to Sixth Avenue, and merchants to Broadway; newsboys, porters, school-children, teachers, preachers, invalids. There was no end to the people. Many a cake or apple they had taken from Aunty's board, and in their haste, or kindness, never waited for change to the bit of silver they tossed her.

In New York people are in such a hurry that unless you are almost under their feet they cannot see you. For this reason, on the day of Aunty's absence, she had the grief of watching many old friends and customers go past, give a surprised look at her old seat, and hurry on, never observing her, though she sat so near.

A few, who espied Aunty, stopped in their haste to hear her story and condole with her. The children found her out, you may be sure, and gathered about her, telling her how much too bad it was; and how they should like to set the policeman, Mayor, and all out there on a bench in the dust, for one half-hour; but what could children do? So they passed on. Some of the fashionable ladies in the Square stopped to tell Aunty how they pitied her, begged her not to feel unhappy, and passed on. Only Trouble stood still and frowned at her; all the rest passed on.

No, not all; not our little Joanna. She came home with a thoughtful face, and asked, very energetically, "What do you mean to do about Aunty? It is a shame that all these rich, strong people on the Square, cannot stand up for the rights of one poor old woman."

We told her the city was richer than the richest, and stronger than the strongest.

"O," persisted Joanna, "if we, or any of them, wanted a new lamp-post, or a hydrant mended, we should get up strength fast enough! And now, what's to become of Aunty and her poor children? That is all I ask."

We smiled at Joey's enthusiasm, and thought it would soon pass away. When she came home from school that afternoon, with a whole troop of little girls, we thought it had already passed away. As they ran down the area steps, we wondered what amusement they were planning now. Presently, Joanna came upstairs, her eyes looking very bright, and said "Please give me the inkstand."

We asked, "What now, child?"

"O, do just give me the inkstand!" said she, impatiently. "We are not in any mischief; we are attending to business"; and off she ran.

Before very long she appeared again with a paper, her black eyes burning like stars. "There, Mother,—and all of you,—you must sign this letter, as quick as ever you can. I have made a statement of Aunty's case; all the children have signed their names; and now we are going to every house in the Square, till we have a good long list."

"And what then?"

"I shall ask father to take it to the Mayor. He won't refuse us; no one could."

Joanna had written out Aunty's story, in her own simple, direct way. She told how this nice, neat, pleasant old person had been turned out of the Park; how the children all had liked her, and found it convenient to buy at her table; and how she never scolded if they dropped papers and nutshells about, but took her own little pan and brush and swept them away; she was so orderly. She ended her letter with a petition that the Mayor would be so good to the children, and this old grandmother, as to let her go back to her old seat.

If the Mayor could refuse, we could not; so our names went down on the paper; and before the ink was dry, off ran Joanna. The hall-door slammed, and we saw her with all her friends run up the steps of the neighboring houses, full of excitement and hope.

Nearly all the families that lived in the great houses of Washington Square were rich; and some of them proud and selfish, perhaps; for money sometimes does sad mischief to the hearts of people. We asked ourselves, "What will they care for Old Aunty?"

Whatever their tempers might be, however, when the lady or gentleman came and saw the bright, eager faces, and the young eyes glistening with sympathy, and the little hands pointing out there at the aged woman on the sidewalk,—while they were in their gilded and cushioned houses,—they could not refuse to help.

So large was the Square, so many houses to visit, that the ladies' help was very welcome. They could state Aunty's case with propriety; and with their words and the children's eloquent faces, all went well.

So the paper was filled with names, and Joanna's father took it to the Mayor. He smiled, and signed his name, in big letters, to an order that Aunty should return at once to her old seat in the Park; and the next morning there she was, in her own old corner!

As soon as she came, the children ran out to welcome here. As she shook hands with them, and looked up in their pleased faces, we saw her again and again wipe the tears from her old eyes.

Everybody that spoke to Aunty that day congratulated her; and when the schools in the neighborhood were dismissed, the scholars and teachers went together, in procession, and bought everything Aunty had to sell.

—*Author Unknown.*

UP LOST VALLEY

"I don't like to leave you!" Big Jan Lundstrom looked across the brown stubble field up to the barren hillside toward the sky. A small cloud, like a threatening hand, slid across the face of the autumn sun. "Any day might the snow begin!"

"We'll make it fine, Father!" Borghild told him. Borghild was twelve and she knew how much depended upon her father's journey to Cedar Mills. He must buy provisions for the winter and sell the sacks of precious mohair from their little herd of goats.

"It was different with your mother in the house—but two children—" Big Jan was troubled. "Suppose something would happen."

"We make it better here than to go so far in the wagon. Little Jan gets so tired and it's so cold. And the cow must be fed." Borghild knew that now, since her mother's death in the spring, she had to be the woman of the family, keep house for her father and little brother and see to things about the homestead. "Even if you were away a week, we shall make it all right here!" she said.

"Three days—maybe four!" her father told her. "I shall be back as quick as the horses can go!"

He looked back and waved from the rough road below the cabin. Borghild and little Jan stood in the door and waved to him as long as he was in sight. Then a fold of the steep hills cut off the view of the wagon and the tall stooped figure in the seat.

Borghild took Jan's hand and led him back into the one room of the log house. She saw to the fire in the cook stove and went round the house for water from the rain barrel.

At noon she boiled potatoes and fried slices of bacon crisp and brown. She poured cups of milk, holding back the thick sheet of cream with a spoon so it might be saved for churning. Little Jan was very good. He played before the door with chips from the chopping block. Borghild gave him some empty spools and he played at making a wagon with them.

The sun sank toward the crest of the hills. There was a chill in the air and the vine maples were flaming red. The wind brought a scurry of dry leaves past the cabin door. Off in the timber beyond the stump land and the cleared fields of the Lundstrom homestead an owl hooted.

Borghild shut the heavy homemade door and barred it. She poked the fire under the pot of corn meal. She gave Jan cream on his mush and let him make "rivers" and "creeks" of the liquid on the "mountain" of cooked meal. The sugar bowl had only a few spoonfuls left in it and the sack was empty. It was time the winter provisions were brought from town.

It was cool but sunny next day. Borghild milked the cow and drove her out to nibble at the dry pasture. She saw to the dozen goats and took care of little Jan.

"Maybe father will be back tomorrow!" she told him.

She thought how glad she would be to see the horses pulling up the last hill. It was the first time she had ever been left alone like this. When mother was alive, of course, one was never lonesome.

Borghild sat on the cabin step in the afternoon sun and looked down toward where Clear Creek threaded its way through the bottom of Lost Valley. Alders and vine maples grew along the water course. There were trout in the creek. She would try to get some for supper.

Up the creek old Joe, the trapper, had a cabin for himself and his two dogs. Borghild had been there once. The dogs ate at the table with Joe and his visitors and they knew what Joe said to them. Their names were Meg and Sandy. They were big, shaggy animals and they did not like strangers. Old Joe had to tell them not to bite Borghild. There was hardly a trail to Joe's place. He lived by hunting and fishing, and game laws and seasons meant nothing to him. Joe's place was the last up Clear Creek—nearly ten miles beyond Lundstrom's. People seldom went to see Joe and he did not care. He preferred Meg and Sandy and being left alone. Two or three times a year he came down past the homestead with a pack of furs on his back and went back with a load of provisions. He did not always speak to the Lundstroms when he went by.

The other way, round the bend in the creek, the Sandersons had a homestead. Their stump land was not so good as Lundstrom's but they were nearer to town and beyond their place the road could be traveled nearly all year. There was old Granny Sanderson and her son and daughter-in-law and three grandchildren. The boys were wild as colts but Borghild liked Julia Sanderson. Julia was sixteen and she could work in the fields like a man.

As she sat there on the cabin step, Borghild wished Sanderson's was not so far away. It was eleven miles by the winding wagon road. In that thinly settled region the homesteads were far apart. So much of the hilly land was almost useless for cultivation. Only here and there in a more promising spot had settlers taken up the hundred and sixty acres which, as some one put it, the Government was willing to wager, against the settler's courage and resourcefulness, that the settler could not keep alive on for three years.

Borghild fried the trout she had caught and fixed fried potatoes for herself and Jan. He was sleepy from the tramp down to the creek in the afternoon and Borghild hurried him into his cot. She heard a wolf howl in the timber as she stood washing the dishes. She remembered the forest ranger who stopped there once had said the wolves came down from the high land only when winter was so bad they could not find food. There were not many wolves in the region—not so many as bobcats and cougars. A cougar had taken one of the goats last spring.

Borghild lay in her cot in the dark, thinking about the stars she could see through the window. They were twinkly more than usual. That meant cold weather, her father had once told her. She wished her father were home. She hoped he would come tomorrow.

But the next day drew to a close and big Jan Lundstrom did not drive up the hill.

Another day and another passed. Borghild watched the road and her smooth forehead wrinkled. She twisted the end of her long blond braid between her fingers, and her mouth worked.

"When does father come home?" little Jan asked her. Jan was only five and had no clear idea of time.

"Tomorrow—I guess!" his sister told him. "Go play with the rocks we got by the creek!"

Jan turned his attention to the agate pebbles, but Borghild could not take her eyes from the road.

Borghild woke shivering one morning. The sky was cloudy and the wind was in the east. Borghild tied the shawl which had been her mother's about her as she made the fire in the cook stove. Then she looked in the cupboard. There were two cold boiled potatoes and bacon grease in an old cup. The pan of milk was only half full. The cow was nearly dry. Borghild fried the potatoes and divided them on two plates. There was no bread—no flour nor meal. There was no bacon to eat with the potatoes.

"When does father come with the wagon full of things to eat?" Jan asked for the twentieth time.

Borghild did not answer him. She counted off on her fingers. Her father had been gone fourteen days now. No one had come up the road in that time. No one came up the road usually, unless they were coming to Lundstrom's.

After she had washed the dishes Borghild drove the cow into the shed. She piled the manger full of hay and threw more hay on the floor. She filled the drinking trough full from the rain barrel. She threw some hay into the goats' wire pen and saw that the gate was fast. The wind was very cold. The clouds over the hills were driving fast. A few flakes of snow fell. In the house she hunted for Jan's wool cap and mittens. She pulled his coat on him and pulled two pairs of stockings on his feet.

"What are we going to do?" Jan asked.

"We shall go find father!" Borghild told him.

She put on her coat. The sleeves were half way up her arms, she had grown so fast this summer. She tied her mother's old shawl over her head. The fire in the stove was out. Borghild locked the door with the heavy iron padlock, which was rusty from disuse. She stuck the key under the step.

"We got no wagon!" Jan said wonderingly. He had never been away from the cabin except in a wagon before.

Borghild looked down the rough road. It would be hard walking for Jan's short legs and it was eleven miles to Sanderson's. Over the hill a trail made a short cut—it was not more than five miles that way, but the trail was overgrown with brush in places. It was steep and they might lose their way. Borghild looked at the sky. The clouds seemed lower and more threatening.

"We must get there before it comes up a storm!" she reminded herself.

She took Jan's hand in hers and started up the hill toward the trail. Jan's legs were short but he went forward manfully. Only in places Borghild had to lift him over windfalls and carry him across streams. But progress along the trail was slow. In places Borghild lost the way and had to search for it again. Across logged-off places the blackberry vines make prickly tangles like twisted wires.

Borghild could not tell how the time went. There was no sun nor shadow under the gray sky. At first the exercise of walking kept them warm, but by and by Jan's feet began to drag and he complained of cold. Borghild hurried him on. It seemed as if they had been walking for hours and yet Borghild knew they were not half way across the hills. She had been along here once with her father.

The trail led them for a long way beside a little creek. Jan stumbled and fell into a shallow. His stockings and shoes were wet and he began to cry. His mittens were wet, too, and they began to stiffen on his hands. Borghild pulled them off and put her own mittens over his little red fingers. She pulled him along as fast as she could, holding one of his hands firmly in hers.

"I'm so tired!" Jan wailed. The tears trickled down his red cheeks.

Borghild wiped them away with the corner of her shawl. "We get there pretty soon now!" she encouraged the little boy. "We got to keep going or we freeze!"

But she had to let him sit down presently. She chose the most sheltered spot she could find, inside a hollow cedar stump. They huddled close together and Jan's eyes closed. Borghild looked from the tired baby to the driving clouds.

"We got to go on! We got to keep going!" she thought.

She shook Jan and forced him to walk again. She had to pull half his weight to keep him moving forward.

"I'm so tired!" Jan pleaded.

Borghild went on and on, dragging the unwilling child by the hand. It was hard to keep hold of him because the trail was bad and narrow. She tried to drive him before her. Jan staggered along for a quarter of a mile. Then he stumbled and fell flat on his face.

Borghild picked him up in her arms and tried to carry him. She could not manage the burden. She set him down again and her own eyes overflowed.

"Where's father? I want him!" Jan cried. "I want him to carry me!"

Borghild lifted the child to a fallen log. "Hug round my neck with your arms!" she ordered him. She staggered forward, carrying Jan on her back.

She had to sit down and rest after a quarter of a mile. Jan cried with the cold. Borghild looked up at the sky in alarm. A cold drop had struck her hand. It was beginning to sleet.

They took the trail again, Borghild dragging Jan by the hand.

"I'm hungry!" Jan whimpered. "I want some fried 'tatoes!"

Borghild did not answer. "We must be getting there—we have been going most all day!"

Still the trail stretched before them through heavy forest. There was no sign of a clearing. One step after another, one step after another! It seemed to Borghild she had to drive each foot separately to make it go. Her arm ached with dragging Jan along. She was chilled through and the sleet was coming down in long slanting lines, freezing on the trees and making the way icy under foot. Jan had not said anything for minutes, but he sobbed as he moved. They went forward very slowly—very—slowly.

Suddenly Jan cried out. Borghild looked at him. He was pointing ahead with one ice covered mitten. Borghild's heart stopped beating.

There directly in the trail before them stood a great tawny cougar. Its cat eyes were studying them watchfully.

The two children stood frozen with fear. A cougar had taken a child as big as Jan from a homstead on the other side of the mountain last year. The men had hunted it with dogs for days but the mountain lion had got away. Maybe this was the same beast.

The cougar switched its tail and eyed Borghild and Jan. It made no sign of moving out of the trail.

Borghild looked back the way they had come. It was miles back. They could never reach the cabin by night if they turned. If they ran, the cougar might bound after them, pull them down with its long claws.

"We got to go—on!" Borghild told herself. She knew cougars were often cowardly—but one could not be sure. They were more afraid of a dog than of a man and children they feared very little.

"But we got to go on!"

She looked around and seized upon a stick that lay near. Her heart was beating in her ears. She saw the cougar take a step toward them as she bent for the stick. Cougars liked to attack a man who was down. She straightened herself and screwed up her courage.

Suddenly she ran forward, waving the stick round her head, and giving a harsh cry—the best imitation she could make of a dog's bark.

The cougar faced her for a minute. Then it bounded out of the path and disappeared among the trees.

"He's gone! I scared him out!" Borghild clasped Jan in her arms and ran forward. She was not cold now. She felt stronger.

And then, across a creek, she caught sight of open land, a stubble field. "It's Sanderson's!" She began to cry with relief. She pulled Jan along with renewed energy.

They came running out at her shout, Julia and Mrs. Sanderson and the boys. They carried Jan into the warm cabin and Julia stripped off his ice-stiffened clothes and wrapped him in a blanket. Borghild lay on the bed in Mrs. Sanderson's dry clothes and sobbed. She was asleep when Julia brought a bowl of hot bread and milk for her.

Borghild wakened with a sound of voices at the door. It was lamplight in the Sanderson cabin now. She heard a man's voice at the door.

"No, I can't stop for the night—I got to get home. I'm worried most sick about the children—two weeks since I left them. I was knocked down by a speeder the day I got to town—they had me in the Mill Hospital till today with my head—and no one been up to see the children!"

Borghild gave a cry. "Father!" She could see his tall, stooped figure in the doorway.

He moved into the room and caught Jan up in his arms.

—*Eleanor Hammond.*

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KINDNESS TO A BEGGAR

A crippled beggar in a large city was trying to gather up some clothes that had been thrown to him from a window when a crowd of rude boys gathered around him, mimicked his awkward movements, and hooted at his helplessness. Soon another boy, seeing the poor crippled man surrounded by the crowd of rude boys, pushed his way through the crowd, helped the cripple gather up the clothes, and roll them into a bundle.

He then slipped a coin into his hand, and turned to go away. A voice called from an upper window, saying, "Little boy with a straw hat." He looked up and a lady leaning out from a window said, "God bless you my little fellow, that was a kind and noble act."

The little boy looked very happy because he knew he had done right.

—*Selected.*

HEALTH AND THRIFT STORIES

HEALTH
THRIFT
BANK

BILLY'S PAL

One day Billy was left at home alone because he had not done his arithmetic. There he sat absent-mindedly chewing his pencil, and never once trying his examples. Suddenly he was startled by a wee voice saying "Ouch!" He had been left alone in the house. Where did the voice come from?

He listened again, ever so hard, but heard nothing, so he fell to chewing his pencil harder. "Ouch! Ouch!" Again the same pitiful little voice. Billy began to feel queer and a bit frightened. Where in this lonely house could the sound come from? He meant to know.

Billy sat ever so quiet. He was not going to be surprised again, thought he. In his uneasiness, he started to gnaw harder at his pencil, and as he put his teeth deep into the shiny red wood —

"Ouch, ouch! Please stop!" And who do you suppose it was? The pencil!

In his fright, Billy dropped the pencil from his mouth, on the table. And then the queerest thing happened! The pencil didn't roll; it just rose up on its point—but it wasn't a point at all. It was a pair of tiny black boots. The pencil was a little thin man in a glossy red suit and a bright brass helmet.

Billy gasped.

"Sorry I frightened you, Billy," said the pencil, "but you were hurting me terribly."

"Why did you say, 'ouch,' and where did you come from?"

Billy was all upset. Think of a pencil talking!

"Guess maybe you'd say 'ouch' and 'stop,' and more too, if some one chewed your head, and spoiled your best suit," answered the pencil.

"But nobody ever knew it hurt pencils," said Billy.

"Just look closely at my bright red coat," said the pencil, "and you will see the marks of my suffering." Billy picked up the pencil and gently set it on his hand.

"See here," continued the pencil. "These are the teeth marks of Mary who is sick at home with the whooping cough. She got me from John. John traded me in for four marbles. He fished me out of the waste basket where I slipped to, from a hole in Tom's pocket. That was just before Tom left school with scarlet fever. Tom discovered me in a gutter where I was glad to fall after being perched all day back of a peddler's ear."

"You don't mean to tell me that you've had whooping cough and scarlet fever, and have lived in waste baskets and gutters?"

"Oh, my, yes. That's only a bit of my life. I've had many an unpleasant trip since I left my home."

"Your home?" questioned Billy. "Where was that?"

"My home was a bright, clean factory. All my brothers and sisters were dressed just as I'm dressed—in shiny red suits. We all had our names put on us in silver letters. We were so proud of our names. Look at mine!"

"Why, I can't make it out. It has been chewed up," said Billy.

"That's just it," said the pencil. "My brothers and sisters all left the factory, hoping to be owned and loved by some boy or girl, who would keep them clean and not hurt them. We all wanted to help children draw and write and do lessons—help them, so they would keep us for work. But we are chewed on and gnawed at by every one; we have mumps and measles until we make every one who touches us sick."

The pencil could say no more, for a big tear was rolling down his little face. And Billy, too, was sorry; so he washed his little visitor gently and said, "From now on you are to be my little pal. I'll not lose you, nor bite you, but I'll keep you bright and clean."

—*Aimee Zillmer*

Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association.

JIM'S ADVENTURE IN THRIFTANIA

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, a boy named Jim lived in the queerest kind of a place. He really didn't live in any country at all, because you see, he lived right on the border between Extravagance and Thriftania.

To the North was the city of Spenditall. On gala days Jim loved to visit it; and there were many such days, because no one liked to work very much and just as soon as there was enough money to spend, the King proclaimed a holiday.

One holiday, the sun was shining so gloriously and the air was so fresh and fair, that Jim decided to take a long walk instead of going to Spenditall. He packed a little lunch, said goodbye to his mother, went out the back door, climbed over the garden wall, and he was in Thriftania.

He noticed as he walked how well paved the road was, and how well tilled the fields were. Just as he began to get tired, a man in an automobile passed and picked him up.

"Where would you like to go?" said the man.

"Oh, anywhere," said Jim, "I want to see the world."

"Well," said the stranger, "I'm on my way to Savingston, our capital city, if you want to go that far."

Of course Jim wanted to. If he couldn't go to far off places, he thought he could go to others close by.

The man was so friendly that the first thing Jim knew he was telling him how much he wanted to adventure in far countries.

"Why, you're a lad after my own heart," said the man. "When I was a boy like you I wanted to travel too, and after a while I did. I've been around the world and have visited many places several times."

"How did you do it, Mister?" asked Jim, for surely the man did not look wealthy.

He replied, "I learned my trade as well as I could and then worked as hard as ever I could while I worked, for of course I didn't work all of the time. I saved all I could, too, and then when I had enough in the bank, I withdrew it and started on my travels."

"What is a bank?" interrupted the boy.

"Dear me, don't you know that?" asked the man, "Such ignorance is astounding," he muttered to his wheel, for he was too polite to say that to the boy. Then he went on: "It's a place where people put the money they don't spend. It earns more money for you while it stays in the bank."

By this time they had reached Savingston. Never had Jim seen such neat homes or schools. The streets looked as if they had been scrubbed. The car stopped and the man invited Jim to go with him into a building with this inscription over the door: "National Thrift Bank."

A funny little man took Jim behind the cages and showed him piles and piles of money and safety boxes filled with valuables. Jim rubbed his eyes. So much money in one place certainly could not be real. Then his friend told him that every child in the city owned some of that money.

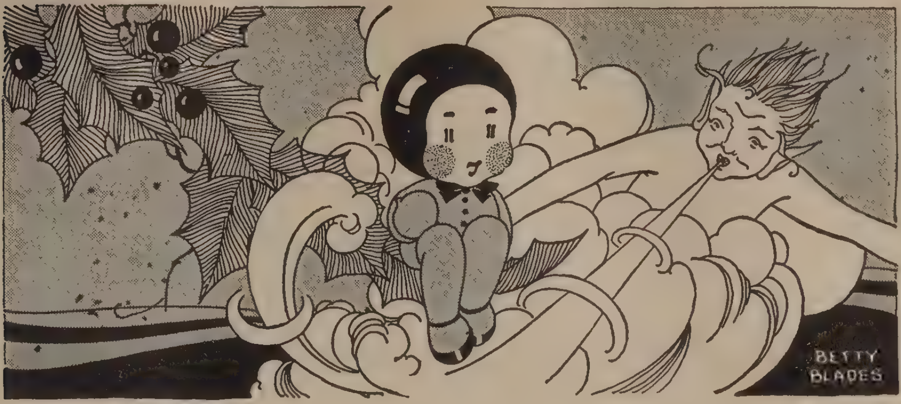
Now Jim could hardly wait until he reached home, so anxious was he to tell his mother about his day and the wonderful bank where money worked as well as people.

"Why mother," he exclaimed. "It's as good as a fairy godmother, because it will make my wish come true." —*Nora Bury.*

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*



HOW THE HOLLY BERRY ALMOST LOST ITS RED CHEEKS

Once upon a time a bright red holly berry tipped the end of a branch on a holly bush that grew far in the Southland. The breezes, roguish, and loving the little red berry, touched and tipped its cheeks with red and the jolly sunbeams made it laugh. One day the holly berry refused to play with the winds; she paid no attention to the glances of the sunbeams; she crept under the edge of a leaf and sulked. The sunbeams came, they poked their fingers under the leaf, they sang and shone their brightest, but the holly berry would not play.

For two, three, four days, Holly Berry sulked. On the fourth day, one of the sunbeams whose name was Early Morn, said to the rest, "Beams, we must do something. Holly Berry is getting pale."

"Yes, yes, but what shall we do?"

"Ask the Snowbird. He knows."

Far away, on the very top branch of a tall pine tree could be seen a tiny speck. It was the Snowbird. The sunbeams gaily danced over the grass, glinted on this tree and that, hurried up the pine tree and shone softly on the Snowbird. A snowbird in his travels sees many happenings and knows many secrets.

"Snowbird," the sunbeams cried, "can you tell us what is the matter with Holly Berry? She stays in one corner of her leaf and she will not play with us or the wind."

"Yes, I can tell you," answered the Snowbird. "Long ago, when the Holly Berry was born, the East Wind told me that one day she would refuse to play with the winds and the sun, and that day, she would begin to lose her red cheeks."

"Tomorrow is Christmas," cried Early Morn, "and the little girl who lives in the small white house next to the holly bush is going to use Holly Berry on her table. We don't want her to be disappointed. She leaves her windows open so the sunshine can get in."

The Snowbird answered. "She won't be. When Holly Berry knows that she would lose her red cheeks, she will play with you. Let's go and see her."

Over the fields, over trees, over houses that lay like little white blocks in the fields, over a river that sparkled and danced in the light of the sunbeams, flew the Snowbird with the sunbeams darting and dashing after it. The sunbeams were very excited, in their great haste, tumbling and falling over each other. Early Morn, the straightest, youngest and most brilliant of them all, was always in the lead.

Little Holly Berry, when she saw the sunbeams leave her, peeked under the leaf to see if they were coming back. I can't imagine, and nobody ever told me, why she did not want to play in the sun and the wind, and I could never understand why she would not.

Straight to the leaf under which Holly Berry was hiding, flew the Snowbird.

"Holly Berry, Holly Berry, don't you know what day tomorrow is? Tomorrow is Christmas! Little girl needs you. Are you going to disappoint her?"

No answer.

"Holly Berry, let me tell you a story. Long ago the East Wind told me that there would come a day when the winds could no longer tip the Holly Berry's cheeks with red and when the sunbeams could not make it laugh. I did not believe him. When you were made, you grew on a beautiful green bush. The fairies made prickly edges on your leaves and called the winds and sun to make you beautiful. The East Wind, the North Wind, the South Wind, and the West Wind all came with their pots of red paint. For you must know that the winds always have on hand a large supply of red paint to paint the cheeks of boys and girls. It was this paint that they brought to make you lovely. The South Wind gave you gentleness, the West Wind brought joy, the North Wind strength and the East Wind happiness. When they had painted you, the

West Wind said, 'Oh, Holly Berry, as long as you live with the winds and the sun, you will be beautiful. If there ever comes a day when you refuse to play with them, no longer will your cheeks be red, and happiness, health and strength and beauty will leave you.' "

Suddenly, the winds whistled, there was a great burst of sunshine and there on her holly branch, singing and shining in the sun as if she had never done otherwise, was the holly berry. She was not really a naughty holly berry. The winds dashed her cheeks with red, the sunbeams kissed her and made her laugh.

This, dear children, is the story of how the holly berry almost lost its red cheeks.

You, too, can keep red cheeks and find health, joy and happiness if you play in the sun and the wind.

—Michigan State Department of Health.

THE KING AND HIS MAGIC CLUBS

A king who was feeble and ill because of ease and idleness, called upon his doctor for medicine.

The doctor was wiser than the king and knew it was not medicine but healthful exercise that the king needed. The king would not walk or work, however, like the strong men about him. The doctor then prepared two heavy clubs of strange wood for the king's use, and led him to think that the handles of these clubs contained medicine for his cure. To get the benefit of the medicine in the clubs, the king must grasp them by the handles, swing with them and play with them until his hands were moist from exercise. The medicine would then pass into his hands, and make his body strong. The king was deceived. Each day he might be seen in the open air at certain hours working with his magic clubs.

His muscles grew strong, his blood became pure and his appetite for food increased. He praised the medicine of his clubs and the wisdom of his good doctor.

The king never learned from his faithful servants that the clubs were nothing but wood and the secret of the wonderful cure was found in his own healthful exercise.

—Virginia Lewis.

Course of Study in Hygiene, State Department of Education, Ohio.

THE BUILDERS

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled;
Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods are everywhere.

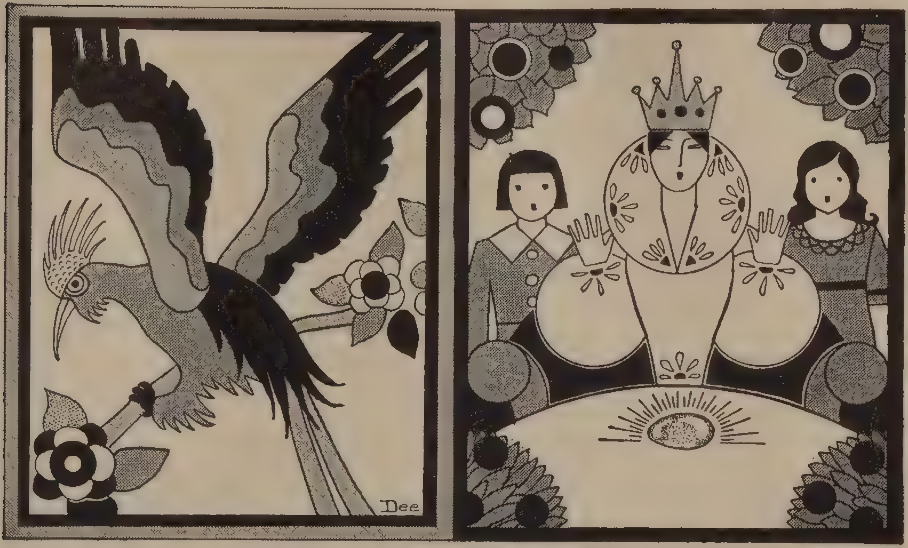
Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build today, then strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky. —*Longfellow.*

SELECTED STORIES



THE BIRTH OF THE POPULAR TALE

There was a time when there were no Popular Tales, and a sad time it was for children; for in their youthful paradise the most beautiful butterfly was wanting. At this time there were also two children of a king, who played together in their father's splendid garden. This garden was full of the choicest flowers; its walks were laid with stones of various colors and gold sand, which vied in brilliancy with the sparkling dew drops on the flower-beds. In the garden were many cool grottoes, with splashing springs, fountains towering to the sky, beautiful marble statues, luxurious seats. In the basins swam gold and silver fish; the most splendid birds fluttered in golden aviaries, while others of the feathery tribe hopped about at full liberty, warbling with sweet voices their delightful melodies. But the two royal children saw these things daily, and were weary of the brilliance of the stones; the fragrance of the flowers; the fountains and the fishes, which were all so mute; and of the birds, whose song they did not understand. They sat silent together, and were sad; they had everything a child could wish for, kind parents, the most costly playthings, the finest clothes, the daintiest food, and liberty to play every day in the garden: they were sad, although they knew not why, and knew not what it was they longed for.

One day, when the queen, their mother, a beautiful stately dame, with a mild benevolent countenance, approached them, she was grieved to see them so sorrowful; for they only looked at her with a mournful smile, instead of running to her full of boisterous mirth. It afflicted her to know that her children were not happy, as children should and can be, because they yet know no care, and the heaven of childhood is usually a cloudless one.

Seating herself by her children, a boy and a girl, the queen threw one of her full white arms around each of them, and said to them, in a gentle, maternal voice, "My dear children, what is your desire?"

"We don't know, dear mother," answered the boy. "We are so melancholy," said the girl.

"But in the garden all is so beautiful, and you have everything to give you pleasure. Do you then feel no pleasure?" asked the queen; and the tears stood in her eyes, from which a soul full of goodness beamed.

"What we have does not afford us pleasure enough," answered the girl. "We wish for something, and know not what," added the boy.

The mother was silent and troubled, and thought within herself what children could possibly desire to afford them more delight than a splendid garden, fine clothes, abundance of playthings, and dainty food; but her thoughts busied themselves to no use.

"Oh, that I were only a child again!" said she to herself with a soft sigh, "then, perhaps I might discover what makes children joyful. To comprehend the wishes of a child one must be a child oneself; but I have journeyed too far from the land of childhood, where golden birds fly among the trees of that paradise; birds without feet; because, being never weary, they have no need of earthly rest. Oh, would such a bird come thither, and bring to my dear children that which would make them happy!"

While the queen was thus wishing, a gloriously beautiful bird was seen floating above her head in the blue heaven, from which there issued a brilliance like the flames of gold or the radiation of a precious gem. It hovered lower and lower, and the queen and the children beheld it. The latter exclaimed only, "Ah! ah!" Their astonishment did not allow them to utter a word.

The bird was beauteous to look upon, as it came floating lower and lower, so glistening, so sparkling, with its vivid rainbow tints almost blinding the eyesight and yet fascinating it. It was so beautiful, that the queen and the children slightly shuddered with delight, particularly when they felt the fanning of its wings. Before they were well aware of it, the bird had descended into the lap of the queen, and looked on the boy and girl with eyes like the friendly eyes of children; and yet there was in those eyes something that the children could not comprehend, something heterogeneous, appalling; they therefore did not venture to touch the bird. They also observed that this rare, celestial, beautiful creature, had under its bright, variegated pinions, some jet-black feathers, which at a distance were not perceptible. But for a closer survey of the beautiful bird the children had hardly sufficient time, for it instantly rose again; the footless bird of paradise glistened, flew higher and higher, until it seemed only a many-colored feather swimming in ether, then only a golden streak, and then vanished. During its ascent, the queen and her children looked after it with astonishment. But, oh, wonderful! when mother and children again cast their eyes downwards how they were astonished anew! On the queen's lap lay a golden egg that the bird had laid, which reflected hues of golden green and golden blue, like the most beautiful Labrador feldspar and the finest mother-of-pearl. On beholding it, the children exclaimed with one voice, "See the beautiful egg!" But the mother smiled with pleasure; for she had a presentiment that it must be the jewel that was wanting to her children's happiness; that the egg, in its magical colored shell, must contain a good that should afford to the children what is denied to age, contentment; and allay their longing, their infantile sadness.

But the children could not gaze enough on the wondrous egg, and in viewing it, soon forgot the bird that had laid it. At first they did not venture to touch it; but the girl at length laid one of her fingers upon it, and suddenly exclaimed, while a deep red overspread her innocent countenance, "The egg is warm!" And then the boy gave it a gentle touch, to feel whether his sister had spoken the truth. At last the mother herself placed her soft white hand on the egg; and then what happened? The shell fell apart, and from it issued a being wonderful to behold. It had wings, yet was not a bird, nor a butterfly, neither a bee, nor a dragon-fly; but was something of all these, and altogether not to be described. In a word, it was the party-colored, winged, glittering delight of childhood, itself a child, the wondrous bird *Imagination*, the *Popular Tale.* And now the mother saw her children no longer sad; for the Tale continued with the children, and they were never weary of it as long as they were children, and it was only after they possessed the Tale that the garden and its flowers, the arbors and the grottoes, the woods and groves, afforded them true pleasure; for the Tale enlivened everything to their great happiness.

The Tale even lent them its wings, and they flew far away in the vast world, and, nevertheless, were at home again as soon as they desired. Those royal children are human beings in their childhood's paradise, and nature is their beautiful, gentle mother.

She wished the wondrous bird, Imagination, which has such splendid golden feathers, and also some of jet black, down from heaven, and it laid in her lap the golden egg of Fiction.

And as the children contracted an ardent love for the Tale, which sweetened their early days, delighted them with its thousand varying forms and metamorphoses, and flew over every house and hut, over every castle and palace, so was its nature such that even those of maturer age found pleasure in it, provided only that in their riper years they possessed something which they had brought with them from the garden of childhood, a child-like simplicity of heart.

—*Adapted from an Old English Story.*

I know three little children,
Who are all so polite,
And everybody thinks them,
A sweet and charming sight;
The first one is "Excuse me,"
The second one is "Please,"
The third one is "Thank you"—
Dear little folks are these.

BETTY BLADES

THE GOOSEGIRL

There was once an old Queen whose husband had been dead for many years, and she had a very beautiful daughter. When she grew up she was betrothed to a Prince in a distant country. When the time came for the maiden to be sent into this distant country to be married, the old Queen packed up quantities of clothes and jewels, gold and silver, cups and ornaments, and, in fact, everything suitable to a royal outfit, for she loved her daughter very dearly.

She also sent a Waiting-woman to travel with her, and to put her hand into that of the bridegroom. They each had a horse. The Princess's horse was called Falada, and it could speak.

When the hour of departure came, the old Queen went to her bedroom, and with a sharp little knife cut her finger and made it bleed. Then she held a piece of white cambric under it, and let three drops of blood fall on to it. This cambric she gave to her daughter, and said, "Dear child, take good care of this; it will stand you in good stead on the journey." They then bade each other a sorrowful farewell. The Princess hid the piece of cambric in her bosom, mounted her horse, and set out to her bridegroom's country.

When they had ridden for a time the Princess became very thirsty, and said to the Waiting-woman, "Get down and fetch me some water in my cup, from the stream. I must have something to drink."

"If you are thirsty," said the Waiting-woman, "dismount yourself, lie down by the water, and drink. I don't choose to be your servant."

So, in her great thirst, the Princess dismounted, stooped down to the stream and drank, for she might not have her golden cup. The poor Princess said, "Alas!" and the drops of blood answered, "If your mother knew this it would break her heart."

The royal bride was humble, so she said nothing, but mounted her horse again. Then they rode several miles further; but the day was warm, the sun was scorching, and the Princess was soon thirsty again.

When they reached a river she called out again to her Waiting-woman, "Get down, and give me some water in my golden cup!"

She had forgotten all about the rude words which had been said to her. But the Waiting-woman answered more haughtily than ever, "If you want to drink, get the water for yourself. I won't be your servant."

Being very thirsty, the Princess dismounted, and knelt by the flowing water. She cried, and said, "Ah me!" and the drops of blood answered, "If your mother knew this it would break her heart."

While she stooped over the water to drink, the piece of cambric with the drops of blood on it fell out of her bosom, and floated away on the stream; but she never noticed this in her great fear. The Waiting-woman, however, had seen it, and rejoiced at getting more power over the bride. The latter, by losing the drops of blood, had become weak and powerless.

Now, when she was about to mount her horse Falada again, the Waiting-woman said, "By rights, Falada belongs to me; this jade will do for you!"

The poor little Princess was obliged to give way. Then the Waiting-woman, in a harsh voice, ordered her to take off her royal robes, and to put on her own mean garments. Finally, she forced her to swear before heaven that she would not tell a creature at the Court what had taken place. Had she not taken the oath she would have been killed on the spot. But Falada saw all this and marked it.

The Waiting-woman then mounted Falada and put the real bride on her poor jade, and they continued their journey.

There was great rejoicing when they arrived at the castle. The Prince hurried towards them, and lifted the Waiting-woman from her horse, thinking she was his bride. She was led upstairs, but the real Princess had to stay below.

The old King looked out of the window and saw the delicate, pretty, little creature standing in the courtyard; so he went to the bridal apartments and asked the bride about her companion, who was left standing in the courtyard, and wished to know who she was.

"I picked her up on the way, and brought her with me for company. Give the girl something to do to keep her from idling."

But the old King had no work for her, and could not think of anything. At last he said, "I have a little lad who looks after the geese; she may help him."

The boy was called little Conrad, and the real bride was sent with him to look after the geese.

Soon after, the false bride said to the Prince, "Dear husband, I pray you do me a favor."

He answered, "That will I, gladly."

"Well, then, let the knacker be called to cut off the head of the horse I rode; it angered me on the way."

Really, she was afraid that the horse would speak, and tell of her treatment of the Princess. So it was settled, and the faithful Falada had to die.

When this came to the ear of the real Princess, she promised the knacker a piece of gold if he would do her a slight service. There was a great dark gateway to the town, through which she had to pass every morning and evening. "Would he nail up Falada's head in this gateway, so that she might see him as she passed?"

The knacker promised to do as she wished, and when the horse's head was struck off, he hung it up in the dark gateway. In the early morning, when she and Conrad went through the gateway, she said in passing—

"Alas! dear Falada, there thou hangest."

And the Head answered—

"Alas! Queen's daughter, there thou gangest.
If thy mother knew thy fate,
Her heart would break with grief so great."

Then they passed on out of the town, right into the fields, with the geese. When they reached the meadow, the Princess sat down on the grass and let down her hair. It shone like pure gold, and when little Conrad saw it, he was so delighted that he wanted to pluck some out; but she said—

"Blow, blow, litte breeze,
And Conrad's hat seize.
Let him join in the chase
While away it is whirled,
Till my tresses are curled
And I rest in my place."

Then a strong wind sprang up, which blew away Conrad's hat right over the fields, and he had to run after it. When he came back, she had finished combing her hair, and it was all put up again; so he could not get a single hair. This made him very sulky, and he would not say another word to her. And they tended the geese till evening, when they went home.

Next morning, when they passed under the gateway, the Princess said—

"Alas! dear Falada, there thou hangest."

Falada answered—

"Alas! Queen's daughter, there thou gangest.
If thy mother knew thy fate,
Her heart would break with grief so great."

Again, when they reached the meadows, the Princess undid her hair and began combing it. Conrad ran to pluck some out; but she said quickly—

'Blow, blow, little Breeze,
And Conrad's hat seize.
Let him join in the chase
While away it is whirled,
Till my tresses are curled
And I rest in my place."

The wind sprang up and blew Conrad's hat far away over the fields, and he had to run after it. When he came back the hair was all put up again, and he could not pull a single hair out. And they tended the geese till the evening. When they got home Conrad went to the old King, and said, "I won't tend the geese with that maiden again."

"Why not?" asked the King.

"Oh, she vexes me every day."

The old King then ordered him to say what she did to vex him.

Conrad said, "In the morning, when we pass under the dark gateway with the geese, she talks to a horse's head which is hung up on the wall. She says—

"Alas! Falada, there thou hangest,"

and the Head answers—

"Alas! Queen's daughter, there thou gangest.
If thy mother knew thy fate,
Her heart would break with grief so great."

Then Conrad went on to tell the King all that happened in the meadow, and how he had to run after his hat in the wind.

The old King ordered Conrad to go out next day as usual. Then he placed himself behind the dark gateway, and heard the Princess speaking to Falada's head. He also followed her into the field, and hid himself behind a bush, and with his own eyes he saw the Goosegirl and the lad come driving the geese into the field. Then, after a time, he saw the girl let down her hair, which glittered in the sun. Directly after this, she said—

"Blow, blow, little breeze,
And Conrad's hat seize,
Let him join in the chase
While away it is whirled,
Till my tresses are curled
And I rest in my place."

Then came a puff of wind, which carried off Conrad's hat and he had to run after it. While he was away, the maiden combed and did up her hair; and all this the old King observed. Thereupon he went away unnoticed; and in the evening, when the Goosegirl came home, he called her aside and asked why she did all these things.

"That I may not tell you, nor may I tell any human creature; for I have sworn it under the open sky, because if I had not done so I should have lost my life."

He pressed her sorely, and gave her no peace, but he could get nothing out of her. Then he said, "If you won't tell me, then tell your sorrows to the iron stove there"; and he went away.

She crept up to the stove, and, beginning to weep and lament, unburdened her heart to it, and said: "Here I am, forsaken by all the world, and yet I am a Princess. A false Waiting-woman brought me to such a pass that I had to take off my royal robes. Then she took my place with my bridegroom, while I have to serve as a Goosegirl. If my mother knew it she would break her heart."

The old King stood outside by the pipes of the stove, and heard all that she said. Then he came back, and told her to go away from the stove. He caused royal robes to be put upon her, and her beauty was a marvel. The old King called his son, and told him that he had a false bride—she was only a Waiting-woman; but the true bride was here, the so-called Goosegirl.

The young Prince was charmed with her youth and beauty. A great banquet was prepared, to which all the courtiers and good friends were bidden. The bridegroom sat at the head of the table with the Princess on one side and the Waiting-woman at the other; but she was dazzled, and did not recognize the Princess in her brilliant apparel.

When they had eaten and drunk and were all very merry, the old King put a riddle to the Waiting-woman. "What does a person deserve who deceives his master?" telling the whole story, and ending by asking, "What doom does he deserve?"

The false bride answered, "No better than this. He should be driven out of the country and nevermore allowed to return."

"That is your own punishment," said the King, "and it shall be carried out."

When the sentence was fufilled, the young Prince married his true bride, and they ruled their kingdom together in peace and happiness.

—*Adapted from Grimm.*

JUST TO BE

Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through,
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful as a little child;
Just to be gentle, kind, and sweet,
Just to be helpful, with willing feet;
Just to be cheery when things go wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with a song;
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right.
Just to believe that God knows best,
Just in His promises ever to rest;
Just to let love be our daily key—
That is God's will for you and me.

THE SPEAKING COCK

Once upon a time way down in Mexico there were two old mules. Their names were Pike and Smoke and they lived in an old barn. On Christmas eve these two mules always had a party. They invited all their animal friends to have a good time with them. They also invited their driver. His name was Pacho.

After the nuts and the apples were passed and the guests were sitting down in the straw, Pike said, "Pacho, tell us a good Christmas story." The animals were all busy eating apples but they nodded their heads, "Yes," so Pacho told this story:

Once I went to a fair during the Christmas week. There were three others with me, a man, a little boy, and a fighting cock. The little boy had no home so the man took him around the country with him. The little boy's arms were strong and brown, because he carried the flat straw basket and the fighting cocks were inside of it.

But at last there was only one rooster left. All the rest had been killed fighting. Now the man was worried, because the fighting cocks had earned a good living for him and the little boy. What could he do with only one rooster? The rooster could not fight with himself and there was no money to buy another bird. He was so worried he did not know what to do. At last he had an idea, and what do you think he did? Why, he dressed the little boy up in a suit of leather and made him look like a rooster. He painted the leather scarlet and gold. Over the little boy's eyes he fastened hoods such as the fighting cocks wear.

Then he set the little boy to fighting the real rooster. People would come around the cock-pit and watch and laugh. Then they would throw silver coins into the cock-pit. Now the fighting cock was fond of the little boy and he didn't want to hurt him. Sometimes the little boy would win. Then he would stretch up high, flap his arms and crow.

On Christmas eve the little boy wanted to dance in the streets and have nougat candy to eat. But the man was very cross to the little boy and said he didn't need any candy. Then the little boy cried. This made the man very angry and he beat the little fellow and sent him weeping to his straw bed in the inn. The little rooster perched beside the little boy and felt very sad. Real late in the night the man came in and went to bed on the other side of the room. Soon he was snoring. After awhile the rooster too fell asleep. Later on he was awakened by a bright star shining in through the window. At first he thought it was the sun and started to crow. But what was his surprise when instead of crowing he heard himself say aloud, "It isn't the sun. It's the star." The man and little boy both woke up. The man called out very loudly, "Who is that talking in my room?"

The rooster wasn't one bit afraid. He walked right over to the man and said firmly, "I am talking."

Now you can just imagine how surprised the man was to hear his rooster speak. He could think of nothing to say but "What do you want in my room?"

"Open the door," said the rooster and he stood very erect.

The man was so frightened that he shook all over.

"Hurry up," said the rooster.

"I am hurrying," said the man as he jumped from his bed and opened the door.

Now the little boy had been sitting on his bed listening to all this. He had never heard that animals and birds speak on Christmas eve. But he was not afraid of the rooster, because the rooster had always been his friend. He wasn't the least bit afraid when the rooster said to him, "Come along, little boy, come along."

They passed by the man and out the door, and he did not dare to stop them.

"Faster, faster," said the rooster as they went down the stairs, and he gave a gentle peck at the little boy's sturdy legs.

When they reached the street they found it full of people. They were walking about and looking in at the windows. In Mexico people do not have Christmas trees. Many of the shop windows have little cardboard landscapes. These are filled with toys to represent the Holy Famliy and the angels and animals that stood around the manger of the little Holy Child. The little boy wanted to stop and look in the windows too, but the rooster said, "Faster, faster, little boy," and gave him a sharp dig on his legs.

People seemed to be everywhere and they were all carrying something. Some had fat hampers of ham and fruit and some had boxes of candy and all the packages were tied with bright colored ribbons.

There was music and dancing in the street. The little boy wanted to dance, too, but the rooster hurried him along. The church bells were ringing and the sky was bright with hundreds of twinkling stars.

Soon the rooster and the little boy left the town and were out on the country road. The wind was blowing from the mountains and the little boy wished he had a coat. There was a peasant ahead riding sideways on a donkey, and carrying a Christmas hamper. The little boy and the rooster hurried and caught up with the peasant. "Good evening," said the rooster to him.

The peasant was so surprised to hear a rooster say good evening that he couldn't answer him. He just stared and stared at the speaking cock. At this the good little donkey turned his head around and said to the peasant, "Speak to the rooster, my good master." The peasant suddenly remembered that his grandmother had once told him that on Christmas eve, the birds and animals were able to speak. So he turned to the donkey and said "Si, Senor," very politely. Then he spoke to the rooster, "Happy Buenos Noches, Senor, I hope you are very well."

After this he crossed himself and gave the little boy a sweet lemon and a handful of black olives. Even the poorest people in Mexico are generous and polite. Then the peasant and donkey started for home and the donkey jogged off at a good pace. The rooster and the little boy ran right along behind them. Soon they arrived at the peasant's home. He took his hamper filled with good things and entered. The donkey, the rooster and the little boy waited outside on the step.

"Wife," said the peasant, "the rooster and the donkey spoke to me."

"You must have fallen asleep and dreamed that."

"Come in by the warm fire and have your supper."

Then she noticed the three figures on the steps.

"Where did you buy these two fine birds?"

"I am not a rooster," said the little boy and then he took off his cap and any one could see his black curly hair.

"Who is the mother who dresses her child in such strange fashion?"

The little boy was silent. The rooster said, "I am his mother."

The woman crossed herself. She saw that her husband was right and that the animals had spoken to him. She liked the looks of the little boy who was so sturdy and brown. She liked his rosy cheeks. "Who is the father that lets his child wander out alone at night?"

Again the rooster spoke, "I am his father."

Then the wife knew that this little boy had no parents. She gave him a seat at the table. She took some hot soup out of a large iron pot which hung over the blazing fagots, and gave it to the little boy. For the rooster she placed a bowl of mush and milk on the cobble floor.

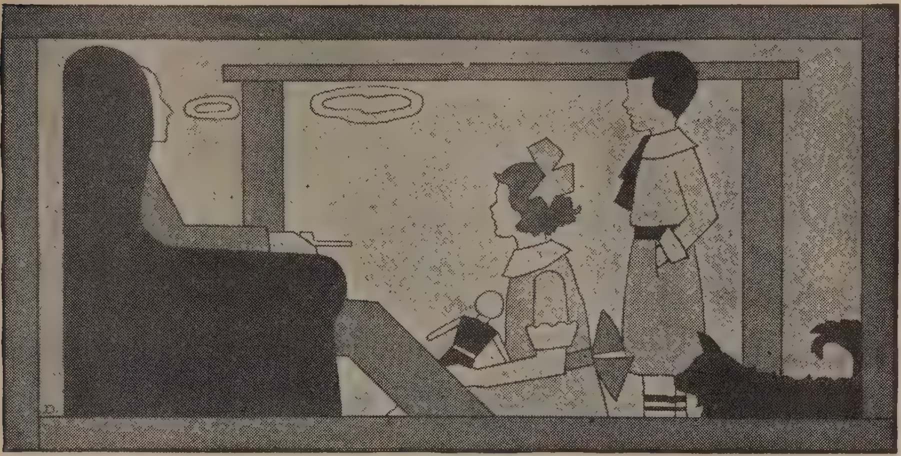
Though the peasant and his wife had no children each year at Christmas time they made a naciemiento. That is the name in Mexican for a little scene which shows the Christ Child lying in his manger, while Joseph and Mary gaze tenderly down upon him. The cattle are on one side and in the distance can be seen the shepherds and their flocks. Still farther off are the three Wise Men riding their camels through the desert. Every year the good wife had taken her naciemiento to the church to give to a poor child.

For the first time in his life the little boy had a naciemiento all his own. He was so happy when the good wife gave it to him that he threw his arms around her neck and said, "Is this really mine? Thank you so much for it."

That night he slept in a little bed and the good wife tucked the covers all around him. When dawn came the rooster began to crow loudly and the little donkey brayed.

The night was over and they would not be able to speak again until the next Christmas eve.

—*Adapted by Katherine E. Corbett.*



SMOKE RINGS

"Will-ee, Will-ee! It's time to put Foxy out now!" called Judge Gaylor to his young son.

"Oh, Father, can't he sleep inside just tonight? It's so cold!" begged Willy, coming into the room and looking at his father beseechingly.

"No," pronounced his father in decisive tones. "A shed is good enough for any dog."

Willy knew that his father was not a person to be argued with, so off he shuffled to perform his nightly duty, hard as it was for him to tear Foxy away from his favorite corner in the kitchen and eject him into the darkness of the back shed.

Foxy had been with the family for several years and although Judge Gaylor stood firm in his one demand that Foxy sleep outside of the house, Foxy usually had his way, for he was a great favorite with the family, especially with Willy and his sister Maudie, two years Willy's senior.

Foxy was just plain dog—half Spitz and half Collie. The combination was an unusually happy one. Being the tan color of a Collie and having the size and "foxish" nose of a Spitz, he looked for all the world like a little fox. Maudie had called him "Little Fox" at the start and gradually the name was changed to Foxy.

On this particular night about the year 1885, in Chicago, Maudie sat Indian fashion in front of the glowing embers in the fireplace, looking at the latest editions of Godey's Lady Book and

Peterson's Magazine. Magazines were rare in those days and Maudie had read every story in Peterson's at least twice.

"Father," she said, looking up, "Won't you please tell us one story before we go to bed? I'd just love to hear about something exciting that you did when you were a boy."

"A-hem," coughed the Judge, and then delicately taking another puff at his pipe he carefully blew a few smoke rings.

This brought Maudie to a crouching position near his chair. It always did, for she liked to watch the rings go circling up into the air. It reminded her of soap bubbles, fairy castles and eerie things.

"Please, Father," she begged again, "the most interesting and exciting story you can think of."

"Well, let's see," with a quick, short puff on his pipe, then scratching his head and crossing his legs, "Well, let's see," he repeated. "I believe the most thrilling experience I ever had was when I was a young school teacher at the beginning of the Civil War."

"Tell about it, please do," expostulated Maudie.

"Well," he began, "I was teaching in a little log school house near Liberty, Missouri."

So interested was he in his narration that he hardly noticed Willy's entrance into the room for Willy quietly propped himself against a footstool, knees high in air and encased in his clasped hands, and at once became his father's second interested listener.

Mrs. Gaylor was out of the room tending to the wants of baby Grace.

"You see," the Judge continued, "Missouri was legally a slave state but there were a few people there who were not slave sympathizers. I was one of those. I tried to keep my mouth shut though. I was young and had a dreadful distaste for army life. You know I always liked clean sheets and good food. I could have these teaching school and I fully intended to keep out of the mess that was all around me. I saw slaves sold in the public square. I observed that slaves were being hustled into Kansas by the underground railway, as it was called. You know the underground railway was a group of northern sympathizers who assisted the negroes in escaping enslavement by helping them from place to place until they reached the state border line. Kansas was a free state and once the negroes had crossed the border they were no longer slaves. I saw this going on but I took no sides. Of course, I couldn't help feeling one way or another inside of me. I felt sorry for those poor black creatures that

I saw around me. They couldn't help it because they were born black and they deserved a chance to show us white people what they could do. You just know I didn't tell anybody how I felt though; too many rebels around me.

"However, one Saturday night—a wonderful, balmy, moonlight night—I didn't have any papers to grade so I thought I'd wander down to 'the corners' to see what I could see. The corners comprised the entire business section of the town, which was mainly a general store and drug store adjoining. Near the corners, under an old elm tree, stood a bench, fairly secluded, but near enough to the town excitement to suit my purpose. Usually there were two or three old cronies holding down this bench discussing all the weighty topics of the day and I thought if I sat down on the bench I would soon have interesting company—and that I did—almost too interesting."

"Tell us, quick!" ejaculated Maudie.

"Keep still," snapped her brother.

"Well, I sat down on the bench and began to blow smoke rings —so—" demonstrated the story teller, "I was all alone and, sitting in the moonlight, I got lonesome for my homefolks in Iowa. A tune flashed into my mind that I had heard sister Nan sing back there and I began to hum it softly.

'Oh my darling Nellie Gray, they have taken her away
And I'll never see my darling any more,
They have taken her to Georgia—'

"But this is all the farther I got when 'You infernal Yankee!' in a snarl close to my ears, made me jump to my feet. In the mellow light I beheld a man, knife drawn, just ready to stab me in the back. I did not take time to observe any further details of his appearance. I ran as fast as my legs would carry me for the corner.

"Bolting into the door of the drug store I demanded to be hidden. Old Ezra, the store keeper, had always been a pretty good friend of mine and without asking any foolish questions, he pointed to some boxes behind the counter. My coat tails were no more than covered when my pursuer was in the room.

" 'Where is that Yankee?' he demanded.

" 'I haven't an inkling of an idea,' cooly answered Ezra. 'I don't usually keep Yankees hanging around my store.'

"He meant this, for Ezra was a slave holder and he had never known how I felt on the subject. At hearing Ezra's reply I breathed more easily, for I had not been any too sure that Ezra wouldn't give away my hiding place when he heard that I was a hated Yankee.

" 'Wa—ll,' threatened my enemy, 'I'm goin' to follow that fellow till my dying day. I'll get him yet! Think of him staying here teaching our younguns and then singin' Nellie Gray.' He spat on the floor, swore heavily, and left the place muttering, 'I'll foller him—yep, till I get him.'

"I quivered until the box under which I was hidden almost rattled. When I thought it safe I cautiously came out.

" 'This isn't a healthy place for you,' said Ezra.

" 'So I've discovered,' said I. 'I'd rather be shot in the face than to be stabbed in the back, so I'm leaving these parts tomorrow to join the army.'

"So it happened that I joined the Union soldiers in Iowa that week. Some nights when we sat around the camp fire in the moonlight I could just imagine I saw a black crouching figure coming toward me with, 'I'll get you yet,' but he never did get me." With a rapid puff on his pipe, "Maybe he's after me yet."

"Time for bed," said Mother, coming into the room.

Maudie and Willie reluctantly climbed the dark stairs.

"Willie, are you afraid? Supposin' that Confederate was at the head of the stairs!"

"Aw," scoffed Willie, "I'd fight him off."

"Well just supposin' he'd be behind us," added Maudie.

Not knowing what the discussion was about their mother called, "Children, stop your fussing and go to bed immediately."

With a feeling of apprehension Maudie hurriedly undressed and popped into her bed, pulling the covers almost over her head.

Boy-like, Willie whistled to keep up his courage and then taking a sly look under his bed he crawled in. Sleep soon overtook them both.

Quite late that night Judge Gaylor finished some work he had had to do and turning out the gas lights, he fumbled his way up the dark stairway. Man fashion, he hummed to—well, to amuse himself. The tune was—oddly enough—"Oh my darling Nellie Gray, they have taken her away. And I'll never see my darling any more." Carefully laying his clothes upon a chair and donning his night shirt he pulled the covers over him and with the last strains of "They have taken her to Georgia, There to wear her life away," sleep claimed him.

The old clock ticked on the dresser. It struck at each hour, "1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12!" it boomed. But it was not this sound that woke Judge Gaylor. It was a "Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z"—yes, a snore—and it came from RIGHT UNDER HIS BED!

Judge Gaylor's hair stood on end. Cold shivers ran down his back. His thoughts ran wildly. "I'll follow him till my dying day and I'll get him yet!" rang in his ears. Possibly this was that Confederate soldier who was now ready to carry out that deed that he had intended to perpetrate years before. What to do, that was the question. Whoever was under the bed was asleep; that was one consolation. Perhaps if luck were with him he could summon help before the intruder awoke.

A judge calling for help!—that was out of the question, and anyway there were only women and children in the house. He must handle the situation himself! Stepping softly to the bureau drawer he took out an old firearm and cautiously lighted a candle. Then peering under the bed—he almost let the gun go off in his surprise.

"Foxy!" he gasped.

—*Mildred Miles Roberts.*

THE GOOD AMERICAN IS SELF-RELIANT

"Self-conceit is silly, but self-reliance is necessary to boys and girls who would be strong and useful.

1. I will gladly listen to the advice of older and wiser people, but I will learn to think for myself, choose for myself, act for myself.

2. I will not be afraid of being laughed at.

3. I will not be afraid of doing right when the crowd does wrong."

LOST IN THE WOODS

Smudgy was a wee black kitten, oh so very wee, who lived in Farmer Brandt's barn. She liked to play in the woods, near the brown meadow. One day, after a merry play, Smudgy found that she was much farther in the woods than she had ever been before. You see, she had chased so many brown mice and red squirrels. She had climbed so many trees. She had romped with so many bunnies that she did not notice how far she was going, nor which way.

Now it was growing dark, and she knew it was time for her cozy bed in the sweet smelling hay. She ran this way and that, mewing as she went, "Oh, I'm lost. I'm lost."

And all the baby birds twittered sleepily, "The wee kitten is lost, she's lost."

Finally the big brown bear, who lived in a hollow log near by, called to her, "If you don't know the way home, you can stay with me."

Smudgy peered into the dark log and said, "Oh, no, I'd rather not. Thank you."

Just then a bunny rabbit came hopping along. "What is the trouble?" he asked, gently.

"I don't know the way home," wailed the kitten.

"Well, come with me. I live in a brier patch not very far from here."

So Smudgy followed the bunny home, but when she tried to get through the brambles and tangled bushes, she hurt herself so that she ran right out again.

Finally, she met a friendly old porcupine. When he heard her story, he said, "Come with me and sleep with my babies. We live under the roots of an old pine tree. Just come this way."

So the kitten followed him to his home, but when she curled up by the baby porcupines, she felt their little quills sticking into her soft fur, and she was so uncomfortable that she could not even purr. At last she got up softly and ran out of the nest.

The next person she met was a sly old fox, hunting for his supper. When he saw the plump little kitten, he said, "Come with me. You can have the soft nest of leaves, where my babies used to sleep."

As Smudgy turned to go with the sly fox, an old bull frog who lived in a swamp nearby, croaked in a deep, gruff voice, "You'd better go home. You'd better go home."

A sleepy old owl, who lived in an oak tree, called, "Whoo-oo! Whoo-oo! I think so too! I think so too-oo!"

Smudgy stood very still. She did not know what to do. The sly fox waited. Suddenly a little breeze went by, and on it was a soft sound that was very familiar to Smudgy. It said, "tinkle, tinkle." Then she heard it again, louder—"TINKLE, TINKLE." Then very loud came the "TINKLE, TINKLE" of a cow bell, and Reddy, the old mooley, came through the woods.

"Oh, Reddy, do you know the way home?" called the anxious kitten.

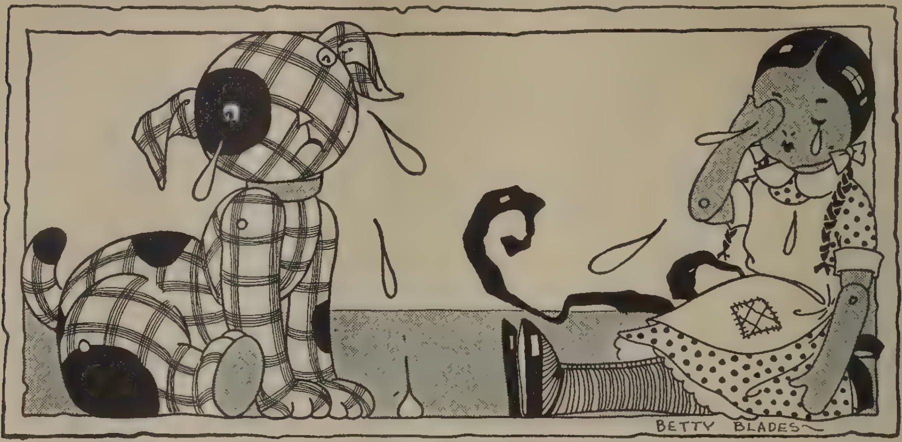
"Of course," said the friendly cow. "What are you doing so far away?"

"I didn't know the way home," mewed Smudgy. She was afraid Reddy might scold her.

"Follow me," answered the kind Reddy.

So Smudgy followed her closely all the way home. My, but she was happy to get home and lap her warm milk. That night, as she lay purring in her own little bed, she promised her mother she would never go so far in the woods again, and she never did.

—*Clara Maple Sinnett.*



POOR LIZBETH JANE!

It was the morning of Dorothy's fifth birthday, and she was holding her new doll in her arms. It was a big rag doll with yarn hair and a blue dress.

"Nice baby! Dear baby!" said Dorothy.

"What will you name her, dear?" asked Dorothy's mother.

"Lizbeth Jane," answered Dorothy. And Lizbeth Jane was the doll's name from that moment.

Dorothy put Lizbeth Jane to bed every night. When she had a tea party for the dolls, Dorothy always gave Lizbeth Jane more than anything else she owned. And every one in Dorothy's family knew that she loved Lizbeth Jane best, for she played with the rag doll more than all her other joys. When a beautiful mama doll came to live with Dorothy, Father asked, "Which doll do you like best?" Dorothy answered, "Why, my Lizbeth Jane, of course."

After a while a cloth dog came to live in the play-room. Dorothy was very fond of him, too, and she named him Toby. Soon Toby and Lizbeth Jane became great friends, and they had long talks together when they were alone in the play-room.

The day before Dorothy's next birthday Lizbeth Jane was very sad. "Oh, Toby," she said, "tomorrow Dorothy will be six years old, and she is going to get a beautiful new doll. Then she will not love me any more."

"Don't be sad," said Toby. "Dorothy has a big mama doll now, but she loves you best of all."

"I can't help being sad," said Lizbeth Jane. "The new doll will be so pretty that Dorothy will never love me again. Besides, she didn't know that she was going to get the mama doll, but she asked her mother for this doll."

"Maybe she did not ask for it, Lizbeth Jane. Perhaps you are wrong," said Toby, trying to comfort poor Lizbeth Jane, who seemed heart-broken.

"Yes, she did, Toby. I heard her. She said something worse than that. It hurts me so that I can't bear to tell you."

"Oh, please tell me, Lizbeth Jane," said Toby. "Maybe I can help you. What else did you hear?"

It was some time before Lizbeth Jane could stop her tears and say, "See how straight my hair is! Dorothy asked for a doll with curls!"

Toby had never thought of anything as bad as that. He was not surprised that Lizbeth Jane felt sad. At once he tried to think of some way to help her. After a moment he said, "Let's curl your hair, Lizbeth Jane."

"It is very kind of you to think of that, Toby, but it never could be done. My hair is only yarn. Dorothy wants a doll with real hair that curls. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do?" And poor Lizbeth Jane began to cry again, harder than ever.

"I haven't told you," said Toby, "but I have troubles, too."

"You, Toby! Why?" asked Lizbeth Jane in surprise, forgetting for a moment how sad she felt.

"Well," said Toby, "just a few days ago Dorothy's father said to her, 'How would you like to have a real dog to play with, Dorothy?"

"And what did Dorothy say?" asked Lizbeth Jane.

"She said, 'Oh, Father, will you get me one, please?' Her father smiled and said, 'Well, you will soon be old enough to have a puppy of your own.' So, you see, I have troubles, too."

"We have been so happy here," said Lizbeth Jane, sadly.

"Do you want to know what I think we should do?" asked Toby.

"Yes, what?" said Lizbeth Jane.

Toby said, "Tomorrow is Dorothy's birthday, and she may get the new doll and the real dog. We should run away before they come. Won't that be better than to stay here? Dorothy will never love us after she gets the new things."

Lizbeth Jane said, "I'll go with you, Toby. Perhaps we can find a little girl who has no dog or doll at all. Oh, let us hurry as fast as we can!"

Lizbeth Jane put on her little coat and her hat. Toby took the blanket that Dorothy always wrapped him in at night. Then they were ready to run away.

"How shall we get out of the house?" asked Lizbeth Jane. "Dorothy is fast asleep, but her mother and father are in the living room. They will see us if we go down the stairs."

"Why can't we jump out of the back window?" asked Toby.

"I believe we can," said Lizbeth Jane. "We can go along the road, and no one will see us."

They hurried to the back window and looked out. Toby said, "It isn't far to the ground. I'll go first."

He jumped and landed in the soft snow. When Lizbeth Jane saw that Toby was safe, she came flying after him.

"Now let us hurry," said Toby. They tried to run, but they found that the snow was so deep they could hardly move.

"We aren't any farther from the house, and I'm getting tired," said Lizbeth Jane in a few minutes.

"So am I," said Toby. "Are you cold, Lizbeth Jane?"

"No, I'm not cold, but the snow is so deep that I cannot walk."

"Well, we can sleep here by the steps till the milk-man comes early in the morning," said Toby. "We can follow the path he makes and get away before people are up. Then we shan't meet anyone."

"All right, let us do that," said Lizbeth Jane, who was very tired and sleepy.

Toby wrapped his blanket around them, and he and Lizbeth Jane went to sleep by the steps.

They were sleeping so soundly that they never heard the milk-man come. They didn't even hear Dorothy run down-stairs to look at her new doll that had real curls. When Dorothy went upstairs to waken Lizbeth Jane and Toby, and show them her new doll, she could not find them. She called, "Mother! Mother! I can't find Lizbeth Jane and Toby! Where are they?"

Dorothy and Mother and Father looked all over the house for Lizbeth Jane and Toby. But of course they were not found, and Dorothy was very sad. By and by the maid went out to get the milk, and she saw the rag doll and the cloth dog by the steps, sound asleep. When she took them inside the house, they were still sleeping.

The first thing they knew, Dorothy was saying, as she hugged them tight, "Oh, my dear, dear Lizbeth Jane and Toby! How did you get out in the snow? I was so sad when I could not find you. Lizbeth Jane, I love you more than my new doll with real curls. And Toby, dear, I love you more than the real dog I'm going to get some day. Now come and look at my birthday presents."

"I wonder," said Dorothy's mother, "how Lizbeth Jane and Toby ever got out there by the steps." But Lizbeth Jane and Toby never would tell, and I'm sure that you and I never will.

—*Anne Gage.*

LINCOLN AND THE PIG

Next to his honesty, Abraham Lincoln was noted for his kind sympathetic heart. He was always moved by either a person or an animal in distress. The story is told that he was one day riding along on horse back when he came to a place where a little pig was mired down in a mudhole and could not get out.

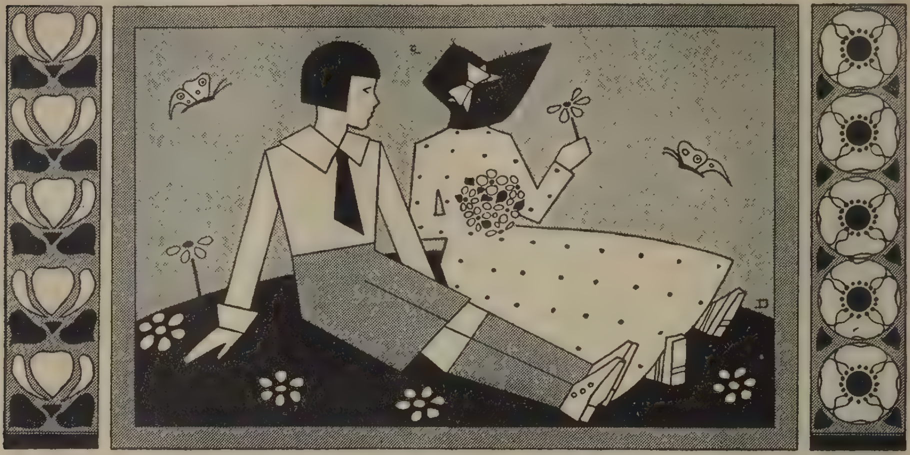
He watched the pig for a few moments and then rode on, but he could not get the pig out of his mind. After he had traveled about two or three miles, he turned and went back. He dismounted and helped the pig out of the mudhole but in doing so, he had spoiled a new suit of clothes.

Afterwards, he remarked to a friend, "I have spoiled a suit of clothes, but I have taken a pain out of my mind!"

* * *

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right—let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

—*Lincoln's Second Inaugural.*



GOLD DUST

"Where do all the flowers come from?" asked Toby.

"Out of seeds, much as birds come out of eggs," said Mother.

"Where do the seeds come from?" Toby wanted to know.

Mother, Beth, and he had gone to the meadow to gather daisies and buttercups. Beth's buttercups shook as she stepped through the tall grass, and a shower of golden dust fell on her hand.

"My buttercups are spilling yellow pepper," she said.

"That is pollen, dear, and it is part of the answer to Toby's question. Down in the heart of the flowers there are little seed boxes. The seeds are very tiny at first, and would not grow even if they were planted; but flowers have pollen boxes, too. When golden grains of pollen fall on the seed boxes, the seeds come to life. They grow large; and when they are put into the soft warm earth, a little plant somes out of each seed."

"It is a magic!" declared Toby.

"But that isn't all the magic," said Mother. "Instead of using their own pollen on their seed boxes, most flowers get it from other flowers."

"How do they go after the pollen?" inquired Toby. "They haven't any legs" (he looked at his own sturdy brown ones).

"My buttercups have yellow wings. They are like the butterfly I saw in the road," said Beth.

"Can they fly, little goosie?" demanded Toby.

"I didn't see them fly," admitted Beth.

"Toby," said Mother, "if your feet were fast in the ground, and my feet were fast in the ground as the buttercups' roots are, and I had something you wanted, how would you get it?"

Toby's dark brows puckered. He was thinking hard. All at once his face grew bright.

"I'd send Beth," he cried.

"Many flowers have just such a plan," said Mother.

"But I might get tired," objected Beth.

"Oh, I'd give you a cookie for going," laughed Toby showing all his white teeth.

"The flowers give their helpers a drink of sweet juice instead of cookies," said Mother.

"Was that what we tasted in the honeysuckles when they bloomed?" asked Toby.

"Yes, Toby mine. Now, can you tell who the helpers are that go for a sweet drink from flower to flower, and carry pollen as they go? You look too, Beth."

The children looked far and near across the meadow.

"See the butterfly on that thistle," remarked Toby.

"So pretty," agreed fat little Beth, "but the poor daisies are just full of bugs."

"Buzz! Buzz!" A bee flew close to Beth's cheek. She was much frightened.

"Stand very still, dear, and see what the bee wants," suggested Mother.

"Why, he's smelling my buttercups!" Beth's eyes were big with surprise.

"And drinking their sweet juice!" Toby's eyes grew even wider as the bee bumbled into the very center of a flower. "Why, Mother, could she be carrying pollen? Look, it's all over her!" (Toby was shouting, he was so excited.)

"Let's lay the buttercups down till the bee goes away," said Mother and while we wait, we can talk it over. The butterfly on the thistle, the insects Beth saw on the daisies, and the bee are all helping the flowers to get pollen for their seed boxes."

"And they are all getting good sweet drinks from the flowers, but how do they know it is there?" asked Toby.

"Perhaps the flowers' bright colors call them," said Mother.

"I'm going to hunt for ripe seeds," said Toby as they walked homeward.

—*Elizabeth K. Peeples.*

(Reprinted by courtesy of Nature Magazine, Washington, D. C.)

A CIRCUS

A circus was coming to town. Billboards were papered with great gaudy pictures. There were pictures of wild animals, pictures of trapeze performers, pictures of clowns and of freaks.

Mary and Joe had been to a circus before, but of course, they were ready to go again. What live boy or girl wouldn't want to go? They gazed in admiration at the posters on their way from school, and when their father came home from work that evening they were waiting for him with the all important question.

"Father, do you know there is going to be a big circus in town? Did you see the billboard? May we go?" from Joe.

"Father, you will take us to the circus, won't you?" from Mary. "Please do, it's going to be great."

"You have been to a circus not so long ago, why do you want to go again? And, besides, I haven't time to take you, and your mother is not well enough to go."

"O, pshaw! I wish we could go. Maybe Mother will be well enough by that time, or maybe you will not be so busy. It isn't till next week anyway."

"Well, we shall see, but don't count on it."

The children continued to think about the circus and to admire the pictures and to long to go, but they were kind enough not to tease their father. They knew he would take them if he could and they just hoped there would be a way.

They had just about given up hope, however, until the day before the performance. On that day, when they got home from school, their mother said: "Children, I have a pleasant surprise for you. I got a letter today from your Aunt Emma. She and your cousin Eleanor are coming to the city tomorrow morning. Your Aunt Emma wants to do some shopping and your cousin is going to bring a little boy with her and take him to the circus."

"Oh goody," cried the children, "and she will take us, too, won't she, mother?"

"Yes, she said she would like to have you go along for company for the little boy. His name is Ralph. His father is dead and his mother had a hard time to make a living. Ralph has never been to a circus nor to a zoo. He has never had the chance that you children have had to see things."

"We will be kind to him and help him have a good time," said Joe.

And so Mary and Joe and Ralph went to the circus. They went early so as to have plenty of time to visit the animal enclosure and see all the wild animals.

First, they passed the pen where the elephants were stationed. Each elephant was fastened by a chain around its foot to a stake driven into the ground. The elephants were eating hay. One would grasp a small bunch of hay with the tip of its trunk and swing it up to its mouth.

"What makes them sway back and forth all the time?" asked Joe. "I should think they would get tired."

"That keeps them from getting tired," replied his cousin Eleanor. "The elephant is so heavy that the muscles in its legs would soon tire if they worked steadily, but by swinging its weight first on one side then on the other its legs have a chance to rest."

"That's what I do when I stand all day working at the table, pasting labels. I stand first on one foot then on the other. But, how funny the elephant is! I have seen pictures of them but never really thought one could be so odd looking. What is that long thing? It isn't its mouth, nor tail."

"That is called its trunk. It is really its nose drawn out into a long tube."

"Oh, I didn't know that," said Mary. "How funny. Aren't you glad your nose isnt that long, Joe? But, what about those horns?"

"They are not horns, but great, long teeth, called tusks. You see they project out from its mouth."

"It is really a most amazing creature. I never thought much about it before," said Joe.

They went on next to where the giraffes were.

"See if Ralph knows what these are," said Joe.

Ralph looked away up the great long legs and long neck to the head with its bumps. He looked at the spotted body and all. He was still for a half minute, too much astonished to speak. Finally he exclaimed:

"Well, I give it up! I suppose it is a giraffe, but there just can't be a really truly, live animal that looks like that."

"It's alive all right," said Miss Eleanor. "Don't you see it move its head and walk? It stands with its head so high in the air so that it can reach up to the leaves of bushes and trees on which it feeds in its native home in Africa."

"I'd hate to try to ride one," said Joe. "I am afraid I would slide off behind. It slopes backward too much."

"Let's go see the monkeys," said Mary. "I always like to watch them."

The children watched the monkeys for some time. Ralph was delighted with their antics and their ability to climb and swing and jump from one side of the cage to another. They were especially interested in a chimpanzee that looked so like, and yet so unlike a human.

"Now let's go see the ugliest animal in the world," said Cousin Eleanor, and she led the way to an enclosure that had a large sign in front of it labeled HIPPOPOTAMUS.

When they got up close and could look over the side they saw that there was a large tank of water inside, and in the tank, partly lying down, but with head well up, was indeed the ugliest looking monster that could be imagined. Once again Ralph was speechless. He just looked and looked.

"Howdy, Mr. Hippo. How will you trade faces?" said Joe.

The head was broad and flat with a great broad mouth and nose and with little eyes that blinked at them from deep folds of a thick wrinkled skin.

Presently it got up, and clumsily stepped out of the tank, and they could see better how huge it was even though its legs were short. The giraffe was many times taller, but the hippopotamus was many times the heavier.

"Miss Eleanor," said Ralph, "I just can't believe that there really are such queer looking animals as the giraffe and the hippopotamus."

They then walked over to the cages where the lions and tigers and leopards were. Ralph thought that the tigers were very pretty and that the lions did not look at all fierce and dangerous.

"The lion sort of looks right through you as if he thought you were not worth his attention," he said.

There were two baby grizzly bears in the cage with their mother. They just rolled and tumbled and played continually like two little puppies. It was great sport to the children to see them stand up on their hind legs and cuff each other playfully as two boys might do.

Another sight of great interest to Ralph was the camels. "You called the hippopotamus the ugliest animal in the world," he said, "but I don't think the camel would have much of a show in a beauty contest either."

"What is that great hump on the back of the camel for?" asked Mary.

"That is where it stores its food," replied Cousin Eleanor. "When a camel is well fed its hump gets bigger. It consists largely of fat. When food is scarce, it can use some of the fat that is stored in the hump. Camels also have an arrangement for storing water in their stomachs. They can go several days without either food or water and that is why they are so useful in traveling across the desert."

They visited two other booths where there were tanks of water. In one of these there were two seals swimming and diving so gracefully that it seemed they were making no effort at all. In the other booth a great alligator lay in the sun beside the tank of water. It lay so still that Ralph said, "It isn't a real live alligator, is it? It doesn't move. It is only a stuffed specimen."

"Watch closely and you will see its sides move as it breathes," said Miss Eleanor.

"I think we had better go now to the big circus tent and get seated before the performance begins. Ralph will have a chance to open his eyes wide at some other things."

"Yes, let's hurry," said Joe. "I want to see the grand entry with the horses and elephants and lions and clowns and everything."

—*A. E. Shirling.*

HONEST ABE

Many stories are told as to the honesty of Abraham Lincoln. In fact, he was so very honest in all of his dealings that he was nicknamed by his neighbors and friends, "Honest Abe."

At one time he was a clerk in a country store. One day in making change, he failed to return six cents that was due the customer. He discovered the error later on in the day. That night, Abraham Lincoln walked several miles to return the six cents to the customer.

At another time, he discovered that he had unwittingly cheated a woman out of two ounces of tea. Later, when he examined the scales, he discovered his error. He wrapped up the two ounces of tea and carried it to the woman's house. As he handed her the tea he said, "Now that you have what you paid for, I can rest satisfied."

DRAMATIZATIONS

THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS

Act I, Scene I

Characters

Poverty
Wealth
Money
Imagination
Sorrow
Happiness (butterfly)
Place: In the garden

Poverty is sitting in the garden watching the butterfly dance.

Poverty: Oh, if I could only have that butterfly. (She starts up and runs after it.)

Enter Wealth: (The butterfly darts on stage.)

Wealth: That beautiful butterfly. I must have it. (She runs after it.) All go off stage. The butterfly returns, the two girls after it. It darts off stage again leaving the two girls alone.

Wealth (looking down on Poverty because of her rags): What is your name and why should you want that butterfly?

Poverty: My name is Poverty and I want the butterfly because it is so beautiful.

Wealth: I wish to have the butterfly too. I must have it!

Enter Money. (He ignores Poverty.)

Money: I am Money. I am very great and powerful and can help you, Wealth, to get the butterfly. Its name is Happiness. Come, we will go out and find it.

Money and Wealth go out.

Poverty: Oh, dear! I can never get the help that Money can give. His attention is all on Wealth. Now I know why I longed for the butterfly. It is happiness.

Enter Imagination.

Imagination: I am Imagination. I give my greatest gifts to the children of the poor. Here is my cloak. It is priceless. (She wraps the cloak about herself.)

Poverty: Kind fairy, how can I thank you? Now everything I look upon seems to be rainbow color. How happy I am.

Imagination goes out. Wealth enters.

Wealth (crossly): We couldn't catch the butterfly after all. We almost had it at times. Money, for all his fine appearance, couldn't help me.

Poverty: I will share this lovely cloak with you. It would make you feel much happier.

Wealth: I don't care to accept any such favor from you. I have plenty of cloaks at home and I do not need one now.

Enter Sorrow.

Sorrow: I am Sorrow. I am sooner known to Poverty than to Wealth. (Sorrow takes Poverty's cloak. Poverty immediately grows weary. Wealth smiles at Poverty's distress and starts to pass Sorrow.)

Sorrow: You cannot pass me, for I come to you as well as Poverty. I am found in the castles of the rich as well as in the cottages of the poor. (Sorrow touches the hand of Wealth and she draws away trembling.)

Curtain

Scene 2

Characters

Poverty
Wealth
Joy
Happiness (butterfly)
Work
Farmer
Miner
Electrician
Banker
Place: In the garden

Poverty and Wealth are before a gate entering into the garden.

Joy goes to the gate.

Joy: I am Joy and I welcome you to my garden. (She takes hold of Poverty's hand.) I love Poverty as well as Wealth.

They enter garden. Happiness is dancing.

Joy: To find Happiness you have to work. I have built this road to work. (She points toward it.) You will find what you are seeking for at the end of it.

Joy goes out and Poverty and Wealth go toward road.

Enter Work. He is carrying bundle.

Wealth: What are you doing here?

Work: My name is Work and I am working for Happiness which may be found at the end of this road. You will meet my assistants, Farmer, Miner, Electrician, and Banker.

Curtain

Scene 3

Characters

Poverty
Wealth
Humanity
Butterfly

Place: In the garden

Enter Poverty and Wealth.

Wealth: I don't see why we couldn't catch the butterfly, Happiness, without traveling such a long and tiresome road.

Enter the butterfly, followed by Humanity.

Humanity: I am Humanity. I have watched you on your long journey. I am greater than anything else in the world, and can give you Happiness if you will only follow my commandment.

Butterfly runs to him.

Humanity: I can give this priceless emblem to either of you, but it will be quite useless, for then the golden wings will fade and you will not have the great gift. That can be only when you both agree to receive it together.

Wealth (turning to Poverty): Forgive me for all my unkindness.

Hand in hand they go to Humanity and receive the gift. They walk slowly out, the gift between them.

Humanity. It is well. If the greater powers of Poverty and Wealth would, like these children, accept my gifts of Happiness together, then would they, too, reach the summit and find that for which they have been struggling selfishly through all the ages.

GIANT DANGER

A Safety Play

A group of children on a playground, busy playing, reading, sewing, whittling.

Bert (closing a book): I've just finished a good story about a giant. Some people say that the days of the giants are past, but I know one that we have with us all the time. He's just like my shadow, for—

"He sometimes shoots up taller
Like an Indian-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little
That there's none of him at all."

Another strange thing about him is that he's here, he's there, he's everywhere, but we can't always see him. Can you guess his name?

Henrietta: Isn't he Old Giant Danger? He is our enemy. He is so sly that he doesn't come out in the open and fight but slips up on children and hurts them when they don't know he is near. Some of us have been hunting for his hiding places and we will tell you so you can keep away from them.

Charles: I have found one of the places where Danger hides. It is in front of our school. He catches people who cross the street there instead of going to the corner to cross.

Rose: He is on the high banks of Forty-fourth Street. When the boys and girls climb up on these banks, old Danger throws rocks and dirt down on them, then the children fall down. It is a wonder someone has not been badly hurt before this. When the dirt comes down on the sidewalk, the children have to walk in the street and everyone knows that is a dangerous place.

Albert: Old Giant Danger has a cross dog over here who helps him get children into trouble.

Elosia: There is an open cistern in our block which the grown people have promised to have closed, but until they do, it is a good hiding place for Giant Danger.

Betty: Every street corner is a hiding place for Giant Danger. There is one way to keep away from him and that is when you start to cross the street always look to the left, then when you get to the middle of the street look to the right. In this way Danger can't jump out of the autos or street cars and hurt you for you can keep out of his way.

Andrew: If your baseball rolls into the street, be careful that Danger does not get you when you go after it.

James: Old Giant Danger comes to school with us and sometimes stays with us all day. Haven't you seen him here? He sometimes makes boys and girls push each other or trip each other so that they fall down and get hurt and then,—Oh, my! how he stands back in the corner and laughs.

Walter: Old Danger is at home, too.

Gertrude: How does he get into the home? My Daddy wouldn't let him in.

Walter: Your Daddy can't keep him out unless you listen to Daddy and obey him.

Lorrine: Where does he hide at home?

Lois: He hides in matches. If you do not touch them, he cannot hurt you. He is in the gas stove too.

Burton: Danger is in our room at night, if we do not keep our windows open.

Cyril: Yes, and he likes to have boys and girls stay up late at night.

Ralph: Our nurse says that he gets in our mouths and spoils our teeth if we do not brush our teeth every night and morning and go to the dentist regularly.

Aylmer: Now that we know some of the places where our enemy hides, what can we do to run him away from our homes and school?

Margaret: One way is to help the Patrols of the Junior Safety Council. They are at the street corners to help us get across safely.

Elsie: What is jay walking, I'd like to know?

Elton: I'll tell you. Jay walking is going across a street cat-a-corner. I'll show you how it is. We'll play this is one street and across this way is another street. Now, Elsie, stand on one corner and Henrietta on another, Thomas on the third and James on the fourth.

Elsie	Henrietta
Thomas	James

If I go from the Corner Elsie is on to the one James is on I'm jay walking, but if I go from Elsie to Thomas and then to James I am crossing in the proper manner.

Lorree: I suppose it is because a person from the country is called a jay and if he does not cross the street in the proper way he is called a jay walker. We don't want people to think we don't know how, do we?

All: NO!

Geraldine: I've been thinking that if there is a Giant Danger, there must be a good Giant to help people.

Verne: Why sure there is and he's our friend. His name is Safety.

Mary Alice: Now listen, boys and girls, the best way to run Danger away is to help Safety.

Gertrude: We can obey the Safety Rules and that will help.

Henry: We can help the little children stay away from Danger.

Margaret: We can help them, too, by doing the right things for Safety ourselves, for you know the little children watch us older ones to see what we do.

Ozene: Let us help the old people, too, who cannot see well to get across the street safely.

Billie: We can all be Safety Scouts, always on the lookout for Danger's hiding places or ready to help Safety make new friends.

Myron: How would we look lined up for service?

Captain: Company attention!

(Children form into marching formation and stand at attention.)

Captain: Repeat the Safety Pledge.

All (in unison):

I will work for the safety of others as I would want them to work for my safety.

I will try to be careful all the time, everywhere.

I will not take unnecessary chances of getting hurt and will warn others against doing so.

I will do *my part* to help reduce the number of accidents this year.

All this I will do for the sake of humanity and the honor of my school.

Captain: Forward, march!

(Children march off of stage preceded by flag bearer and drummer boy beating drum.)

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Old Father Time appears with his usual long black cloak and flowing beard. His cloak is wrapped around a smaller child who is the Little New Year.

Father Time says: "Hark, the clock is striking midnight. I must be on my way. Farewell, Little New Year, farewell."

Little New Year:

"Oh, I am the Little New Year, Ho! ho!
Here I come tripping it over the snow,
Shaking my bells with a merry din,
So open your door and let me in."

A Little Girl:

"Oh, New Year, New Year, so glad and free,
What have you brought in your arms for me?
Here I stand waiting to bid you Godspeed.
What have you brought me of all that I need?"

New Year:

"I've brought you the months with shout and laughter.
Yes, the months are following after.
Just listen now, and let each month tell
What he has chosen for all so well."

January (carrying a banner on which is printed, "Happy New Year," and having upon his back a pack of snow "cotton"):

"I am January, tall and bold,
And I bring you snow when it's very cold.
I come first with a message kind and dear,
To all my people a Happy New Year."

February (a little boy):

"I am little February, second in line,
And I bring you birthdays of Washington (a boy dressed as Washington appears), Lincoln (a boy carrying Lincoln's picture appears) and Saint Valentine" (a girl dressed in costume covered with valentines).

(Songs about these characters may be sung by these children or by others.)

February:

"Yes, I know I'm short and small,
But I'm sturdy, after all.

Greet me warmly, for you know
I must brave the winter's snow."

March (a boy comes marching in and blows a horn):
"Stormy March is oft my greeting,
I'm still only when I'm sleeping.
My horn calls the pussy willow dear,
And soon the bluebird will appear.
(A child dressed as a bluebird appears.)
Then, there are grass blades small and green,
With tiny flowers in between.
I'm sure there's no prettier sight than these,
So give March credit for something besides breeze."

April (girl dressed in rain attire):
"When the noisy winds are still
I come tripping o'er the hill.
All the spring is in my train,
Led by the shining ranks of rain.
Robins sing so sweet and gay
While I usher in sweet Arbor Day.
Dry old leaves astir with pride,
Where the timid violets hide."

(An April song might be introduced here, or a rainbow dance given.)

May (a girl):
"I've wandered over meadows sweet,
With daisies at my feet,
And buttercups so gay,
Smiling all the way.
I shall deck some favorite child
Who is gentle, meek and mild,
And she shall be our Queen of May
For whom the children dance this day."

(May chooses a child, leads her to a throne and other children dance around a May pole.)

June (a girl):
"I'm sure you're glad when June is here;
For June is the month of roses;
And sorry, too, for then your school year closes.
I'm told I have a happy way, for I am chosen for a bridal day."

(A little boy and girl dressed as a bride and groom march slowly in to the strains of a wedding march. The bride carries the roses as usual. Her veil is of mosquito netting. The boy's suit may be of black lining material or a long suit, as most boys wear now.)

July (a boy with large firecracker and flag):

"I am July, with fun and noise,
And plenty of firecrackers for girls and boys.
Here is our country's flag we love,
Long may it wave our country above."

August (a boy comes marching in to the chorus of the song, "Bringing in the Sheaves." He may carry a sheaf of wheat and a basket of tomatoes or melons if obtainable. Magazine pictures may be used, to appear as if in a basket):

"I am August and I bring the ripened grain
That is gathered from the rain.
Of fruits and grains I bring the best,
For I'm the month of harvest."

September (a boy with books and basket of fruits):

"And my pleasant days
Call the children from their plays,
Back to school, after summer's fun,
For it is time their work was done.
Here I bring fruits so rare—
Peaches, plums and grapes to share
With the jolly girls and boys.
Oh, I am sure to bring them joys."

October (a girl dressed in autumn leaves, carrying a basket of nuts):

"I am little Miss October,
Don't you like my dress
All trimmed with autumn leaves?
And here are nuts for boys and girls,
And plenty left for the frisky squirrels.
(Jack-o-lantern boys enter.)
These are my Jack-o-lantern fellows,
Don't you think they are funny and yellow?"

November (a boy carrying a pumpkin and Dennison picture of a turkey):

"When November comes, the flowers have gone;
The birds have flown away.
Ah, then we think of the Pilgrims brave,
And their Thanksgiving Day."

(Enter children dressed as Pilgrim men and women. They may recite or sing something appropriate to the season.)

December (a boy dressed as Santa Claus and bearing a Christmas tree):

"Yes, all the boys and girls remember
When 'tis time for old December.
Everyone far and near
Welcomes me, for I bring good cheer.
Even if December is the last month to call,
It brings the best birthday of all."

(Tableau of the manger, Jesus, Mary, two angels and the children looking on with eager faces. A fernery may be used for a manger, a large baby doll for Jesus, and the largest girl for Mary. Mary may be dressed in a sheet for her costume. While this tableau is given, a group may sing "Silent Night, Holy Night.")

CURTAIN

All the Months may say this stanza at the close of the Pageant if desired:

"Twelve months are we—
You see us here—
We make the circle of the year.
We smile and say to everyone here,
We wish you all a glad New Year."

—*Eleanor R. Fyler.*

In whatever work I do with others, I will do my part and will help others do their part.

—*William J. Hutchins.*

THE TONGUE-CUT SPARROW

ACT I

Scene I

Place: Home of Old Man and Woman

Characters

Old Man	Sparrow
Old Woman	Cross Old Woman

Old Woman: Oh, you poor little bird! I think I will take you in and warm you by the fire, for your wings have the cold winter's dew on them. (Later): Now you may go back to your home and little ones.

Bird sings.

Scene II

Old Man: I'm so glad that you took care of the sparrow, because he sings and wakes us up early; so I can go out to the rice fields early.

Old Woman: And I can get started on my needle work, too.

Scene III

Cross Old Woman: Oh! I'm so tired of hearing that old bird sing every morning. I want to sleep. (Thinks) I have a notion to kill him. (Thinks) No, that would be too mean. I will cut his tongue.

Scene IV

Kind Old Woman: Oh! How sorry I am that our dear little bird cannot sing any more. I think it was so mean of the cross old woman to cut his tongue. Let us go and see if we can find him, and see if we could do something for him.

Old Man: Indeed, let us do that; let us start at once.

ACT II

Scene I

Place: On the way to the home of the sparrow.

Characters

Old Man	Bird	Mouse
Old woman	Bat	

Kind Old Woman: Little bird, can you tell us where the tongue-cut sparrow is?

Old Man: If you can, please tell us at once, because we want to go to see him.

Bird: Yes, cross the bridge and keep going.

Scene II

Old Woman: Now that we have crossed the bridge, what shall we do? Here are two roads; one goes to the left, and the other to the right. Which one shall we take? I do not see anyone to ask. What's that up in that tree? It's a bat. Let us ask him.

Old Man: Can you tell us where the tongue-cut sparrow is?

Bat: Turn to the right and up the mountain.

ACT III

Scene I

Place: Home of Sparrow

Characters

Old Man	Sparrow
Old Woman	Wife Sparrow

Sparrow: Oh! Look out of the window, wife. See who's coming. Why! It's the kind old woman who took care of me when I was cold. Come, let us greet them.

Wife Sparrow: No, you go and greet them. They must be hungry; so I will get them something to eat.

Scene II

Old Man: We had a very nice meal. It is getting late; so let us be starting for home.

Sparrow: Wait a minute. I have something to show you. Come out in the next room. Here are two baskets. Take your choice.

Old Man: Let us not take the large basket, for it might have all the sparrow's treasures in it.

Old Woman: We will take the small basket, for we are old and feeble, and we have so far to go.

ACT IV

Scene I

Place: Home of Old Man and Woman

Characters

Old Man Old Woman Cross Old Woman

Old Woman: Now that we are home let us open the basket and see what the sparrow has given us. Yards and yards of silk, and bags and bags of gold! It is enough to make us rich.

Old Man: How happy I am. This is a fortune for us. Now when we are old and feeble we won't have to work any more.

Scene II

Cross Old Woman: Aha! So they have been to the sparrow's house! Let me see. I have an idea. I'll apologize to the old woman for cutting the bird's tongue and ask them to show me the way to the sparrow's home.

(She goes to the home of the Kind Old Woman.)

Cross Old Woman: I am so sorry I have cut the tongue of the sparrow. Please tell me the way to his home, so I can tell him so.

Kind Old Woman: If you are really sorry I will tell you. You go across the bridge, over the mountains, and through the woods.

ACT V

Place: At the Sparrow's Home

Characters

Sparrow
Cross Old Woman

Sparrow: Oh, dear, here comes the old woman that cut my tongue. I just dread to see her. She lives next to the kind old woman. Perhaps she saw the jewels I gave them and thinks she can get some, too.

Cross Old Woman: I am so sorry that I cut your tongue. Will you forgive me?

Sparrow: Why, of course, but it surely hurt me terribly. Before you go I have some baskets to show you. Here is a small one and a large one. You may take your choice.

Cross Old Woman: If you do not care, I will take the large one, because I need so many things. Thank you so much, you dear little sparrow. Good-by.

Sparrow: Good-by. (Aside) Now she will be sorry she was so cruel and so selfish.

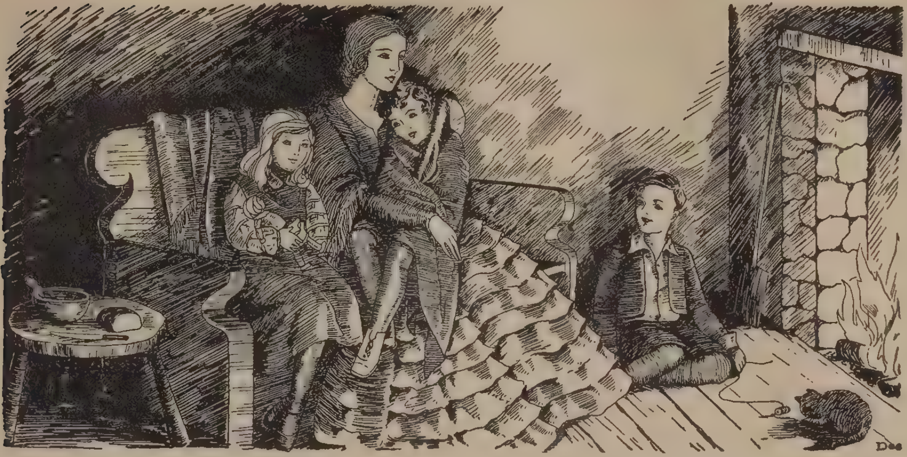
ACT VI

Place: Home of the Cross Old Woman

Cross Old Woman: Oh, I can hardly wait to see what is in the basket. Ohhhhhhhhhhhh! These horrible creatures. One bit me! Another stung me! Another pulled me! I must get away from these awful things. I think I'll jump out of the window. (Screams.) Oh, they're flying away from me! (Screams grow fainter.) What a horrible life cutting the sparrow's tongue has led me to.

—*Emily DeVore, San Jose, California.*

BIBLE STORIES



CHRISTMAS EVE

A long time ago, on the night just before Christmas, a little orphan boy wandered in the streets of a great city. This little child had no home, but wandered about, sleeping wherever he could find a place. On this Christmas Eve it was snowy and icy. The little child was thinly clad and was very cold. As he walked along he met many people hurrying along the streets with bundles and Christmas packages. No one, however, seemed to notice the little child.

All of the houses were brightly lighted and the child could see beautiful Christmas trees decorated with candles and pretty ornaments. In some of the houses children were playing about the trees and everyone seemed to be merry.

Finally the little child became so cold that he went up to the door of a great house and knocked. A tall footman came to the door and, seeing the ragged child, ordered him away, saying, "Go on away and don't bother."

Further down the street the child stopped at another house. It was not so large as the first house and when he knocked at the door the man who owned the house opened it. The little child asked if he might come in to warm himself, but the man told him that he did not have room for him.

The child went further and further down the street and finally he became so cold that it seemed he could go no further. At the end of the street he came to a very humble little cottage. The house had but two or three rooms. In the front room the child saw a table on which was a lamp. On one side of it sat a man reading. On the other was a mother with a little child in her arms. At one side of the room was a fireplace before which a little boy was playing with a kitten. There was no Christmas tree, but in a window was a candle.

The child went up to the door and knocked. The little boy before the fireplace heard the knock and looked up at his mother, saying, "Shall I open the door?'

"Certainly, my child. No one must be left out in the cold on Christmas Eve."

The little boy went to the door and saw the ragged stranger. He asked him to come in and get warm., The mother was very sorry for the little street urchin and gave him some warm broth and wrapped him in a blanket. Gathering the three children about her before the fireplace, she told them this story:

"Many, many years ago, this very night, some shepherds were out on the plains watching their sheep. The wee little lambs were asleep and the large sheep were sleeping, too. The stars shone bright and clear above and all was very still below. The shepherds sat beside each other without a word, leaning on their crooks and hardly moving.

"Suddenly, a great light shone all around about them, right through the darkness; they did not know what it was, and they were all afraid.

"Then an angel, white and beautiful, came to them from out the light, and told them not to fear, for great joy and gladness had come to the whole world. A little babe had just been born which was to become their King and save them from all wrong and suffering and do great good for them and all mankind. The angel then showed the shepherds where to find the babe, saying that it would be wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, goodwill toward men.' And a wonderful light was all about them, and when the angel had gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, 'Let us go and see this child of which the angel told us.' So, they left their lambs sleeping on the plains, and took their crooks in their hands and started out.

"It was a long way, but a shining star was before them and they followed it even up to the place where the angel had told them. And they found the babe lying in a manger, and when they had seen it, they told all the people that came to see the child, of what they had seen that night on the plains, and how the angel had told them to come to the child, and of the wonderful light which had made them afraid, and how the multitude had sung. All they that heard it wondered at the things which were told them by the shepherds. The mother of the little babe was very glad and remembered all these things.

"The kind shepherds departed and went back to their flocks, telling everyone they met of the young child.

"They called the child Jesus, and he grew and was strong and beautiful, and Jesus taught the whole world how we should love one another and be good, even as our Father in heaven is good and loves us."

The sweet voice of the mother ceased. The light in the room had grown brighter, until now it shone like the sun; from the floor to the ceiling, all was light as day. And, lo, when the little ones turned to look for the child, the mother's lap was empty; there was nothing to be seen. The child was gone, but the light was still in the room.

"Children," the mother said quietly, "I believe we have had the Christ Child with us tonight." And she drew her dear ones to her and kissed them, and there was great joy in the little house.

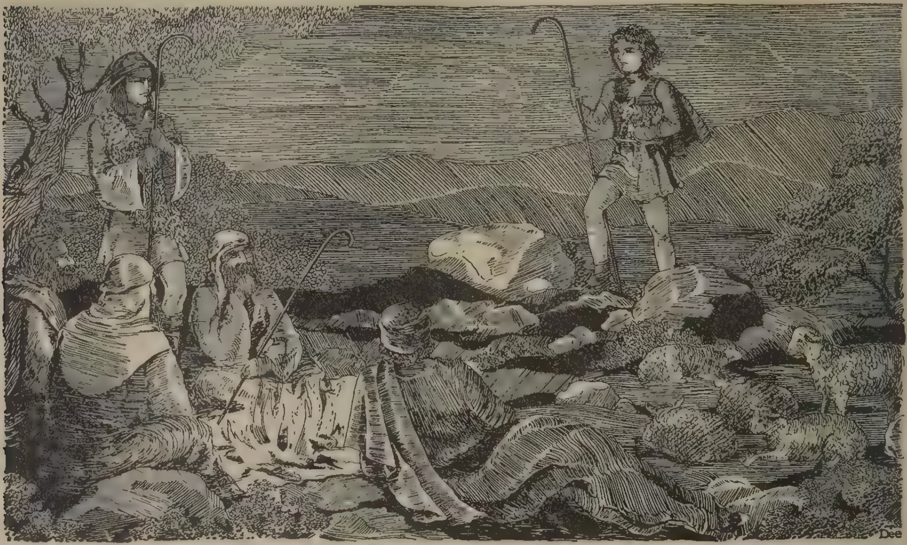
"And whoso receiveth one such little child in my name receiveth me."

"For, lo! I am with you always."

—*Adapted.*

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

—*Jemima Luke.*



THE LOST MELODY

The shepherds were sitting around their fire on one of the hills near Bethlehem. It was the night after the angel had appeared to them, and the heavens had been filled with other angels singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Suddenly one of the shepherds said, "I can hardly believe it all happened."

"It does seem like a dream," another shepherd said, "but the baby is still at the inn. I heard that men from the East came to see him after we left. They rode camels and brought gifts."

"What I'm trying to remember," said the first shepherd, "is that tune which came from the skies. The singers were very high, but the night was still and clear. I remember the words they sang, but I cannot recall the tune."

"I am pretty good at tunes; usually I can hum them right off," said his comrade, "but this one is too much for me. It was the best tune I've ever heard, too. It was bright, like a spring morning; sweet, like the laughter of children at play; and pretty as a girl's face, when she looks at her lover."

"You should have been a poet," the shepherd next to him said. And the others laughed. But none of them could remember the tune; so they talked of the baby they had found in the barn, and were glad they had knelt before His cradle in the yellow straw.

Presently a faint bleat came from far up the hillside. They all listened, then looked at each other. A lamb had strayed from the flock during the afternoon, and they had not missed it.

The youngest shepherd among them sprang to his feet. "I'm going up to get that lamb." The rest looked at him in surprise. Finally, the oldest shepherd said, "Don't go. There is a terrible patch of briars up there. You cannot avoid them in the dark. Then, too, the stones will be slippery. You may fall and break a leg."

"But," answered the boy, "wolves will get the lamb. I cannot stay here with that frightened little creature up there. I'll be back soon." And he turned and ran up the dark hill before the others could speak again.

The older shepherds waited a long time for the boy to return. In order to prove themselves wise, and not cowardly, each related what wounds he had received from briars, rocks, and wolves in other days. Then, again, they talked of the lost melody, but none of them could remember it. An hour passed, and another, and at last they heard slow, stumbling steps approaching them. They tried to see who was coming, but could not, for the night was cloudy and a mist was drifting. They all spoke sharp words of astonishment when at length the boy shepherd came into the circle of light cast by the fire. His legs and arms were bleeding from many scratches. There was an ugly bruise on his cheek where he had fallen upon a stone. But in his arms, he held the lamb.

"I have found the tune," he cried, "I sang it while I was picking up the lamb. It came to me just then." So he stood there, bruised and scratched, and sang the lost melody to the shepherds.

"You have it! That is it!"

The shepherds tried to sing it also, but they could never get the tune right. So the boy became known as the singing shepherd.

Years passed. The baby born at Bethlehem had grown to manhood and was known as a great prophet. One day, one of His followers came to Him and said, "There is a blind beggar in this town who sings the most beautiful song I ever heard. Will You come with me and hear him?" So Jesus went.

The follower of Jesus touched the beggar on the arm and said, "The Teacher of Galilee would hear your song." Jesus listened to the beauty and sweetness of the beggar's song, and then swiftly put his fingers on the beggar's eyes. The beggar leaped to his feet and cried out, "I see again! God touched me! Who are You, Teacher of Galilee?"

Jesus smiled, "We have met before, long ago. I will tell you where, if you will tell me where you heard that song."

So the beggar told Jesus how he had heard the angels sing over Bethlehem and how the lost melody had come back to him while he was picking up the lost lamb.

And Jesus said, "It is a song of my Father's choir. They sang it when I was born. And because you have kept it alive on the earth with a kind deed, I have given you back your eyes."

—*Samuel Harkness.*

DANIEL, THE STRONG

Four Jewish boys, who were great friends, were taken from their homes and carried far away into a great city in a foreign land to live among strangers. One day the king ordered his officers to select from among the Jewish captives four of the brightest boys. These four friends were chosen and brought into the king's palace to be educated for royal service.

Thinking it a great honor to them, and that it would make them strong, the king ordered that these boys should be given a daily supply of the rich food and wine, such as he and all his military cadets received. But the very first time the silver tray, with all of these dainties, was brought to the boys, one of them, whose name was Daniel, said to the officer who had charge of them, "Please let us not have this rich food and wine, but have plainer food." The officer laughed and said, "I am afraid that if you do not eat this rich food your faces will become thinner than those of the other students, and then the king will cut off my head!"

But Daniel said: "Try us ten days. Give us only vegetables to eat and water to drink. Then look at our faces and the faces of the other boys that eat the king's rich food and drink his wine, and see." The officer said he would try them for ten days. He did so, and at the end of that time their faces were fatter and rosier, their bodies plumper, and their minds clearer, stronger and brighter than all the other boys.

At the end of the three years, the king sat upon a golden throne, and all the students were brought before him, and he saw that these four were stronger and wiser than all the rest.

—*Adapted.*

WHEN THE STRANGER CAME TO THE FISHING VILLAGE

In the far, far east country, near the shore of a beautiful blue-green lake, there stood a little fishing village. Now, you and I wouldn't have cared to have lived there at all, for all of the little huts were so tiny and the people made their living by fishing and they were very careless. It was a dirty village and very smelly.

The time of this story was early in the morning. If we had looked at the east or at the west or at the north or at the south we couldn't have told which *was* east, for the sun hadn't sent up one ray of light to tell us from which way he was coming. But in one of these little huts there was a tiny light, and if we could have looked into that hut we should have seen a big, strong man dressing to go out fishing. And if we had looked around in that hut we should have seen a tiny mother and three fine, strong boys and a little wizened-up old grandmother who was sick all of the time with a fever. And if we had been hungry and been looking for something to eat we could have looked all around that little hut and not found enough to have fed a little, tiny, moth-colored mouse.

That was why the man was up so early. He was going to catch some fish. If he caught many he would take some to the market and sell them and buy brown bread, and if he caught only a few they would have fish for breakfast, without the bread.

When he had finished dressing he carefully went out the door, picked up the strong net that lay outside, threw it over his shoulder, and went down the little path through the village to the blue-green lake where his boat was waiting for him. He threw the net into the boat; then, taking hold of the oars with his strong arms, with a stroke or two he was far out into the lake.

It was yet dark. Nothing gave light but the stars overhead, and a faint mist was over the water. He threw in his net, drew it up, and there wasn't a fish in it. He was surprised, for he was the best fisherman in that village, and this was the time of the morning for fishing. So he threw the net in again and again, but with no better success.

A breeze had come up over the lake and was blowing his boat toward the shore. The sun now commenced to show its rays in the east, and the fisherman looked up. He was quite near the shore and he saw something there he had never seen before—something all white. It was too large to be a cow; it was too small to be a sheep; it looked to him like a man all clothed in white. If it were a man, then it was a stranger in those parts. Possibly he had lost his way, so Peter, for that was his name, decided to go over. Perhaps he could help him.

As he came nearer he saw it was a man, and that it was a stranger. And the man was beckoning him to come to the shore. Now Peter rowed nearer and when he came almost to the shore the stranger said:

"Good morning to you, Peter. I want you to have breakfast with me."

Peter was so astonished at the stranger knowing his name that he dropped his oars. Then the stranger said:

"Peter, I am so glad that you have come; breakfast is ready and you are to have it with me this morning."

Peter looked at the Stranger. He was so clean and white, clear from his head down to the soles of his feet. Then Peter looked at himself. His own clothes were dirty, his boat was dirty, his hands were all sore from handling the nets and the fish and he thought, "If I am to have breakfast with this Stranger, then I must be as clean as I can," so he went down to the beautiful blue-green lake and he washed his hands and washed his face and came back and for the first time he saw that the breakfast was all ready for him.

There it was, all spread out on a beautiful flat rock covered with a green tablecloth made from plaited leaves. The Stranger had gone down to the shore and gathered two white shells. On one of these he had placed a fish, beautifully done. Peter had never seen fish cooked so well, and Peter's wife could cook fish nicely, too. And the Stranger had gathered the flowers and had placed them around the shells, one at this end, and one at that, one over here and one over there. And on the other shell there was white bread. Now, white bread to Peter was like cake is to you and me. He had had white bread only a very few times in his life and that breakfast was a most tempting one.

And then just as the sun came up in the eastern horizon and tinted the clouds a rosy red, and the birds sang their most beautiful carols early in the morning, and the many colored flowers opened their beautiful faces, throwing their perfume into the air, the Stranger and the fisherman sat down to breakfast.

It was the first time that Peter had ever noticed such a beautiful sunrise. It was the first time that he had ever heard the birds singing so joyously. And it was the first time that he had ever smelled the perfume of the flowers. Then the Stranger bowed his head and said,

"For all Thy mercies we give Thee thanks."

And Peter bowed his head, but he couldn't understand with whom the Stranger was speaking.

And as they ate their breakfast they talked one with the other. And Peter wondered what the Stranger's business might be. He looked at his hands, and he thought, "I remember now. He must be the physician that I have heard about in these parts that is healing those that are sick. His hands are so gentle. If they were placed on anyone's brow I am sure that the pain would all leave them." And then he looked into the Stranger's face. And his eyes were so kind; he looked so gentle that Peter believed he was a shepherd who took care of sheep. He knew that if he were, the sheep would have the very best of care. The Stranger seemed to know what Peter thought, for he said:

"I am a Physician and there are many who are sick. I wish that you, too, Peter, might help me with my work. I am the great Shepherd, and I have many sheep, and many, many lambs. I wish that you might follow me, Peter, and help me with my work."

Then Peter told him of his family—that his wife was not strong, that he had three fine boys who needed him so much, and about the sick mother-in-law, too. And Peter said,

"I would be glad to go with you, but these I must care for."

When they had finished breakfast Peter started to go home. He had been so interested in the Stranger that he had forgotten all about those that were waiting at home for him to bring them something to eat for breakfast. Now he was ashamed of himself, for he had eaten all that the Stranger had provided and not saved any for those at home. Perhaps the Stranger guessed what he thought, for He said,

"Peter, here is your basket and in it is food for those who wait your coming." And Peter looked inside and there was a great helping of fish and two lovely loaves of white bread. Peter was very thankful for this.

But just before he left the Stranger, he knew he should ask the Stranger down to his house. But could he? There were so many things that had to be done if the Stranger came to see them. The Stranger seemed to know what Peter thought, for he said,

"Peter, I would like very much to come down to your home." And Peter said,

"Whenever you come we will be glad and ready for you."

Now Peter started off up the path towards his little home, thinking ever of the Stranger, seeing his lovely face before him.

But on the way he had to pass a little hut in which an old woman lived who had been there for many, many years. She was ill and lived only as people would bring her in something. Peter knew her well. It was this old lady who had helped Peter's mother to bear the awful pain when little Peter came into the world and she had told him never, never to forget Granny, as they called her. But Peter had forgotten her. And he was provoked that this morning he had to remember her when he wanted to think of the Stranger. But he thought he would stop and see how she was.

And as he went in he found her very weak. She said that she had slept little all night—that the pain in her head was very severe. And Peter wondered if he could do anything to make her feel more comfortable. So he took a cloth and washed her hands and her face and put his strong hands on her brow and she said after a few minutes that the pain had all left her, and she fell asleep. Then, taking from the basket some of the food, he left one loaf of the bread and a good helping of the fish. Quietly he went on his way towards his own home.

When he came in sight of his little cabin something was wrong. There was no smoke coming from that chimney. Now Peter didn't like that. After he had been out fishing from early in the morning he expected those at home to be up and stirring. If they were not, things moved around Peter's house. For of all Peter's troubles, the worst was his hot temper.

Then Peter thought of his Stranger. And he knew that if the Stranger came to visit him, he had to get his temper under control, for he wouldn't like to have the Stranger know of it. Then he thought, "If the Stranger could cook a breakfast for me out on the beach I can prepare a breakfast for my people at home, and I'll just do it and surprise them."

So he slipped in very quietly and they were all sleeping yet, even the sick old grandmother. And he moved quietly about, and cleaned the table cleaner than it had been for a long time, and he opened the basket to take out the fish and the loaf.

Well, something was strange! There seemed to be as many fish there as there were when he left the Stranger. And instead of the one loaf (he had certainly left one for the grandmother) there were two loaves. He might have counted wrong; he was too busy to think much about it.

Then when everything was ready, he very gently called the mother and the three boys. He left the grandmother asleep.

They were surprised when they saw breakfast prepared. And not more surprised at the breakfast than the look they saw on Peter's face, for they never had seen anything like it before. And they sat down to eat, and Peter sat with them, and he bowed his head and said,

"For all Thy mercies we give Thee thanks."

And the boys bowed their heads and the mother bowed her head and they couldn't understand to whom Peter was speaking.

Then Peter told them of the Stranger and of the breakfast. And at last he told them that the Stranger was coming to their house and of all the things that they had to do in order to get ready for Him.

And the grandmother awoke and Peter bathed her hands and face and laid his hands upon her brow and she told him she thought the fever had left her.

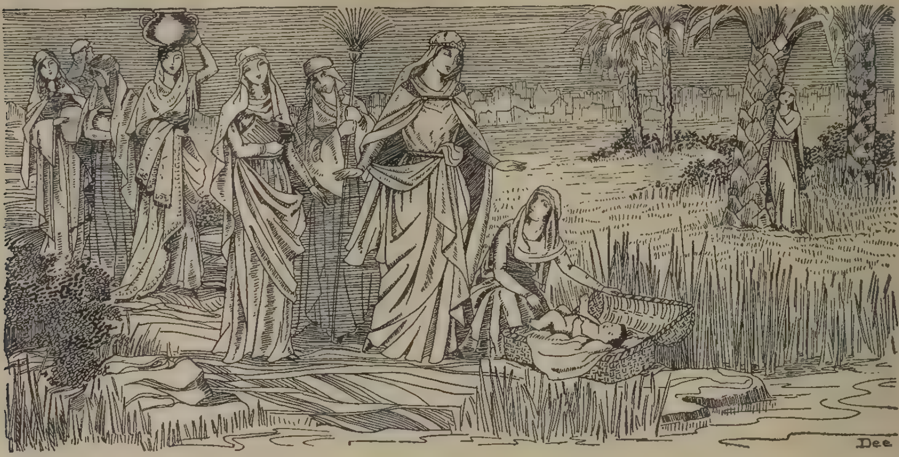
And when he had prepared the breakfast for her, each one got busy at some task of cleaning up. One boy gathered, one boy carried and one boy buried the refuse. And Peter did the strong, heavy work outside and the mother cleaned inside. And the neighbors from the village, when they saw that Peter was cleaning up, came over and asked why. And Peter stopped long enough to tell them the story of the Stranger and how He was coming to visit them. And they were glad, too, and went home and cleaned up. And that was the greatest cleaning-up day that that village had ever known.

That evening Peter sat outside his little hut until the night came down and the stars came out. And then he thought of the Stranger. And he bowed his head and said,

"For all Thy mercies we give Thee thanks." And as he looked up there was the Stranger right in front of him.

And the Stranger abode in that city and did many wonderful things in it.

—*Mrs. H. J. Richmond.*



MOSES, THE LAWGIVER

Many years before the coming of Christ, the Hebrews were being held in bondage by the king of Egypt. So cruel was the Pharaoh, as the ruler of Egypt was called, that he ordered that all boy babies of the Hebrews should be put to death as soon as they were born. He gave this cruel order because he was afraid that the Hebrews might become so strong that they would rebel against the Egyptians.

There was one Hebrew mother who gave birth to a beautiful boy baby. She hid him until she could make a cradle out of the bullrushes that grew along the banks of the Nile. When she had finished this cradle she hid him among the reeds and flags in the river.

While the mother of the child was working she had the little boy's sister, Miriam, watch him to see that he was not harmed. One day the daughter of the king, together with her maidens, came down to the river to bathe. She saw the beautiful child in the cradle, hidden among the reeds. As she was looking at the baby he began to cry and Pharaoh's daughter felt sorry for him. She saw that he was a Hebrew and would be put to death. She decided to adopt the child and raise him as her own son. Just then Miriam came up and asked the princess if she wanted someone to nurse the child. The princess said that she did and Miriam brought the child's mother to care for him.

The princess was very fond of her adopted child and she named him Moses because she said she "drew him out of the water." He was taught very carefully by Egyptian teachers and he grew up as a prince. His mother, however, who took care of him all through his childhood, taught him the story of Jacob and Joseph and of all of the evil that had befallen the Hebrews in Egypt.

When Moses became a man he wanted to do something to help his people. Because of his great learning and wisdom, he was called to lead the Hebrews out of Egypt. Pharaoh did not want to lose so many of his slaves, but because of some awful plagues that were sent against him, he finally told Moses to gather his people together and leave the country.

Moses decided to lead the Hebrews to the land of Canaan, a country which God had promised to Abraham and his descendants. On the way to this land Moses received the tables of law on which were written the Ten Commandments. He tried to get the people to obey these laws and do as God wanted them to do. Many of the people, however, were sinful and disobedient and at times complained bitterly to Moses because of the hardships of the journey. The people were so rebellious they wandered many years before reaching the promised land. During these wanderings the great and wise leader died and was buried on the side of a mountain.

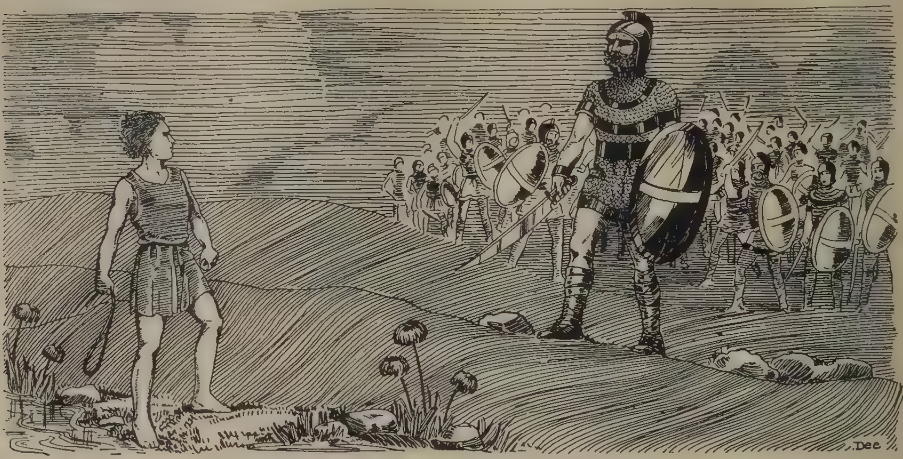
Not only is Moses greatly beloved and honored by the Hebrews, but he is looked upon by everyone as one of the great lawgivers of the world.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

—*Bible*

Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation, and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand.

—*Bible.*



A GIANT KILLER OF LONG AGO

Many years before the time of Christ, a Hebrew lad was watching his sheep on the hills near Bethlehem and during his spare time playing upon a harp. Often, wild animals came out of the caves among the hills and attacked his sheep. The young shepherd lad, David, did not have a gun, for there were no guns in those days. His only weapon was a sling shot, but so skillful had he become in the use of the sling, that he could throw a stone almost as straight as a man today can shoot a rifle.

One day, a bear seized one of the young lambs and started off with it. Young David came upon the scene just in time to see the bear with the lamb in its mouth making towards its cave. Placing a round stone in his sling, he took careful aim at the bear's head and the next moment the bear rolled over dead and the lamb was unhurt.

As he was returning toward the fold with the young lamb, he saw a lion making off with a sheep. Young David seized the lion by the mane and before the animal could drop the sheep and defend itself, he had driven a stone into its forehead and killed it.

Not only was the young lad very brave, but he loved everything about him, including his sheep, the rocks, the fields and the starry heavens above. He also was very reverent towards God and later on he wrote beautiful songs, or psalms, about all of these things that he loved so much.

One day a great Prophet by the name of Samuel came to the home of Jesse, David's father. He told Jesse that he was to anoint one of his sons to be king over Israel. The seven older brothers of David passed before the Prophet, but the old Prophet shook his head and asked that he send for the youngest boy who was out with his flocks. When David came, the old Prophet anointed his head with oil and announced that he was chosen of God to be King over Israel.

The boy was very humble and said, "I am only a boy and Saul is so big and strong. Why does not the Prophet anoint my brother Eliab?"

But his father replied, "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

After that, David again went out to the fields and for many days he continued to guard his flocks and play upon his harp. At this time the Philistines, the idolatrous enemies of the Israelites, invaded the land. David's brothers were called by King Saul to join the army. One day David was sent by his father to the Israelitish camp with provisions for his brothers. The two armies were camped on hills on either side of a little brook.

When David reached King Saul's army, he found the men in great fear of a Philistine giant by the name of Goliath. This giant was nearly eleven feet tall and he wore a great bronze helmet as big as a bushel basket and carried a great spear and huge sword. No one in the army of the Israelites, not even the king himself, was a match for this giant. Goliath would come out in front of the army of Israelites and defy them to come and fight with him. When no one would respond, he would call Saul and all of his army cowards and curse them and the God of Israel.

The boy David, who had killed a lion single handed, could not understand the cowardice of the soldiers. When no one else seemed willing to go and meet the giant, David went to King Saul and asked that he be given permission to go and fight Goliath. The soldiers made fun of David and told him to go home and tend his sheep. But he was so much in earnest that King Saul finally consented to let him try. David refused to wear the king's armor and went to fight the giant dressed in his shepherd's clothing and with only his staff and his sling as weapons. When the boy came to the brook he picked up five round pebbles.

Goliath mocked and cursed David, saying, "Am I a dog, that thou shouldst come to fight me with a stick? For this I will feed thy little carcass to the birds."

"I come," replied David, "in the name of the God of Israel whom thou hast defied."

When Goliath was only a short distance from David, the boy placed a stone in his sling and, taking careful aim, he hurled it at the giant. In a moment the two armies who were watching this strange combat saw the giant fall over on the ground. The stone had gone through the opening in the giant's helmet and buried itself in his forehead. When the Philistines saw that their champion was killed, they became so frightened that they fled, leaving the tents and supplies as spoils for the Israelites.

King Saul was so thankful to David for having delivered him from the giant and he loved David's playing on the harp so much, that he asked the boy to come and live with him at the palace. In the palace, David and the king's son, Jonathan, became close friends. In fact, they became such good friends that even to this day when two men become close companions it is often said that they are like David and Jonathan.

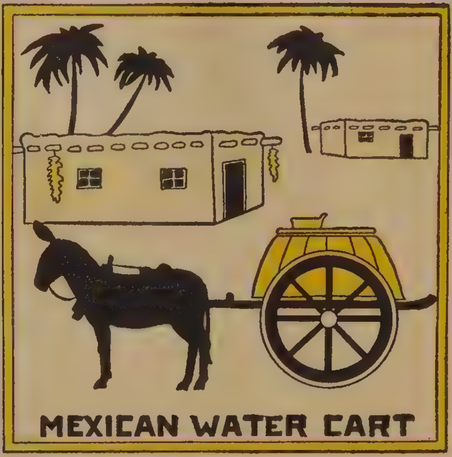
The years passed by and finally King Saul and Jonathan were killed in battle. The shepherd boy was now a man and dearly loved by the people who made him their king. He ruled for many years and under his warlike but wise leadership Israel became a great nation.

David wanted to build a temple to God in Jerusalem, but he had been so warlike that he did not feel he was worthy to carry out so sacred a task. His son, Solomon, carried out his wishes and built a great and beautiful temple. David's temple, however, was to be found in the hearts of his people and his memory has been honored by the Israelites even to this day.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.

—*Bible.*

OTHER LANDS AND PEOPLES



BEYOND THE RIO GRANDE

Nearly one hundred years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, a Spaniard by the name of Cortez started out with some ships loaded with soldiers in search of gold. He had heard of a people called the Aztecs, who had great wealth. In due time, he landed at what is now Vera Cruz and started out with six hundred men to conquer the country.

Montezuma, who was the ruler of the Aztecs, heard that he was coming and sent to Cortez rich presents and asked him to leave the country. Cortez, however, marched on to the capital of the Aztecs. He was forced to fight nearly every step of the way, often against great odds. When he reached the capital, he found it to be a very beautiful city, twelve miles in circumference, built in a lake. Montezuma believed that Cortez was a god and came forth from the palace to meet him. Cortez and his men made a prisoner of the emperor and in the midst of the fighting that followed, Montezuma died.

Cortez soon made himself master of the city and of the entire empire. The years passed by and the capital of the Aztec empire became the City of Mexico, the capital of the Spanish province of Mexico. Vera Cruz, where Cortez landed, became an important port and a great city. The Spaniards held possession of Mexico for three hundred years, but at last the people grew tired of their oppression and misrule, and Mexico became an independent country.

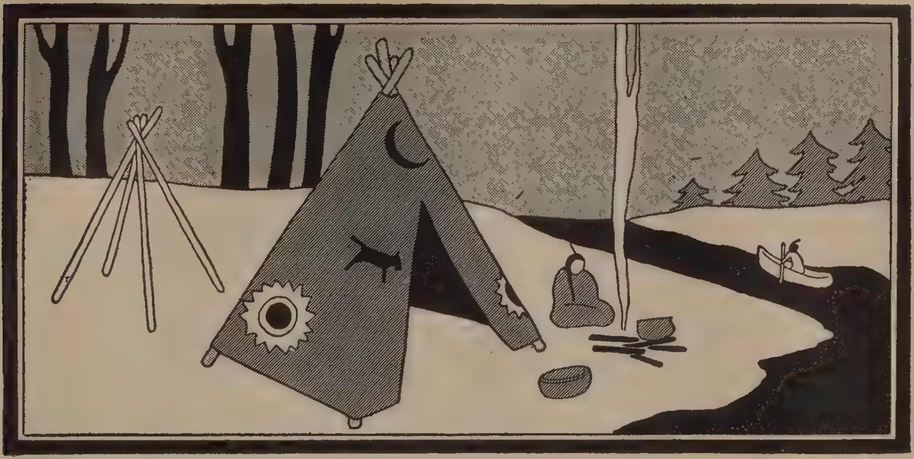
Mexico is now a republic with a government much like that of the United States. It, however, has not developed as has the United States, because the people were not educated and because a few wealthy men owned nearly all of the land. Many revolutions have, therefore, taken place. Every effort is now being made by the government and by the educated people of Mexico to change this condition and it is very probable that Mexico will soon become one of the great nations of the Western Hemisphere.

The area of Mexico is about one-fourth that of the United States. The country and its people are among the most interesting in the world. It has great stretches of desert country that produce very little vegetation. It also has regions of abundant rainfall in which are tropical jungles. The climate varies from exceedingly hot along the coastal plains to perpetual snows in the mountains.

Mexico is rich in natural resources. On the lowlands, the climate and soil make possible great plantations. There are banana and rubber plantations, cocoanut trees, cocoa trees from which cocoa and chocolate are obtained, and groves of oranges and lemons. Great fields of rice, cotton, sugar cane and tobacco are also found. As there is no winter in these lowlands, the vegetation grows all the year and it is very easy to obtain a living. In other parts of Mexico are found coffee plantations and fields of henequin from which comes the fiber called sisal hemp. Sacking, cordage, binder twine, mats and hammocks are made from this hemp.

We have already told you of the empire that Cortez found in Mexico. Scattered about over Mexico today are to be found many interesting ruins dating back to the time before the coming of the Spaniards. The modern City of Mexico is built over many of these ruins.

A number of years ago, some workmen were making an excavation in the capital city when they came upon a flight of stone steps. They carefully uncovered these steps and at a depth of thirteen feet, they found what had once been a room in a great building. In this room was an immense jaguar, carved in stone, weighing about four tons. Also, there was a large stone serpent. This is only an example of the many interesting things that remain from the ancient civilization of Mexico.



HAPPY FACE, THE INDIAN BOY

"Tell me a story, Grandpa," said Robert one rainy evening as they sat alone in front of the big fireplace. "Tell me about Indians."

"Yes," said Grandpa. "Indians lived here where we do now, Robert." They built their wigwams near the water. They enjoyed the outdoor life in the forest with the birds, flowers, trees and animals. There were forests and prairies everywhere. All of this land belonged to the Indians.

"Would you like to know all about a little Indian boy, called Happy Face?"

"Oh, please, Grandpa, tell me about him."

"Happy Face lived in a wigwam in the forest. When he was a baby, he was tied in a cradle made of a piece of bark that was decorated with pretty beads. The cradle was often tied to a limb of a tree and he was left alone to swing in the breeze. Happy Face never cried. He watched the birds and the leaves. Sometimes his sister, Little Star, would strap his cradle on her back and carry him around as she played. She called him her little papoose.

"As soon as Happy Face could walk, he played along the shore of the lake and in the edge of the great forest. At the door of the wigwam on summer evenings, he listened to the pine trees whispering in the wind and to the lapping of the water on the shore. All the strange sights and sounds of nature filled Happy Face with wonder. Then he would ask Little Star many questions.

"Little Star and Happy Face had many good times together.

Sometimes they made a play house. They found a clean, dry place under the trees. They picked up sticks and placed them in the ground. Then they tied them together at the top, covering them with birch bark or skins. How happy they were to have a real wigwam in which to play.

"Little Star and Happy Face were always glad when their father came home with a deer skin so they could have some new clothes. They helped scrape the skin with a scraper made of bone. After it was washed and scraped it was soft like cloth. They liked to watch their mother cut the dress with her sharp stone, and sew it with her bone needle. Little Star wanted her dress trimmed with porcupine quills and beads. Happy Face was proud to have new deer skin moccasins so he could creep noiselessly about in the forest.

"Happy Face wanted to become a brave hunter, so his father made him a bow from a branch of the ash tree and fastened it with a cord of deer skin. Then he made a quiver of arrows from boughs and tipped them with flint. Happy Face was very happy as he walked along into the forest with his heart set on killing a deer. He did not hear the birds singing to him. He fastened his eyes on the tracks that led downward to the river. He hid in a bunch of bushes and waited until he saw two antlers. He aimed his arrow carefully and struck the deer. Happy Face was very proud as he bore the deer home. His mother made a big feast and invited all the people of the village. The boy was praised as a brave hunter. His mother made him a coat and moccasins from the skin. How proud Happy Face was to wear the clothes made from the deer he had killed himself.

"In the winter, the Indians often had a difficult time getting food. Happy Face thought it was exciting to go with his father to the river to spear fish. The ice on the river was hard. They would chop a hole in it with their hand axes. Then they would hold their spears ready to strike the fish that came to the hole. Sometimes it took a long time to get enough fish for supper, but they did not give up.

"While Happy Face and his father hunted and fished, Little Star and her mother did most of the work around the wigwam. They carried water from the spring in bags made of skin. They cleaned the fish with sharp stones and cooked them over the outdoor fire which Happy Face made by rubbing sticks together and catching the spark on dry twigs."

—*Dena Neely.*

OLDEN TIMES IN HAWAII

Kala and Kewina, like most Hawaiian boys and girls, were very fond of having stories told to them. They were never tired of hearing their grandfather tell of the old time Hawaiians and their customs.

In the afternoon, as soon as the fishing was over, or, on other days, as soon as their grandfather had unhitched the water-buffalo at the end of the day's work in the taro patches, they would sit in the shade of the mango tree near the door of their cottage. Kewina would bring out some weaving, for she helped her mother make floor mats from the long leaves of the hala tree.

Seated near their grandfather, they would listen attentively while he told them of the olden times. Often he would tell the stories just as they had been told to him, in an old mele, or chant; at other times he told them of things he had seen as a boy, when most of the people living on the islands were Hawaiian, with their old customs; of days when chiefs and kings ruled the land, and the common people served their chiefs and priests.

"This evening," said Kala, "please tell us the story of our people in the earliest times, beginning with the far-off days when Hawaii-loa came."

This is the story that their grandfather told:

Many centuries ago there came from the South, some say from Samoa, the chief called Hawaii-loa. He had come north, guided by the wind, the currents and the stars, in his long, narrow sailing canoe.

He landed on the shores of Puna, on the island of Hawaii, the most beautiful of all our lands. Seeing that there was fertile soil and fresh water, and finding bananas, cocoanuts, taro and berries growing there, he left some of his men and went back to tell other families of the better lands to the Northeast.

They, with enough food-stuffs stored in their canoes, some of which were lashed together with a platform between, on which the women, children and supplies were carried, came on that long journey to the new islands.

They liked the islands, and began to plant breadfruit trees, cultivate taro, fish in the ocean and build their grass huts. What little clothing they needed the women made from the inner bark of the mulberry tree, by pounding it into thin sheets.

For a long time the people lived happily together, for there was room enough for all.

Later on the people were ruled by chiefs who owned all the land. The common people had to give the chiefs certain parts of the food that they raised, and also their labor a part of the time.

Finally, in 1810, a powerful chief, Kamehameha, having conquered the other islands, became king of all the Hawaiian Islands.

Kings and queens ruled the people until an independent government was established. It was in 1898, four years later, that the Hawaiian flag waved from Iolani palace for the last time, for Hawaii had been made a part of the United States.

There in yonder valleys and plains you see the large plantations of sugar cane and pineapple, and the homes of the Chinese, the Japanese and the Filipinos who work on the plantations, which were once wild land covered with bush, where we hunted the wild pig, or where our taro and sweet potato patches were planted.

Where Hawaii-loa and his people first lived in Puna, we now see coffee and fruit plantations. Yet the same soft trade winds blow from the northeast, bringing us rain for our taro, sweet potatoes and banana plants. The sea still gives us fish, we still swim and ride our surfboards over its waves.

"But, grandfather, I think I like the olden times best; I am sorry that they are gone."

"Yes, my son, time must go on, and changes do come, but sometimes it is better so."

—*Elizabeth R. Ferguson,*
Kamehameha School, Honolulu.

THE FIRST ESKIMO DOLL

Would you like to hear the story of the very first Eskimo doll? Just as the Eskimo Mothers and Fathers tell it to their boys and girls on winter evenings when they sit in their igloos beside their seal-oil stoves?

Once upon a time there lived in the far northland an Eskimo man and his Eskimo wife. They didn't have any little boys or girls to make them happy, so in winter they were very lonely. This made them sad and they said:

"If we had a little girl, we should have somebody to talk to in the long winter evenings."

Then the woman said, "You might make us a wooden child."

But the man shook his head. "That wouldn't make us happy," he told her, "for it would only be an old wooden thing with a painted mouth that couldn't talk or laugh and stubby wooden legs that couldn't skip or run."

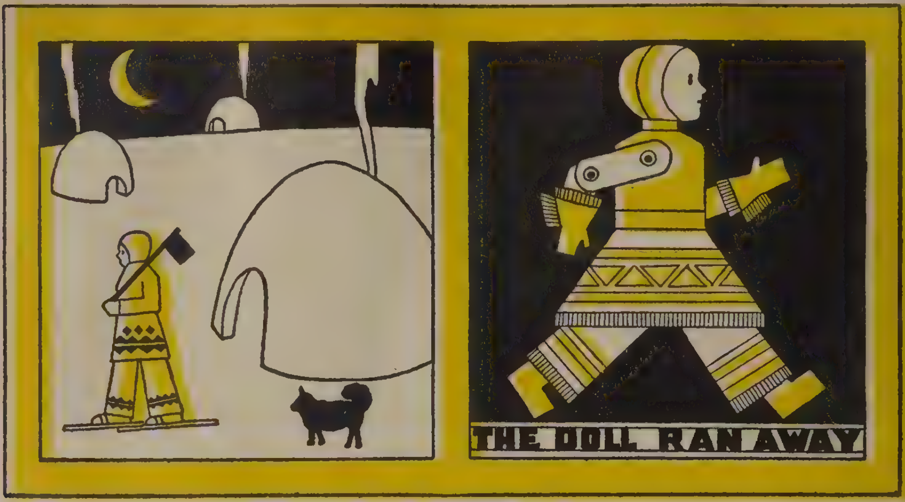
"Well, anyway, it would give us something to talk about in the winter evenings," the woman reasoned.

So the man started out to find a tree. He walked and walked for a very long time, but he could not see a single tree. It kept growing colder and colder and at last he was afraid he might not be able to get back home because he had grown so very tired, tramping such a long way across the snowy plain. Just as he was about to turn around and start for home he stumbled over something.

The man stopped and scooped the snow away, and what do you think he found? Right there beneath his foot was a tiny tree bent over with the weight of the snow. He was so happy he forgot all about being tired, but set right to work to cut the tiny tree.

He brought the tiny tree home and in the long winter evenings, when he and his wife sat in their igloo beside their seal-oil stove, he cut from the tiny tree a little girl of wood and his *wife* made a lovely dress of bear-skin for her.

"Now make some wooden dishes, for she must have food," said the woman, "and our dishes are all too big for such a little girl."



So the man made the wooden dishes and his wife placed some food in them.

That night after they had gone to bed they heard a strange noise and the next morning when they went to look for the little wooden girl, she was gone. She had run away in the night and that was the last they ever heard of her.

The poor woman cried and cried and was so unhappy that at last the man took the little bits of tree that were left and made another little wooden girl. But she was very small indeed because there had not been much wood left from the tiny tree.

When their Eskimo neighbors came to visit them and saw the little wooden girl they thought she was a very fine little girl. Sometimes when they brought their children with them the woman would let the little neighbor children play with the wooden child. Then the neighbor children began to want little wooden children of their own to play with, so when summer came the Eskimo man gathered all the wood he could find. When winter came and he sat in his igloo beside his seal-oil stove, he made little wooden Eskimo children for all the boys and girls he knew, and his wife made bear-skin dresses and suits for them all. That kept them very busy and they had something to talk about in the long winter evenings, and that made them quite happy.

It made the Eskimo children happy, too. And that is how the first Eskimo dolls came to be made.

—*Gladys Brierly.*

A VISIT TO HOLLAND

Katrina was so happy when her father came home from a voyage. He always had so many true stories to tell her of storms at sea, of pirates or of strange people in far away lands. How she did long to go!

One day her father said, "I am going to Holland on my next voyage. I know you would like to spend your summer vacation with Hans, your Dutch cousin. Nothing could have pleased Katrina more, for of all stories she liked best those about her Dutch cousins, their wooden shoes, flaring caps, full skirts, dikes and boats. Just think, she could live with real Dutch people. She danced and sang and hurried away to help pack her steamer trunk. Of course she packed some of her American toys and games to take to Hans.

Katrina had a very happy week on the boat, but she could hardly wait for her real vacation in Holland to begin. One morning, as she was peering over the edge of the boat rail, she saw tall shining towers, gold church spires, pointed roofs with wide red chimneys, where the storks stood in one legged fashion, and great windmills with their long arms stretched out to catch the four winds. This, she knew, must be Holland. "Amsterdam in Holland," said her father. "Now, you will soon see Hans."

When they landed in Holland a number of Dutch children were at the wharf. Some were dressed much like Katrina. The ones in which she was most interested wore the quaint Dutch costumes.

The girls wore long, wide skirts of bright colors, with tight waists. They had on wide flaring caps made of linen, starched very stiff. Katrina noticed their pretty rosy cheeks, bright blue eyes and golden hair.

They were wearing wooden shoes. The shoes went clatter, clatter, clatter, clop, clop, clop, as they walked about the wharf.

The boys wore wide baggy trousers and short jackets trimmed with rows of big silver buttons. They wore odd little round caps that fitted close to their heads. They, too, had wooden shoes which they call kloompers.

Suddenly, Katrina and her father heard a voice say, "Welcome to Amsterdam." Turning around, Katrina's father saw Uncle Jan

and Hans. It was a cordial welcome indeed! Soon, they were on their way to the country.

The road from Amsterdam to Uncle Jan's house was built on the top of one of the big dikes. It was paved with bricks, and on either side were long rows of poplar trees. As they looked over the country, they saw low flat land covered with a carpet of green. There were spots of red, yellow and purple. These were fields of tulips and hyacinths.

"Can the dikes really hold the ocean back?" asked Katrina.

"Why of course," said Uncle Jan. "These dikes are great walls of stone and earth."

Dikes are of great help to the Dutch people. The large dikes keep back the sea. The smaller dikes keep back the water in the rivers and canals. Some men do nothing but watch the dikes. A small leak may ruin a whole village

"Oh, see the pretty windmill," said Katrina.

"Yes," said Uncle Jan, "When I was a little boy there were many windmills which pumped the water out of the fields into the canals. How I did like to watch the big arms of the windmills turn round and round with the wind. Now they are taking these windmills down and using pumps run by steam and electricity."

"Oh, look Hans," said Katrina, "at the beautiful ducks on the canal. How they swim and dive."

"Yes, Katrina, I have many ducks and geese at home. You may help me take care of them. Every morning the ducks and geese wait in the barnyard until I feed them, then they go to the ditches and swim and dive 'most all day long."

As they came in sight of the house, Mike, the dog, came bounding out to greet them. He was waiting for his usual fun with the children. Mike had stayed at home all day, watching the black and white cows as they grazed quietly in the green pastures beside the canals.

The Dutch people are careful of their cows. They often have a comfortable place in the house for them during the winter. They take good care of them because they wish to get all the milk possible with which to make cheese.

Some of this cheese, which is known as Edam Cheese, is sent to America. "We sell some milk in the village," said Hans. "You may help us deliver it in the morning."

As they came nearer the house, how clean everything was. The windows were shining and not a speck of dust was to be seen. The steps and the sidewalks were spotless. Every morning the women could be seen outside the house scrubbing the steps.

Opening the white door that fairly shone, they were in the kitchen. Such a kitchen it was, so cozy and quaint. The floor was of white tile and there was a queer little fireplace that looked like a big brass pan filled with coals. Over the fireplace hung a shining copper kettle. The kettle bubbled and sang a cheerful welcome. At the windows were stiff white curtains and blossoming plants. Blue and white dishes and a pair of tall candlesticks stood on a mantel. The living room was bright and cheerful. The floor was covered with red tiles. The furniture was strong, heavy, and highly polished.

In another room there was a strange bed in the wall. It stretched almost from the floor to the ceiling. Aunt Mary drew back the curtains so that her beautiful bed could be seen. She said that when she had company she always left the curtains open. On the bed were beautiful embroidery pillows and a spread that she had made. Katrina climbed the little steps and was soon dreaming on the soft, downy feather bed.

She awoke very early without being called. She was afraid she would be too late to go with the milk. Hans was just harnessing Mike to the milk cart. It was a two wheeled cart just the right size for his four bright, shiny milk cans. They were filled with sweet, fresh milk, which his father had just brought in from the field.

When they got to town, they stopped in front of many houses and measured out the milk which the customers wished to buy. When all the cans were empty, Katrina got into the cart and Hans walked along with Mike.

As they rode along Katrina exclaimed, "Oh, what are those beautiful colors over in the field?"

"Those are our tulip beds," said Hans. "No flower is so

dear to us as our tulips. We send bulbs to many countries."

As they came near home, Hans said, "Do you see my garden, Katrina? The weeds grow very fast in the rich soil. Would you like to help me in the garden this morning? We will pull the weeds so that my peas, beans, and potatoes can grow."

It had been a very busy week for the children. Friday had come at last. All farmers take their vegetables and cheese to the city markets on that day. It was great fun helping Uncle Jan get the market wagon ready.

Hans took off his wooden shoes and put on his leather ones. He then put on a suit of clothes much like boys in America wear. He and Katrina now climbed up into the seat and the wagon rumbled away toward the town.

When they got to the cheese market they saw big cheeses, little cheeses, red cheeses and yellow cheeses. They looked like big bright colored balls.

When the cheeses had been sold, Uncle Jan took the children to see other things at the market. They saw stalls of vegetables, flowers, buds, and cookies.

At the flower stall they paused long enough for Katrina to buy a rare pink tulip for Aunt Mary. Uncle Jan bought each of them a gingerbread man, then they all started for home.

Hans and Katrina had many other good times together during their short summer vacation. They couldn't help feeling a little sad when Katrina's father came to take her back to America.

As Katrina hurried to pack her trunk, she did not forget her Dutch costume and wooden shoes. How glad she would be to tell her friends in America about being a real Dutch girl.

—Dena Neely.

AN AIRPLANE TRIP TO JAPAN

How happy everyone was in Joe's home. Joe's father was planning to go to Japan as a missionary and take Joe and his mother. They could really live in Tokio and be like real Japanese people for a whole year.

Joe looked up Japan on the map. There it was across the wide Pacific Ocean, not far from China. How could they get to Japan? Most people would travel by steamer, but Joe was a fortunate boy. His Uncle John had an airplane and could take them to Japan very quickly.

When the day came for them to start, they put on their heaviest clothing and covered their eyes with thick goggles. They climbed into the plane and Uncle John steered for the west.

They were soon far out above the ocean, flying through the cold sky. Joe couldn't help but tremble as he looked over the side and saw the water below. But they felt safer as they flew onward. At last they came to some beautiful islands. The air was moist and warm. There were clouds on the mountains and silvery streams flowing down into the pretty rice fields.

The rice fields below them were small. They were covered with water. Men and boys were working in mud up to their ankles. Little walls of dirt about a foot high enclosed each small patch and kept the water on the field. These mud walls were covered with pretty wild flowers. Between the fields were tiny canals filled with water.

Father told Joe that early in the spring the rice planter sowed the rice grains in seed beds. When the sprouts were six or eight inches high they took them up and planted them in these water soaked fields. Joe's father told him that the rice fields looked much like their own wheat fields when the grain is ripe. Then the Japanese men and women cut the grain by hand, tie it in sheaves and stack it up to dry. Japanese people work very hard to clean and husk the rice. Most of this work in Japan is done by hand.

As they glided along, Joe saw a beautiful snow capped mountain in the distance. It was a marvelous picture as it stood there alone, against the bright blue sky. It was Fujiyama. Everyone knows Fujiyama, so Joe asked Uncle John to steer them to it, so that they might make the pilgrimage to its top.

The plane glided to earth near the foot of the mountain. Taro, a Japanese boy, greeted them as they got out of their machine. He offered to be their guide up the mountain. So he gave each of them a donkey and a knapsack. After a ride of several miles, they came to the first rest hut. Here the donkeys were sent back down the mountain. The party walked from here, for the climb was very steep.

Fujiyama is sacred to the Japanese people. Thousands of pilgrims go to the top of this mountain to worship. Some temples are built along the side of the mountain. Japanese pilgrims stop in these temples to pray. They buy charms that are sold by the priests. These charms keep away the evil spirits.

After stopping at many rest huts along the way, they finally got to the top of the mountain. The view at the top was wonderful. The top of Fujiyama stood out like a tiny mountain in an ocean of clouds. It is made up of a number of peaks surrounding the crater. Fujiyama was once an active volcano, but it has been quiet now for over two hundred years. Its beds of lava are covered with ashes and dirt. One night they slept on this mountain. The wind blew and it was very cold. They cuddled close to each other and spread all the blankets they had over them. The next thing they knew it was dawn and they were awakened by a group of pilgrims coming up to greet the rising sun. To see the sun rise from Fujiyama is one of the most beautiful sights in the world. Japanese people may be seen on their knees uttering prayers. Everywhere one can see seas of pink clouds hovering over the snowy capped mountains.

Joe thought that the trip up the mountain was one of the most thrilling experiences he could ever have, but his father told him that many pleasant experiences awaited him in his new home in Tokio.

They climbed into the airplane and in a very short time were in Tokio.

Joe's father got a jinrikisha to take them to their hotel. It was a funny little two wheeled cart drawn by a coolie. A few years ago you could ride in a jinrikisha almost all day for fifty cents, but now it costs about twenty-five cents a mile.

As they went down the street, they noticed how many people and jinrikishas were swaying and darting about. They also noticed the tiny low houses and shops along the way.

They were expected at the Japanese Inn and a row of maids and servants were kneeling and bowing at the door. This hotel was especially for tourists, so the customs were not so different from those Joe was used to at home.

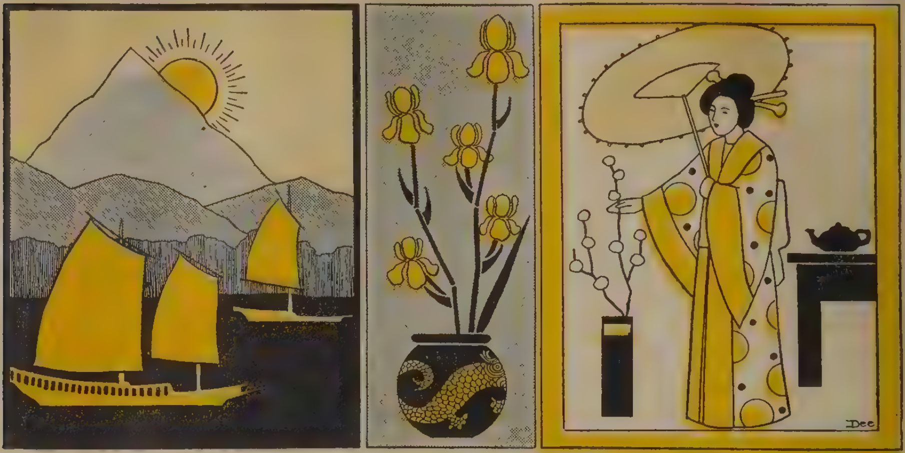
Joe enjoyed his little Japanese friends in Tokio. He thought he had never seen happier boys and girls. They were very kind and polite to each other and to Joe.

One day, Joe went with his kind friend, Taro, to visit a toy shop. Here he saw some of the best tops he had ever seen. Some of them play little tunes as they spin. Some of them could spin and spin and spin, as if they never would stop. Others were tops within tops. All of them were painted gay colors.

The Japanese kites are wonderful, too. Joe especially liked the singing kite. It made music as it rose in the air. There was one kite that looked like a fierce dragon, another like a chubby baby, and still others like birds and butterflies.

The Japanese have many holidays and festivals. New Year's Day is the best holiday and is similar to the American Christmas. March third is the holiday for the girls. At this time all the dolls of mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother are brought from the store room and a feast is made for them. In the spring, when all the peach, plum and cherry trees are in bloom, there is a joyous festival.

The holiday that Joe enjoyed most was the Feast of the Flags. On this day, you may see colored paper fishes flying from tall bamboo poles. These poles are in front of every house in which a boy lives. The fish, which is a carp, represents strength and courage. Each Japanese father wishes his son to be strong and full of courage. He hopes his son will have strength to do hard things and that he will have courage in time of danger.



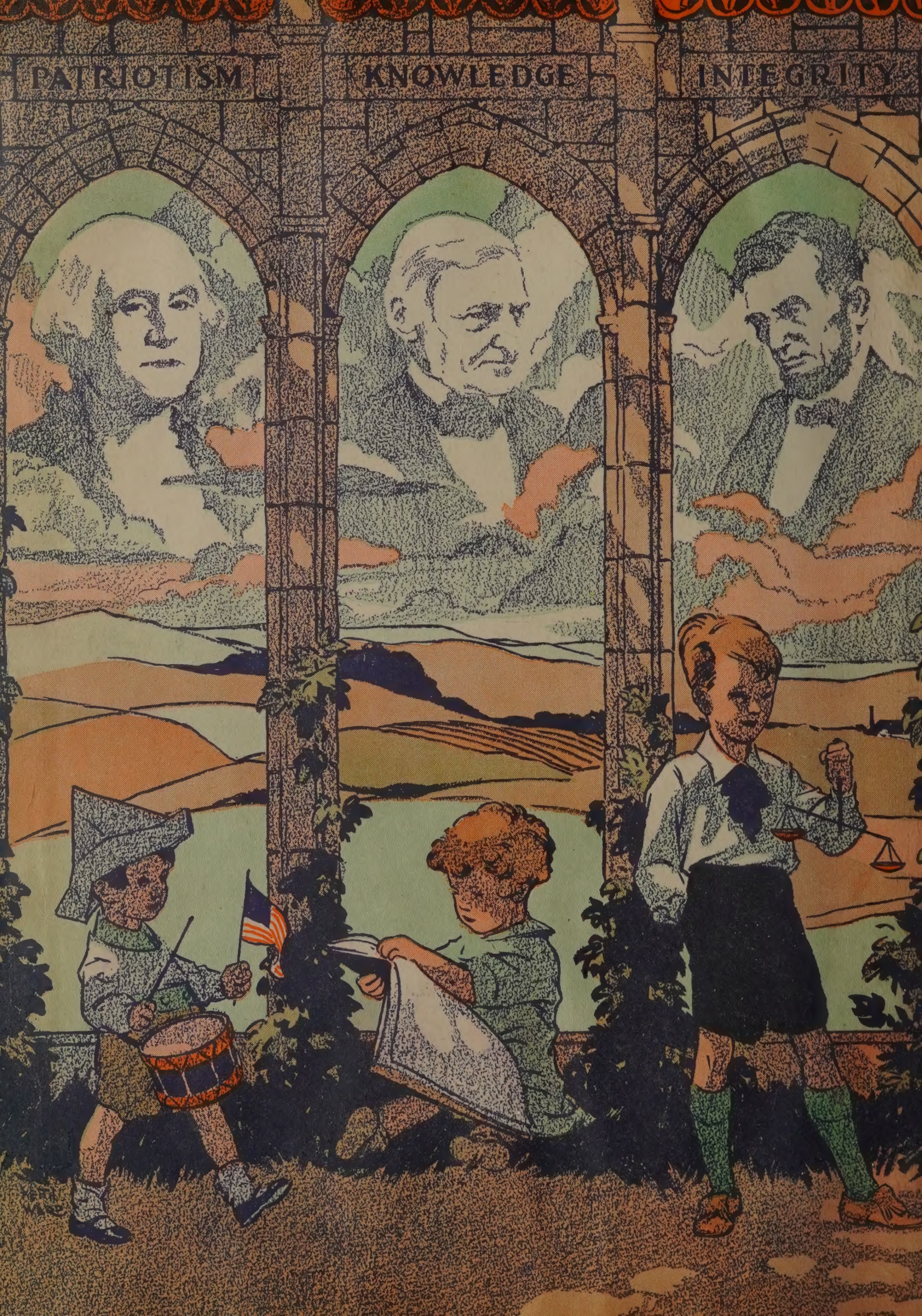
One day Taro invited Joe to drink tea with him. When they arrived at the door, Joe noticed that the floor in Taro's house was covered with soft white matting. As was the custom in all Japanese homes, the shoes were left at the door. They took seats on little mats on the floor. A little Japanese girl brought in a tray filled with tiny blue cups of steaming hot tea. She bowed her head to the floor a number of times and then offered the tea to her guests. Joe and Taro drank the tea slowly. Joe thought it was funny when Taro whispered that the more noise they made in sipping their tea, the more honored their hostess would feel.

Taro's family liked for Joe to come often to see them. One experience that Joe will never forget was that of sleeping on a Japanese bed. The bed was made by laying two soft, thick quilts upon the floor. A queer little pillow which was made of a block of wood was placed for the head to rest upon.

That night after Joe had pulled the little quilt well up under his chin and closed his eyes, he could not sleep. The singing insect was awake too, singing in his little bamboo cage. Now, as he sang in the darkness, it seemed to Joe that he was saying, "Take Joe home. Take Joe home." Joe could not sleep on his hard bed and pillow. He felt lonesome. All night he planned on seeing his friends in America.

The next day he told his father what the singing insect sang to him. Father told him that the singing insect knew, for they were going back to America in a few weeks.

—*Dena Neely.*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